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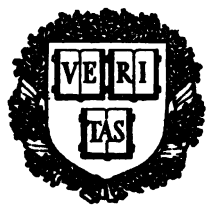

FROM THE BEQUEST OF

Lucy Osgood

OF MEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS

PALAESTRA.

Untersuchungen und Texte aus der deutschen und englischen Philologie.

Herausgegeben

von

Alois Brandl und **Erich Schmidt.**

XVIII.

The Gentle Craft. By Thomas Deloney. Edited with notes and introduction by Alexis F. Lange, Ph. D.

BERLIN.
MAYER & MÜLLER.
1903.

PALAESTRA XVIII.

THE GENTLE CRAFT

BY

THOMAS DELONEY.

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WITH NOTES AND INTRODUCTION

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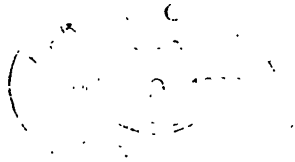

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(18, 21)

INTRODUCTION.

The Making of Deloney as a Novelist.

I.

The known facts about Deloney's life[1]) are so scanty and his ventures in prose and verse have been examined so little as yet that the course of his literary development lies in open view only here and there. For the connections one has to resort to conjecture. In doing so, to be sure, there is little or no conflicting evidence to deal with, at least not so far as the limited scope of the present enquiry is concerned.

The glimpse Thomas Nash gives of Deloney about four years before his death presents him as a silk-weaver by calling and — more reprehensible still — a prolific maker of ballads. Retribution has been meted out to him, however. His looms are silent, and the 'carded ale' to which the 'deare yeare' of 1596 has reduced him inspires merry ditties no longer.[2])

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[1]) See article Deloney, Dict. Nat. Biogr., and the bibliographical references there given.

[2]) ". . . even as Thomas Deloney, the balletting Silke-weaver, hath rime inough for all myracles, and wit to make a Garland of goodwill more than the premisses, with an Epistle of Momus and Zoylus; whereas his Muse, from the first peeping foorth, hath stood at Livery at an Ale-house wispe, never exceeding a penny a quart, day nor night; and this deare yeare, together with the silencing of his loombes, scarce that; he being strained to betake him to carded Ale: whence it proceedeth that since Candlemas, or his Jigge of John for the king, not one merrie Dittie will come from him but The Thunder-bolt against Swearers, Repent England, repent, and The strange judgements of God". — Have with you to Saffron Walden, ed. Grosart, Huth Library, vol. III, pp. 123—124.

Thus far Nash, whose ridicule implies a perversion of fact as little here as where he twits Harvey with being a rope-maker's son. Deloney's own ballad on the scarcity of corn confirms the allusion to the dear year, which probably caused the 'silencing of his loombes',[1]) while his dedication of the second part of the Gentle Craft with its unaffected assurances of 'perfect brotherly affection' for the shoemakers of London tallies best with the attitude of a craftsman addressing the members of a friendly guild.[2])

Social status.

Of course, it does not follow that Deloney enjoyed the 'good will'[3]) of the cordwainers because of the excellence of the satin and taffeta turned out by him. The aesthetic semblance produced by silk[4]) very probably appealed more strongly to him than the antecedent details of weaving. His goose quill, it may be suspected, held greater attractions than his shuttle, and very likely little urging was needed to make him desert his work at the loom for a visit to an alehouse, a new penny 'jig' ready, and willing listeners in prospect. But if he ceased to ply his trade steadily and possibly abandoned it altogether after his public had fully accepted him as the 'great ballet-maker' and 'generall of jigmongers',[5]) there is absolutely nothing in his writings to suggest that he ceased to be identified

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[1]) This ballad made matters worse for Deloney through his "bringing in The Queen speaking with her People Dialogue-wise, in very fond and indecent sort", an offence for which he would have been punished, had the Lord Mayor been able to find him. Stow-Strype, Survey, Bk. V, ed. 1720, p. 333. "An idle Fellow", Stow adds, in agreement with the official view, "and one noted with the like spirit in printing a Book for the Silk Weavers, wherein was found some such foolish and disorderly matter."

[2]) II, p. 8.

[3]) Ibid.

[4]) Cf. note, II, p. 43.

[5]) Walter Kemp, Nine Days Wonder, ed. Dyce, Camden Soc., vol. 11, pp. 20—21. Reprinted also by Arber, English Garner, vol. VII.

with the social sphere of respectable handicraftsmen. Then too, had he been a 'bibbing foole' with an 'ale-crammed nose', like Elderton, the pleasantries exchanged by Harvey and Nash over his shoulder would have brought out the fact. He 'dyed poorely', it is true; but he was 'honestly buried', — a ceremony, Kemp thought, other versemongers he knew might have to dispense with.[1]) Indirectly, Harvey likewise testifies to Deloney's respectability.[2]) It is not at all irrational, therefore, to conclude that the clothworkers, silk-weavers, shoemakers, and the lower middle class generally, had good reasons for being rather proud of him, as one fully entitled by talent, sympathies, and mode of life, to act as their literary spokesman.

These *bourgeois* affiliations separate Deloney from the brilliant group of Elizabethan Bohemians, dependent by choice and necessity on the gold they could 'distill out of ink alone', and very much at home in thieves' dens or brothels. The same reason prevents his being classed with the 'firking fiddlers' of the Anthony Now-Now type, although Mistress Deloney — if there was one — like the wife of the Green King of St. Martin's, may very well have had occasion more than once to say: "Fie, husband, take not the fidler with you, for shame."[3])

That the circles of 'courtly makers' lay outside his ken need scarcely be mentioned. The 'pickt words and

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[1]) Nine Days Wonder, pp. 20—21.

[2]) "But may not Thomas Delone, Philip Stubs, Robert Armin, and the rest of those misused persons, more disdainfully disdaine him [i. e. Nash]; because he is so much vayner, so little learneder, so nothing eleganter, than they; and they so much honester, so little obscurer, so nothing contemptibler, then he? Surely, Thomas, it were pollicy, to boast lesse with Thomas Delone, or to atchieve more with Thomas More." — Pierce's Supererogation, ed. Grosart, Huth Library, vol. II, p. 281.

[3]) G. C. II, p. 108.

choise phrases' found here and there only prove his versatility and an effort to adapt style to courtly themes.[1]) His real attitude is probably expressed in Tom Drum's assertion that Arcadia abounds in asses.[2]) Be this as it may, he belonged socially to the 'common sort', for whom he wrote, from first to last, during the fifteen years covered by his extant productions, i. e. from about 1586 to about 1600, the year of his death.

Education and attainments.

Nor do these productions yield the least indication of any other than humble descent or of contact during boyhood and early manhood with the sources and institutional channels of liberal nurture. His range of direct observation and personal experience appears distinctly confined to the humbler phases of English life. To account for his point of view and standards of judgment it is not necessary to look beyond the molding influence of cloth-weaving, patriotic, ardently Protestant Norwich or of the corresponding social groups of London. The Reformation strongly affected his inner life, as it did that of English folk generally, but neither thought nor expression points to classical antiquity or the literature of Italy as shaping factors.

Indeed, if the translation of two Latin publications[3]) by the archbishop of Cologne concerning his acceptance of the Reformation were indubitably Deloney's work, one might hazard the guess that he was originally intended for the ministry, and further, that he had received some training in Latin with that end in view. That he read Latin, however he acquired the ability to do so, is to be inferred not so much from sporadic classical allusions[4]) or his general familiarity with ancient myths, epics, and biographical anecdotes, as from the fact that now and then he made use of material accessible only in Latin,

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[1]) G. C. II, p. 4.
[2]) G. C. II, p. 64.
[3]) Dict. Nat. Biogr.
[4]) See Index.

William of Malmesbury's chronicle,[1]) for example. In favor of J. H. Dixon's surmise[2]) that Deloney knew French may be cited the skilful rendering of a French journeyman's English and the statement — "translated out of the French", prefixed to one of the songs in the Garland of Good Will. Besides, even if he was neither of French birth himself nor ever apprenticed to a French silk-weaver, his trade cannot have failed to bring him into personal contact with the Walloon and French weavers of Norwich and London.[3]) His acquaintance with French, however, — colloquial French mainly — remained without appreciable significance to his trend of thought or his workmanship, and his familiarity with Latin and the popular side

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[1]) De Gestis Regum Anglorum. First printed by Sir Henry Savile, 1596.

[2]) Garland of Good Will, Percy Soc. XXX, p. VI.

[3]) That these aliens did not keep the art of silk-weaving to themselves is proved by the complaint of the London Company of Weavers, in 1582, (Stow-Strype, Survey, II, Bk. V, 300; Cunningham, Alien Immigrants to England, p. 166). Hence Deloney's calling does not necessarily imply that he came of a family of Walloon or French refugees. The natural presumption, however, that he did, receives some support from certain Gallic rather than English characteristics disclosed in his works, — the comparative lightness of touch, the presence of sentiment without indications of emotional depth, the ease with which prose runs into dramatic dialogue, the directness with which narrative moves towards effective points, etc. To all appearances these qualities resulted chiefly from original tendencies of mind and temperament, which may of course have been purely individual, but which strongly suggest Romance lineage. Moreover, the name Deloney or Delone (Harvey) would seem to be identical with the French Delauney (-ay, -e), o being substituted for au because until far into the 16th century au in English still represented a diphthong. There is ample evidence to show that the names of the refugees, especially of those of the humbler classes were speedily anglicized. Towards the end of the 16th century the same French name appears unchanged, (cf. Dict. Nat. Biogr.) or was spelt Delawney, partly no doubt for the reason that by this time English au, aw, had come to have approximately the same sound as French au.

of classical literature implies indebtedness merely for knowledge, not for formative discipline and culture.

Harvey's taunt that Nash was but 'little learneder' than Deloney received what keenness of point it had from the mere juxtaposition of the well-born university wit and the self-taught man of the people, self-taught with little regard to curricula for scholars and gentlemen. The literary sources as well as the dates of Deloney's contributions to poetry and prose are as yet only partially known, so that the order and extent of his reading can only be surmised; but whence he derived his learning and of what sort it was would seem to be obvious enough. His book-chest, so to speak, contained at one time or another, by purchase or loan, — a copy of the Bible, one including the Apocrypha, and probably diverse Reformation tracts and treatises; lives of saints; a goodly row of historians, most prominent among them those who were not, to use Harvey's phrase, 'the painfullest chroniclers', — William of Malmesbury, Geoffrey of Monmouth, Malory, Fabyan, Grafton; a book or books of travel of the Sir John Maundeville order; biographical accounts of local celebrities, such as The Life and Pranks of Long Meg of Westminster; pamphlets detailing contemporary sensations, the murder of Mr. Page of Plymouth for instance; 'jest-books'; the prose tale of Sir Guy of Warwick and other versions of old court epics; a bundle of broadsides and manuscript copies of 'merry pranks', 'ditties', and ballads old and new; the fiction of the day — 'most pleasant histories'; Lyly's Euphues, Sidney's Arcadia, and their successors, possibly also a copy of Lazarillo. What else he may have read neither filled his mind nor fashioned his thought. It is to this chiefly popular narrative literature, then, supplemented by the empirical knowledge obtainable within the limits set by a humble calling, that he owed his intellectual furniture, — and the trend of his literary activity as well.

It is wholly in keeping both with general external

probability and the clues afforded by Deloney's extant writings to assume that his art instincts, especially an innate *Lust zu fabulieren*, were first awakened by such folk literature as was accessible to a prentice boy about the time when Queen Bess began to reign. His earliest attempts at composition, we may surmise, drew their inspiration and derived their models from the inventions of the wandering minstrel; from ballads sung by merry journeymen; from the work of 'penny poets', giving in a 'rabble of bald rimes' the details of the latest marvel or murder. His first themes, it may not be too rash to infer, were the communal ones of daily life or oral tradition, — incidents or actions thought to be comic; crimes brought forth by primary passions and fiercely punished here and hereafter; the enemies of the crown and the gospel overtaken by a deserved fate; the laughable and tragic aspects of love and married life; the valor of English earls and yeomen; princes in love with beggar maids; English kings mingling with their humblest subjects on equal terms. Nor is it unlikely that riming early alternated with the telling of stories, patterned after current 'jest' or tales of knighthood, the immediate object in either case being amusement or perhaps a 'pudding pie', and the treatment crudely realistic rather than fanciful or transfiguring. Of course, the literary raw material on which Deloney tried his prentice hand or which he unknowingly stored up for future use can scarcely have been purely local in origin. If books were not easily come by, there were wayfaring men — soldiers, beggars, fiddlers, mountebanks, strolling players, chapmen, and, particularly, travelled journeymen — to act as purveyors of folklore in the rough, and of things heard and seen generally. In fact, the familiarity his stories reveal both with English routes of travel and with the regions about centers of the cloth or silk trade like Reading, Newbury, Canterbury, plainly suggests that he had been a wandering journeyman himself, a conclusion

Literary beginnings.

borne out by the sureness of hand with which the doings of journeymen on the road are set forth.[1])

Journalistic ballads.

Deloney's first essays in verse may or may not have embodied subjects taken from life chiefly; it is certain, however, that the first two published poems that are indubitably his, both belonging to the year 1586, dealt with recent occurrences, one with the burning at the stake of Beckles of Suffolk, the other with the execution of fourteen participants in a treasonable plot.[2]) And such journalistic themes of local or national interest continued to engage his popular Muse throughout his known literary career. The year 1588 inspired three broadsides on the Armada fight[3]); the fate that overtook Mrs. Page of Plymouth and her lover, in 1591, for the murder of Mr. Page, called forth two *vox populi* 'Lamentations', each culprit being allotted one; the Excellent Song on the Winning of Cales by the English[4]) celebrates the victory over the Spaniards on June 21, 1596. With the same group must be classed the avowedly jocular pieces, produced as continually, and probably no less occasional in origin, if we except those treating certain stock topics of an abstract social nature in a humorously reflective vein. At all events, the close connection of comic elements with character, together with the chary use made of current collections of facetiae with respect to materials, plainly shows that Deloney's sense of humor was fed by the *Schwank* observed rather than the *Schwank* read, by the 'jest' practiced rather than the 'jest' printed.

Thus the literary materials for one continuous series of poetic productions, whether grave or gay, were steadily derived from the actual world of his own immediate experience, from the events of the day with the rumors and fugitive records begotten of them. Deloney may have

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[1]) G. C. II, pp. 56—72.

[2]) Percy Soc. I, p. 101.

[3]) See note, G. C. II, p. 46.

[4]) Garland of Good Will, Percy Soc. XXX, p. 113.

scorned to sing the birth of a 'monstrous pig', yet his habitual practice was such that it implied neither ignorance nor credulity on Kemp's part to suspect him for a time of being the author of 'abominable ballets' on the morris danced by the actor from London to Norwich. Back of his choice of actualistic themes, moreover, lay the selective principle imposed by popular taste upon all balladists alike, and back of the treatment the oral and written example set by popular predecessors and contemporaries.

Not one of Deloney's extant poems is intimately personal. A few are reflective, didactic, objectively lyrical; most of them may be roughly called art ballads, in the sense of being more or less direct imitations of the ballad of communal parentage. One group of these, the journalistic, has just been touched upon. But his claim to the title 'great ballad-maker' rests on work that is historical in a narrower sense, on the romantic ballads of the Garland of Good Will and of Strange Histories. Now, a number of these owe their substance wholly or in part to local oral tradition or wandering legend. How much creative fashioning the popular imagination and the impulse to sing its products into ballad shape had left for him to do in particular instances, — this question lies outside of the present enquiry. Himself a self-taught man of the people, his outward life bound up with that of the many, Deloney shared in their lore, knew their stories and songs, and in turn appropriated for their enjoyment whatever might be profitably recast, or varied, or woven in with threads supplied by his fancy or reading. Oral tradition bulks much smaller, however, in the collections mentioned than does either its literary counterpart, apocryphal history, or romantic fact from the life-story of the English people. Records of both Deloney sought and found where the writers of chronicle plays were finding them at the same time, and whither, along with humble balladists and playwrights, a lusty national spirit sent scholar-poets like Warner and Drayton for epic epitomes of England's past.

Historical ballads.

To William of Malmesbury, for example, he owes the story of A Song of King Edgar; The Duke of Cornwall's Daughter has its source in Geoffrey of Monmouth's chronicle; The Noble Acts of Arthur sets forth three chapters of Malory; Fabyan tells the anecdote embodied in The King's Daughter of France; The Duchess of Suffolk's Calamity would seem to be derived from the narrative of John Fox.[1])

Apart from The Overthrow of Proud Holofernes and from the doubtful Patient Grissel — exotics as thoroughly domesticated as the stories of Arthur — only one of the ballads that have been preserved, namely Alphonso and Ganselo, is foreign as to subject matter and scene. Indeed, viewed in the large, Deloney's poems disclose the native English note everywhere. His mind and art alike justify the term homemade — a fact, which, as we shall see presently, goes far to explain the origin and character of his three novels.

II.

Kemp's reference to Deloney's stories.

The discussion of Deloney's prose fiction cannot well be more suggestively introduced than by Kemp's succinct reference to him as "the great ballet-maker T. D. alias Tho. Deloney, Chronicler of the memorable lives of the 6 yeomen of the west,[2]) Jack of Newbury,[3]) the Gentle-craft, and such like honest men, omitted by Stow, Hollinshed, Grafton, Hal, froysart, and the rest of those well-deserving writers".[4]) The summary here given turns out

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[1]) These statements as to sources are derived from J. H. Dixon's notes, Garland of Good Will, Percy Soc. XXX, and from T. Wright's notes, Strange Histories, Percy Soc. III.

[2]) The subtitle of Thomas of Reading. Reprinted by Thoms, Early English Prose Romances, vol. I.

[3]) The History of John Winchcomb, in his younger yeares called Jack of Newbery, . . . Reprinted (26 copies) by Halliwell, London, 1859.

[4]) Nine Days Wonder, pp. 20—21.

to be substantially correct. Beyond a doubt the three prose works named were written by Deloney, the most noted Elizabethan artificer of ballads. They belong to the same literary species, which, as Kemp suggests, is that of historical or, more narrowly, biographical fiction. The events chronicled purport to have taken place at various times in England. The 'honest men' who figure in them prove to be chiefly clothiers and shoemakers. This fact gave Kemp, whose professional dignity had been outraged by 'lying jigmongers' the chance to put a sting into the tail of his characterization. The 'well-deserving' historians of England 'omit' such 'memorable lives'. Kemp's animus and point of view aside, it appears indeed at once inherently probable that Deloney did not discover his *bourgeois* heroes on the highways of historical fact, however much he derived thence for setting and details. On the other hand the presumption suggests itself at the outset that Deloney the chronicler did not perhaps wholly abandon the paths habitually pursued by Deloney the balladist.

The first part of the Gentle Craft was ready for printing by October, 1597. Jack of Newbury appears on the Stationers' Register under date of May seventh, 1597. When Thomas of Reading left the press is not known. The probability is that Kemp's enumeration gives the chronological order, and further that the book preceded Jack of Newbury by a year or so at the most.[1]) At all

[1]) The second part of the Gentle Craft came out in 1598. A third part was to follow. It is not likely, therefore, that Deloney went back to the subject of weavers during the remaining two years of his life, still less likely that he abandoned the timely realistic mode of treatment to return once more to the more romantic manner. Again, while Thomas of Reading and Jack of Newbury belong together in theme, in method, in length, the former is more inchoate and more obviously the work of a maker of ballads. The internal evidence is thus against placing Thomas of Reading between Jack of Newbury and the Gentle Craft. Moreover, the dates of these two works are so close together that a third work can hardly have intervened. On the other hand it is

events Deloney had achieved fame with his journalistic and historical ballads before he turned to story-telling in prose and therewith entered upon a twofold career. That the new venture was in every way a timely one, of this an author so perfectly in touch and tune with his special public must have been well aware. By the opening of the last decade of Elizabeth's reign the demand for fiction had come to be almost as strong and general as the craving for dramatic representations. Hence Deloney could safely rely on winning instant success if he set his well-trained epic talent to producing prose tales.

Their relation to contemporary fiction.

But readiness to "take the tide at its flow" did not result in mere imitation of one or the other species of current fiction. The clever silk-weaver, writing for readers of his own social order, owes least, of course, to the aristocratic novel of Lyly and Sidney and their followers, the influence of which appears practically restricted to the occasional employment of its fashionable jargon and stylistic mannerisms, when he "has cause to talke of courtiers". More closely related in method and manner to the genesis of Deloney's story-telling are the books of chivalry, on which the humbler classes fed their hunger for romance, and which must have been familiar to him from childhood. They stored his memory with incidents, devices, *motifs*; they impressed themselves upon his style; they served as first models with reference to narrative technique. The enduring popularity of the story of Crispin and Crispian is accounted for, at least in part, by its close resemblance to the romances of knighthood. In this case, however, the treatment was a deliberate adaptation to a romantic theme, the choice of which resulted from the plan to write a cycle of narratives. On the whole

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difficult to believe that Thomas Nash would not have had a fling at Thomas of Reading if the book had been in existence when he wrote Have with you to Saffron Walden (1596). Hence Deloney's novel was probably written and published in the course of 1596.

tales of knight errantry had little to do with fixing the type of stories whose heroes are tradesmen and their adventures in a large measure humorously conceived possibilities of their actual daily lives. These features strongly suggest kinship rather with the contemporary picaresque literature, — with the popular collections of 'merry jests', indigenous or translated; with the body of unrecorded horse-play anecdotes which every craft produces, and which artisan raconteurs set agoing and keep in circulation; and with the full-grown romance of roguery as represented by Lazarillo de Tormes or Nash's Jack Wilton (written in 1593). Now, the 'variety of wit and mirth' Deloney offered to his readers consists in no small degree of analogous inventions. The 'merry prank' furnishes a large part of the story element. Nor are genuine picaresque conceptions and tricks wanting. The shaping effect of current 'jest' literature and rogue tale is accordingly unmistakable. But this fact implies at most an eclectic use of approved means for ensuring 'merriment'; it means little more than that Deloney in writing novels availed himself for one side of his work of the arts he had acquired as composer of jocular verse, particularly the journalistic local *Schwank*. Considered as wholes his stories are neither loosely connected facetiae nor biographies of anti-heroes. The 'jest' appears subordinated to situation and the description of manners, while instead of rogues we have as central figures worthy captains of industry, whose life-story is told in the spirit of triumphant democracy and with marked attention to their representative civic characteristics. The underlying purpose is the essentially serious one of glorifying the man of the people and his occupation, the attitude involved in this principle of selection being exactly that of native English traditions embodied in song or tale, which celebrate the exploits of common folk and exhibit humble retainers as friends and hosts of popular princes.

Their relation to the ballads.

And so the change from verse to prose, from ballad to novel, presents itself primarily in the form of a natural evolution, for which, to be sure, very practical needs and ambitions furnished the occasion. Deloney's story-writing is essentially an outgrowth of his ballad-writing, the realistic comic manner uniting with the historical romantic manner in the treatment of themes drawn from the *bourgeoisie*, themes supplied by the life, traditional lore, and documentary history of industrial civic instead of agricultural feudal society. Hence the recurrence in the new conceptions that resulted, of numerous old ballad *motifs* and devices, not to adduce the evidence of original verses that were written and the genuine folk ballads that were borrowed in the process of composition. Hence also the play of low-comedy humor, to which free scope was given with the transfer of leading role from 'kings, princes, dukes, lordes, ladyes, knights, and gentlemen' to manufacturers of cloth and to master shoemakers. William of Malmesbury's chronicle, moreover, constitutes an external link between Deloney's ballad-making and his first novel, it being the common source of the Song of King Edgar and of Thomas of Reading. From it came the general data in the latter concerning the reign of Henry I as well as the warrant for the prominence assigned to the cloth-makers of that time. Thence were obtained likewise fruitful hints for the romantic episode of 'Margaret with the white hand', besides a number of picturesque details, among them several of those anecdotes which the folk habitually invents to explain existing practices or current expressions.

The influence of the popular drama.

But in selecting his materials from history, tradition, and contemporary actuality, Deloney was only doing what popular playwrights had been doing for some time, in the wellfounded faith that, as Lanthorn Leatherhead puts it, "homeborn projects prove ever the best". His sources were the same in kind as those that supplied domestic tragedies, boisterous comedies, biographical plays, with

incidents and characters. In as far as his choice involved an innovation, it consisted in deliberately singling out noted representatives of particular industrial groups for narrative and descriptive treatment. Such a departure, however, could hardly fail to suggest itself to the 'balleting silk-weaver', familiar as he must have been with a play like George-a-Greene or the dramatized biographies of idols of the people, not to mention the versified exploits of the Nine Worthies of London. That he was not slow to profit by the successes of playwrights is attested by the introduction of characters from recent plays and by the clever imitation of Falstaff's analysis of honor [1]) soon after the first acting of Henry IV, Part I.

This relationship appears closer still with respect to Deloney's use of his materials. In reading Thomas of Reading or Jack of Newbury one has an impression as if the author had cast into story form some playwright's rough draft for a chronicle play. There is not the slightest reason, of course, to suspect that he actually did so. What must be inferred, however, is that plot structure, plot development, even narrative manner, were in no small degree influenced by the technique characteristic of the popular historical drama. And as a comparison of the Gentle Craft with its predecessors proves, this influence was continuous and progressive, greatly to the advantage of Deloney's artistic workmanship. The tale of Simon Eyre, for example, is virtually a realistic prose comedy, a rough adaptation of the method of the native romantic drama to "deeds and language such as men do use". A main plot essentially serious, a by-plot essentially comic; the principal action one in which persons of consequence are concerned, the subordinate action carried on by journeymen and maid-servants; the alternate dropping and resuming of the loosely connected plot threads; the control of invention by the general outlines of received history,

[1]) G. C. II, p. 86.

or tradition, or the blending of both; the condensation and transposition of historical facts to enhance the effect; the inseparable connection of the comic element with character and situation; the introduction of dialect; the conduct of the narrative largely by dialogue, — such features plainly disclose the dramatic pattern, which reveals itself no less distinctly in the handling of the love *motifs* of the Crispin-Ursula and Richard Casteler plots. Even in the euphuistic St. Hugh story, it is the style more than anything else that points to literary models other than those furnished by the popular stage.

Summary. Allowance being made for the provisional character of the foregoing sketch, its salient conclusions may be grouped together thus: that Deloney turned to prose fiction at all was largely due to external demands which he must have known he could fulfill with profit to himself; that he struck out in the direction he did finds its explanation in his peculiar social and literary environment and in the more potent factor of successful previous literary activity, for which a change to the biographical novel of character and manners involved in a large measure only a change of form of expression and a combining of well-tried powers; that the stories he wrote are differentiated as to structure and method from contemporary fiction or mark an advance upon earlier approaches to the historical species is accounted for by the influence of popular playwrights, who ministered to the same public through romantic 'histories' and realistic studies drawn from sources his and theirs alike, and who, it should be added, were not slow in their turn to recognize the dramatic possibilities of works that their example had helped to produce.

The degree of influence Thomas of Reading, Jack of Newbury, and The Gentle Craft, had on the drama, beyond supplying dramatic materials, eludes measurement. Their great popularity, however, which is attested by the many editions on record, must have had rather more to do with the rapid development of the domestic comedy of manners

during the closing years of Elizabeth's reign than has hitherto been pointed out. From the view-point of fiction a wider interest attaches to these books, in the first place, from the fact that Deloney was the first English writer of stories to which — with only a little stretching — the name historical novels can be applied. Even more significant historically are his *bourgeois* themes and the realistic treatment. Lastly, his tales, at all events those of the Gentle Craft, are distinguished by two qualities which no other Elizabethan manifests in the same degree — unforced humor and the gift of story-telling.

The Gentle Craft.

External history. The first mention of a work entitled The Gentle Craft occurs in the Stationers' Register under date of Oct. 19, 1597: — "Raphe Blore. Entred for his Copie under th[e h]andes of maister Dix and master Man a booke called the gentle craft intreatinge of Shoomakers". In the absence of any trace of evidence to the contrary, it may be regarded as reasonably certain that this entry refers to the shoemaker stories by Thomas Deloney. That he was from the first known to be the author appears especially from Kemp's characterization, already quoted. How soon after registration the first issue left the press remains a matter of inference. It is not at all unlikely that the celebration of St. Crispin's Day, Oct. 25,[1]) furnished good business reasons for hastening publication; no copy of any 1597 edition, however, if such there was, has been preserved. Nor is there any record of a transfer of rights from Ralph Blower to Edward White, who, according to Hazlitt,[2]) brought out the Gentle Craft,

Authorship.

[1]) That at least one publisher had his eyes on this date is evident from the title-page of the reprint by J. Rhodes, 1725. There attention is called to an additional song in praise of shoemakers "To be sung by them every year on the 25th of October, being Crispin".

[2]) W. C. Hazlitt, Bibl. O. E. Lit., 1867, p. 153.

Dates of publication.

in two parts, during 1598. There is room, however, for doubting the accuracy of Hazlitt's statement, so far as it concerns the first part. The title he gives is virtually identical with that of the second part as reprinted in 1639 by Elizabeth Purslow. His note: "no perfect copy known", leaves it quite uncertain whether the information he had warranted the conclusion that White published the whole, and not merely the second part.[1]) At any rate, the two parts did not originally appear as one edition, for in the dedicatory address prefixed to the second part Deloney speaks of this as a sequel, due to the success of the first part and to his promise to continue his biographies of famous shoemakers. It is safe to conclude, therefore, that the first part came out late in 1597 or early in 1598. The second soon followed, published by Edward White[2]) possibly in conjunction with a new edition of the first part, the whole work retaining the original title. The first part, however, as several of the later reprints show, continued to be published simply as the Gentle Craft, i. e. without reference on the title-page to a sequel.

Part I.

The earliest reference to the original publication as the 'fyrste part' is found in an entry dated Aug. 14, 1600, when Thomas Pavier had it registered as one of the "thinges formerlye printed and sett over to the sayd Thomas Pavyer".[3]) To judge by the long list of popular books

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[1]) The same doubt attaches to J. W. Ebsworth's incidental remarks on page 32, vol. VII, Roxburghe Ballads — "The earliest edition extant is 1598, imperfect, printed for Edward White. It tells how Crispin and Crispianus, sons of King Logrid of Britain, and of Queen Estreda, were sheltered at Faversham, Kent." The second statement, moreower, instead of evincing first-hand knowledge seems to rest rather on some chap-book version containing the names Logrid and Estreda. On chap-book additions, *infra*.

[2]) Ten years earlier two of Deloney's Armada ballads had been printed for White. He seems to have owned also the Garland of Good Will, which in March 1602 was assigned by him to Thomas Pavier "uppon condicion that yt be no other mans copie".

[3]) St. R. III, p. 169, Arber.

published by him between 1600 and 1626, the Gentle Craft had fallen into the right hands, but no copy of any editions by him — of which there were several, no doubt — has ever turned up, as far as I know. On Aug. 4, 1626, Pavier's widow transfered "all the estate right title and Interest" of "her late husband" in "The first part of the gentle craft" to Robert Bird and Edward Brewster.[1]) The latter reprinted his new acquisition in the following year[2]), incongruously enough in view of Brewster's specialty — theological and devotional works. But the Gentle Craft must have been a thoroughly safe book financially, and so may very well have remained in the possession of the Brewsters, father and son (1616—1640—1647), while other publications taken over from Pavier's widow were disposed of again.[3]) Another reprint, dated 1635, perhaps owes its existence to the same firm.[4])

No copies of any of the foregoing editions seem discoverable at present. The written date, 1635, in one of the Bodleian copies is obviously wrong, in as much as the publisher, H. Rhodes, did business from about 1680 to about 1707.[5]) The earliest accessible reprints are those of John Stafford into whose possession the book would seem to have come from the Brewsters. Two of these reprints appeared in 1648, just fifty years after the original issue; a third came out four years later. One of the 1648 editions, presumably the second, contained the history of Tom Drum taken from the second part of the Gentle Craft. Unfortunately the 'only copy known' has disappeared again.[6]) A copy of the other 1648 edition is in the British

The Stafford editions.

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[1]) St. R. IV, p. 164.

[2]) Hazlitt, Bibl. p. 153.

[3]) St. R. IV, p. 318.

[4]) Hazlitt, Bibl. p. 153.

[5]) His name does not occur in Hazlitt's Collections and Notes before 1681, nor after 1706.

[6]) Hazlitt, Collections and Notes, 1876. This copy, says Hazlitt, was "sold on March 17, 1871 for £ 2 7 s."

Museum, and a copy of the slovenly 1652 reprint, in the Bodleian Library. The text of both quartos is adorned with woodcuts, fifteen in number, and both probably had the same double-page frontispiece. The 1652 quarto still has the left half of this cut, which represents Crispian and Crispin, the former in armor, the latter in the costume of the time of Charles I. The other page, as appears from later editions, must have represented Crispin taking the measure of Ursula's foot. From the monogram in the cut on the left side — S pierced lengthwise by I — it must be inferred that the frontispiece was first put in by Stafford. So were most probably also the illustrations in the text. They belong to the same period. The St. Hugh of the first cut and the St. Crispin of the frontispiece obviously had their suits made at about the same time by the same London tailor. Besides, Stafford's reprints have the same title as the Brewster edition (1627), but in addition the line: "Set forth with Pictures, and Variety of Wit and Mirth".

These 'pictures', apart from slight differences as to four of them,[1]) recur unchanged until after 1725 in all of the British Museum and Bodleian copies of later editions. The same uniformity obtains in the text. Aside from misprints and corrections of the same, from a few sporadic omissions, such as St. Hugh's euphuistic comparison of his lady with the stone *carchaedonis*, and from isolated modernizations in spelling and vocabulary, the differences are those of mechanical execution. It appears, therefore, that the later impressions go back more or less directly to Stafford's illustrated editions. Earlier issues can hardly

Later editions based on the Stafford text.

[1]) One of the editions by H. Rhodes omits the cut representing the martyrdom of St. Winifred, and the 1696 reprint by W. W. omits the picture of Eyre's garden. The other differences consist of variations in the case of two of the illustrations for the story of Crispin and Crispian, and are doubtless due to Thackeray, who had two new blocks made — one of them bearing his initials — closely patterned after those used by Stafford.

have been consulted. If they had, the missing conclusion of John's speech on page 90 would have been given. The omitted first half of a couplet in A New Love Sonnet, p. 100, any editor was able to supply.

The question of authenticity.

But while thus the editions following that of 1648 afford little direct aid in settling the question of original text, they exemplify the well-known unsophisticated conservatism of the old printers and editors of folk literature. And what is true of the last half of the 17th century applies with greater force to the fifty years preceding 1648. Moreover, the language and style of the Stafford editions are unmistakably Elizabethan and Deloneyan throughout. There is then little occasion for doubting that the Gentle Craft has been transmitted in an essentially unaltered form.

There may be one exception. In contrast with Deloney's usual practice, the story of St. Hugh begins very abruptly. The preliminary information concerning time, place, characters, has been relegated to an address to 'all courteous readers', who are not addressed, however, until the very end. In what precedes no reference is made to the last two stories; while the remarks concerning Hugh and Winifred have the appearance of being a summary of something omitted. It is accordingly possible that the first story began farther back originally and that the original address to the reader was subsequently recast to suit the abridgement [1]) But 'good matter', whether relevant or not, was not very apt to suffer reduction, and so it seems on the whole rather more likely that the present form of the tale of St. Hugh is due to Deloney himself. It is perhaps an adaptation of an earlier draft [2]) to the plan of a collection of shoemaker stories.

That the opening of the story with its plunge *in medias res* did not fully satisfy all readers of the Gentle

[1]) Cf. the note, G. C. II, p. 3.

[2]) Suggested by and modelled after R. Johnson's Seven Champions of Christendom (1596)?

Chap-book versions.

Craft is attested by the chap-book version published at Newcastle about 1750.[1]) It makes Hugh the son of Arviragus, king of Powis, and of Queen Genura. The earlier years of his manhood are spent after the manner of every genuine knight. He wins special distinction by fighting the Saracens in Spain, as a general in the army of the Roman emperor. Refusing an offer of marriage from the emperor's daughter, he returns to Britain and promptly falls in love with Winifred, daughter of Donwallo. The rest is a condensed paraphrase, the whole story being told in less than a dozen pages. In the account of Crispin and Crispian the mother of the saints bears the name Esteda. The shoemaker of Faversham is called Robands. Another chap-book[2]) dubs the king of Powis Gwyrtudor, the queen of Logria Boedia, her sons Locrinus and Fidelio, and the shoemaker of Faversham Bristaldus. In still another[3]) of these later renderings Eyre is said to have been "a poor boy from Rippon, Yorkshire" and to have served his apprenticeship with a "shoemaker in St. Martins-le-Grand". Such additions must be set down to the credit of the chap-book makers, who are responsible also, of course, for the omission now and then of the story of Eyre, which probably did not seem 'princely' enough. The only other feature as to which, aside from condensation and phraseology, the adaptations of the 18th century depart occasionally from the earlier complete editions is the bargain incident in the story of Simon Eyre. Mrs. Eyre's picaresque ruse is either told with less naive frankness or replaced by an account from which the element of false pretense has been eliminated. According to the Bettesworth version,[4]) friends

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[1]) The Shoemakers' Glory: or, the Princely History of the Gentle Craft, Printed and sold by J. White at Newcastle. Brit. Mus.

[2]) The Accurate History of Crispin and Crispianus the Royal Shoe-Makers. Dublin, 1816. Brit. Mus.

[3]) A condensed paraphrase, printed for W. O., Bodleian Library. See Appendix.

[4]) 1787. Bodl.

furnish the money for the purchase of the cargo; and Sam. S. Campion, who, to be sure, may not have depended entirely for his knowledge of Eyre on the chap-book that he certainly used in retelling the first two of Deloney's stories, relates this incident as follows: "Hearing that a vessel laden with leather from Tripoli had been wrecked upon the coast of Cornwall, he thought he might advantage himself by the purchase of the cargo. Having collected all the money he could, he went to Penzance, purchased the leather, and trading successfully with it he laid the basis of a fortune sufficient to enable him to build Leadenhall, to obtain the Lord Mayoralty of London, and the honour of knighthood."[1])

The last complete edition of the first part of the Gentle Craft appeared as much as six years after the publication of Robinson Crusoe. A modernized edition came out only three years before Pamela. Nor, as already indicated, was this the end. Like Palladine of England, Parismus, and other 'famous', 'pleasant', 'princely', 'variable' 'histories', the Gentle Craft became metamorphosed into a chap-book, and in this form continued until after the appearance of the first Waverley novels to attest the art of the Elizabethan silk-weaver as a popular story-teller.

The long life of the first part of the G. C.

It would be misleading, however, not to add that the demand for the book was due chiefly to the story of Crispin and Crispian and that this romance, thoroughly as it continued to satisfy the requirements of folk aesthetics, held its own so long very largely by reason of its theme. As long as shoemakers' guilds celebrated St. Crispin's Day with feasting and pageants, the exploits of their patron saints as related by Deloney retained a measure of public interest, while to every well-regulated shoemaker a copy of the Gentle Craft must have seemed about as necessary

[1]) Delightful History of the Gentle Craft. Northampton, 2nd ed., 1876. p. 48.

as pitch and shoethread. Publishers evidently counted on this fact in bringing out new editions. The lost play Crispine and Crispianus, which Halliwell says was "frequently played by the Shoemakers' Companies of towns before 1643",[1]) was probably a rough dramatization of Deloney's narrative, and presupposed familiarity with his version. The following interesting report of a St. Crispin celebration in Scotland would seem to show that the Gentle Craft played a part in pageants as late as 1741: — "In Oct. 1741, the Edinburgh shoemakers made a very handsome parade in honour of their tutelar Saint Crispin, attended by several thousands of the populace. Their king was very richly dressed, he had on a fine crimson velvet suit trimmed with gold, a train of crimson satin faced with ermine, and a collar round his shoulders with the order of their *champion, Crispianus*; on his head was a rich coronet adorned with jewels; a gold ribband was tied round his left leg, and he had a baton in his hand. He was attended by six ushers, six pages, and twenty-four others. The colours came after, and were very fine, having the *resemblance of St. Crispin's taking the measure of St. Ursula's foot.* He was preceded by a set of music, and twelve officers with white rods, and walked through the city with great pomp."[2])

Part II. Collier says that a copy of the second part of the Gentle Craft, dated 1598, was once in his possession, but that he lent it to a poor printer from whom he never recovered the original.[3]) Nor has anybody else, as far as is known. The only extant copy of any edition represents the reprint made by Elizabeth Purslow in 1639. The Tom Drum episode was incorporated with the first part in 1648. J. Rhodes followed Stafford's example by

[1]) Dictionary of Old English Plays, p. 65.

[2]) Saint Crispin and the Gentle Craft, London, 1868. One of the pamphlets in Tracts on Dress, 1852—74. Brit. Museum.

[3]) Bibliographical Account of Early English Literature, vol. I, p. 260.

including the Green King of St. Martin's in his edition of the first part, 1725. Moreover, no chap-book adaptations seem to have been made, nor are references found to other than the editions of 1598 and 1639. Of course we cannot infer that there were no other impressions; but this much is certain that the second part of the Gentle Craft did not achieve the lasting popularity of the first part. One general reason for the difference must doubtless be sought in the enduring preference of the folk for themes, incidents, characters, remote from daily experience.

Purpose and general plan. Deloney's purpose in writing a book 'intreatinge of shoomakers' was to celebrate the gentle craft by a series of stories centering about its most famous English representatives and exhibiting 'their worthy deeds and great hospitality'. With this purpose went the minor intention of explaining incidentally the origin and meaning of customs such as the ringing of the 'pancake bell', and of familiar expressions like 'gentle craft', 'St. Hugh's bones', 'a shoemaker's son is a prince born', 'Tom Drum's entertainment'. How comprehensive his plan must have been from the outset appears from the dedicatory remarks of the second set of tales. The plan embraced 1) the patron saints of shoemakers, 2) noted shoemakers of London, 3) those 'of the country'. The last portion of this programme was never carried out, presumably because failing health and death came to its originator before he could both supply the lack of 'good instruction' concerning shoemakers outside of London and give shape to the material collected. Of the six stories completed the first two of Part I relate to events of the time of Diocletian and of Magnus Clemens Maximus, the scenes of action being respectively North Wales and Kent. The concluding story of this part opens the London series. The time is that of Henry VI. The chief incidents narrated in Part II belong to the reign of Henry VIII.

Part I. Simon Eyre.

Sources. The question as to the derivation of the plot ingredients chosen by Deloney presents least difficulty in the case of the Eyre story, which, besides, affords a clue to the author's use of his raw material. Deloney himself hints at a twofold source, namely 'our English chronicles', and living tradition 'in the mouths of many men'.[1]) Now, from the former, even if the sources utilized by Stow but not by earlier chroniclers be included, Deloney could at best learn little more than that Simon Eyre, son of John Eyre of Brandon in Suffolk, was first an upholsterer and later a draper, that he built Leadenhall (1419), and served as Sheriff (1434) and as Lord Mayor of London (1445-6), that he was a pious benefactor of the City and of her poor, and that this *'nobilis et potens vir'*, *'honorandus famosus mercator'*, died in 1459 and lies buried in the church of St. Mary Woolnoth.[2]) Which portions of such an outline, very meager at best, Deloney knew or used is readily seen by comparison with his narrative. How much this owes to oral traditions about the builder of Leadenhall, which perpetuated his memory and naturally contributed towards making him the central figure of more than one stray anecdote, we are left to conjecture. Leadenhall had been in use as a leather market on Mondays since the fifth year of Elizabeth's reign.[3]) If in consequence the jolly cordwainers claimed Eyre as one of their brotherhood, the mere fact of their doing so sufficed to constitute an organizing nucleus for a plausible tradition.

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[1]) Compare in this connection the remarks made above (p. XVIII) on the chronicle element in Thomas of Reading; also Thom. Fuller's reference to the hero of this story, History of the Worthies of England, London, 1662, pp. 97—98, — "Thomas Cole, commonly called the rich clothier of Reading. Tradition and an authorlesse pamphlet [Deloney's novel?] made him a man of vast wealth ...." The materials for Jack of Newbury were obtained in the same way. See Halliwell's introduction to The History of John Winchcomb, London, 1859.

[2]) Cf. e. g. Stow, Survey, 1598.

[3]) Stow-Strype, Bk. V, p. 218.

That Eyre 'descended from mean parentage' agrees well with the tendency of the popular imagination to let the hero begin his climb to fame and fortune at the foot of the ladder.[1]) The anecdotes of the 'little table' and of Eyre's banquet to the prentices, in fulfilment of a boyhood promise, likewise seem to contain a traditional kernel. For the origin of the picaresque bargain, on the other hand, and probably of the practical joking of the sub-plot also, we need not look farther than Deloney's imagination and his first-hand knowledge of contemporary London life. But whatever the exact ratio between the parts found floating about and the parts added, the plot as a whole is Deloney's creation, out of a few data true or else supposed to be true. And these he plainly manipulated with great freedom, at the same time, however, re-enforcing their credibility for his readers by the method brought to perfection by Defoe — the accumulation of concrete circumstantial detail in convincing sequence — and by keeping close to the traditional conception of the hero's personality.

The foregoing observations will be found to apply, *mutatis mutandis,* to the more romantic tales, the first two of the book. To begin with the second, its source is in the first place the well-known legend of the patron saints of shoemakers, Crispin and Crispian. The only features, however, clearly borrowed from this legend are, that these worthies were brothers of noble descent and that they plied the craft of shoemaking for a time. The transfer from Soissons to Faversham may be due to an English version; if not, it was simply a necessary item in the general process of metamorphosis performed or committed by Deloney for his special purpose. The probability is that he did know a local tradition connecting Crispin and Crispian with Kent[2]) and that this knowledge facilitated

Crispine and Crispianus.

[1]) Cf. e. g. the story of Whittington and his cat.

[2]) "According to a statement made by the Rector of Faversham, Kent, at an Archæological Society's meeting held in the

the blending of their story with that of St. Ursula, for the secularization of whom Geoffrey of Monmouth, or Grafton, whose account is of course based on Geoffrey, almost certainly provided the starting-points.

The name Maximinus also may have been derived from the particular form in which the biography of the saintly brothers came to Deloney.[1]) But whether so derived or not, it is quite likely that to our honest silk-weaver Maximianus Herculeius,[2]) at whose behest Crispin and Crispian are said to have suffered martyrdom in 287 A. D., Geoffrey's Maximianus,[3]) under whom Ursula's father Dionotus ruled Cornwall, and Maximinus[4]) were one and the same person. If so, the direct psychological cause of the fusion of the two legends lay probably in the similarity of names. At all events, the fusion took place. Ursula, for obvious reasons, had a different father assigned to her, namely 'Maximianus the tyrant',[5]) while Crispin and Crispian were permitted to divide between them Conan Meriadoc. Conan, the reader of Geoffrey will recall, was at first resolutely hostile to Maximianus, whom he had occasion to look upon as a usurper. Eventually, however, he became a reconciled follower of the emperor and assisted valiantly in the conquest of

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autumn of 1872, after the saints had been decapitated, their bodies were thrown into the sea, the waves washed them ashore at Romney Marsh, where they were buried in the parish of Faversham, where their tomb is said to have been found in the ruins of a Benedictine Abbey founded by King Stephen in 1147." Campion's Delightful History, p. 29.

[1]) Cf. Paul Lacroix, Histoire de là Chaussure, where the same name occurs in connection with the death of Crispin and Crispian.

[2]) Roman emperor, 286—305.

[3]) Magnus Clemens Maximus, whose career belongs to the last quarter of the fourth century. See Geoffrey's Hist. Brit. V, chapters IX—XVI.

[4]) Became caesar in 305, augustus in 308.

[5]) Grafton, Hardyng, etc.

Gaul. Raised to the throne of Armorica, his love for Ursula prompted him to include her in the request for British wives for his soldiers and colonists. In Deloney, the love story — barely suggested by Geoffrey and the rest — has become the principal one. Crispin is its hero. The martial achievements in Gaul have fallen to the share of Crispian, in an episode, and it is he who effects the reconciliation of the Logrian princes with Maximinus, alias Maximianus, alias Maximus.

Of other noticeable traces of reading in the substance of the plot must be mentioned the reminiscences, however obtained, from Nepos' life of Iphicrates, shoemaker's son and Athenian general, and from Plutarch's *Regum et Imperatorum Apophthegmata*, which give the reply of Iphicrates when taunted by an aristocrat with his origin: "*Meum a me incipit genus, tuum in te definit.*" [1])

St. Hugh.

For the story of Sir or St. Hugh, Deloney drew, as the introductory address to the reader shows, on some account of St. Winifred of Holywell fame, perhaps the life ascribed to Elerius,[2]) which is the only version, as far as I know, that mentions the valley of 'Sichnaunt'. It was here that Winifred was instructed by her teacher and confessor St. Beino or Beuno. Deloney may somehow have had access also to the life of this saint,[3]) whose father was a gentleman in Powys and a saint besides, and whose name, Hywgi, may possibly have suggested

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[1]) Plutarchi Moralia, ed. Wyttenbach, I 2, 5, p. 742. And see V 2, 21, p. 980. Cf. the reply attributed by the Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers to Socrates: "If I be the worse for my linage as thou sayest, thy linage is the worse for the." By the way, may not Deloney have hit upon the actual source of the English shoemaker saying?

[2]) Printed by W. J. Rees, Lives of the Cambro British Saints, 1853, pp. 515—529. Cf. Caxton's translation (1485?) of Robert of Salop's biography and the account from the Festiall of John Mirkus (1483) — both reprinted by Horstmann, Anglia III, pp. 293—319; also the Golden Legend, Capgrave's Nova Legenda (1516), etc.

[3]) W. J. Rees, *op. cit.*, pp. 299—308.

the St. Hugh of our story. The fact that in the Winifred legend referred to, St. Beino leaves her to go to Rome may have become associated in Deloney's memory with Geoffrey of Monmouth's tale of Cadwalader, who in obedience to a command by an angel undertook a pilgrimage to Rome, where he died, the last of the Welsh nation with the title of chief sovereign of Britain. Confusing the name of the last king of Britain with that of the first, (cf. Geoffrey), Deloney made Donwallo the father of Winifred, who in the legend is the daughter of Theuith, Thewith. His explanation of the origin of St. Winifred's Well, which, as the story is told in every accepted version of the legend, gushed forth where the head of Winifred, decapitated by Caradoc, touched the ground, seems to embody a reminiscence rather from the life of St. Keyna,[1]) another Welsh saint. Of course, Deloney had other plans than to tell how St. Beino put Winifred's head back in its proper place and how she lived many pious years more before she died a blessed natural death in a convent at Wytheryacus. His reference to 'a kind of mosse', however, is tolerably orthodox. As for the legend proper, the only elements that reappear in Deloney's narrative are Winifred's refusal to love 'transitory men' and the rejection of the advances of Caradoc, son of a neighboring chieftain.

A second source would seem to have been Guy of Warwick, more particularly the prose version, of which William Copland published an English translation about the middle of the 16th century. In this as in Deloney

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[1]) 'When she came to ripe years many nobles sought her in marriage, but she utterly refused that state, having consecrated her virginity to our Lord by a perpetual vow. At length she determined to forsake her country and find out some desert place, where she might attend to contemplation. Therefore, directing her journey beyond Severn, and there meeting a woody place, she stayed and on top of a hillock caused a spring there to flow out of the earth.' — Cressy, Church Hist. of Brit., 1668; quoted by Rees, Welsh Saints, pp. 153—154.

the hero is first rejected, then put off for a time, then refused once more. Adventures abroad ensue in both cases. Sir Hugh, like Guy, is beset by fair women; like him, in the words of the metrical version, —

> "None of all wold he have,
> For noght that they might crave."[1])

These resemblances become significant in connection with the dragon incident.[2]) Sir Guy and Sir Hugh, it is obvious, see the same dragon; Sir Hugh, to be sure, from the top of a tree. The 'wringing' or 'wrinkling taile' that 'did so shackle the hinder feet of the elephant together' can surely be no other than the 'crooked, knotted tail' wound about the lion's legs. The effect produced — on the beasts assailed — is the same. Both faint. The lion, grateful because rescued by Guy, "by his horse did run . . . and till he did again embark, stayed with him". This the elephant was unable to do, of course, because the discreet Sir Hugh had let him perish, but "another elephant met Hugh and never left him till he was in the way again" to the place of embarkation.

Some of the differences between the parallel lines of the two narratives would necessarily follow from a treatment deliberately burlesque, as Deloney's is in places, and from the fact that his story had to leave the bones of its hero in a condition for shoemakers to use. The special reason for borrowing at all must be traced, I think, to the circumstance that Deloney knew of no St. Hugh whose bones became intimately connected with the gentle craft.[3]) The expression 'St. Hugh's bones',[4]) originally

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[1]) E.E.T.S., p. 38.

[2]) Cf. G.C. I, pp. 17—18, and Guy of Warwick, IX, pp. 367—369, ed. H. Morley, Early Prose Romances, London, 1889.

[3]) Cf. Acta Sanctorum, Stadler's Heiligen-Lexicon, Welsh Saints, Cambro British Saints, etc.

[4]) At present I do not know of any earlier reference in English Literature to 'St. Hugh's bones'. The N.E.Dict. cites only a passage from the Shoemaker's Holiday (1599).

perhaps only a metaphorical designation for tools or handles of tools made of bone, existed, no doubt; doubtless also the core of the explanation, as esoteric tradition. Beyond this Deloney had to rely on invention, which was facilitated by his familiarity with the adventures of Odysseus and Euphues.

Lastly, the melodramatic device by which St. Hugh passes *gradatim* beyond the need of further 'making his moan' suggests the martyrdom of St. George.[1]) Dacian's enchanter "dyd take strong venym and medled hyt wyth wyne . . . and gafe hyt to Saynt George to drynke". St. George drinks the wine without its "grevyng him ony thynge". Hereupon the enchanter "made it more stronger than hit was tofore of venym, and gave it hym to drynke, and hit grevyd hym no thynge". Finally the sword has to be resorted to. St. Hugh, as might have been foreseen, proves less obstinate. It must be granted, however, that the mixture is different and that he takes one more drink.

Part II. Richard Casteler.

Kemp's statement that respectable historians omit the worthies whose lives Deloney chronicled was found to be an exaggeration in the case of Simon Eyre. This is true also of the leading character of the first story in Part II. In Grafton (1569) — and in no other Elizabethan chronicle[2]) — we read on page 1323: "This Hospitall [Christ's, founded in 1551] beyng thus erected and put into good order, there was one Richard Castell, alias Casteller, Shoomaker, dwelling in Westminster, a man of great travaile and labour in his faculty, with his owne hands; and such a one as was named, the cock of Westminster, for that both Winter and Summer he was at his work before foure of the clock in the morning. This man thus truly and painefully laboring for his living, God blessed and encreased his labors so abundantly that he purchased lands

[1]) See Caxton's Golden Legend.

[2]) Reprinted, however, in Stow-Strype, Bk. III, p. 132. One of Strype's purposes was to include in the Survey the charities of London and their history.

and tenements in Westminster to the yerely value of XLIV pounds. And having no childe, with the consent of his wife (who also yet liveth and is a vertuous and good woman) gave the same landes wholy to Christes Hospital aforesayd to the reliefe of the innocent and fatherlesse children; and for the succour of the miserable, sore and sicke, herbored in the other Hospitalles about London, whose example God graunt many to follow". Analyzed, this passage yields the following biographical elements: — 1) an energetic, industrious Westminster shoemaker, ambitious to succeed at his trade, 2) public recognition of his devotion to work, expressed in a nickname, 3) increasing prosperity, 4) a happy but childless marriage with a good woman, 5) the generous, public-spirited application of the wealth acquired to charitable uses.

Each of these items reappears in the web of the story, the concluding sentences of which, moreover, clearly contain verbal reminiscences of the foregoing account. Besides, Deloney follows Grafton elsewhere. It is therefore evident that he did so in this case. But his information concerning Casteler came not exclusively from this source. He seems to know the exact date of the shoemaker's death and refers explicitly to a "worthy gift to the City of Westminster". For both facts his authority may have been an entry in the parish records of St. Margaret, Westminster: — "1554. Richard Castell, by his will, gave £ 8 yearly: £ 7 of which to be given on St. Thomas Day amongst the poor; and 20 s. to the Governors of Christ's Hospital and the churchwardens for their labour".[1])

Of the two young women, whose amusingly futile intriguing for the hand of Richard constitutes the plot, one bears the name of a second and more widely known Westminster celebrity — Long Meg. The alleged exploits of this virago had been detailed as early as 1582 in a

[1]) Walcott, Memorials of Westminster, 1851, p. 295.

small book with the title The Life and Pranks of Long Meg of Westminster. In 1590 Thomas Gubbin had a license to print what was probably a new edition of the same work. Under date of Feb. 14, 1595 Henslowe records a play named Long Meg of Westminster, of which, according to Fleay, at least sixteen performances took place before the end of January 1597. A month after Henslowe's entry John Danter placed on the Stationers' Register a 'ballad' on Meg's 'pranks'.[1]) On December 13, 1620, Edward White assigned over to Pavier and John Wright a dozen publications of earlier date, one of these being the history of Long Meg of Westminster[2]) — essentially the same book, we may infer, as The Life of Long Meg of Westminster, which was printed for Robert Bird in 1635. Of the productions here enumerated, the 'ballad' and the play are lost. These were probably derived from one of the prose accounts, which, to judge from existing chap-books and the extant 1582 and 1635 versions, had a common literary basis. Comparing the two 'lives' just mentioned, we find that the later one is ampler and smoother in phraseology, that it gives the whole of the poem on Long Meg, — alleged to be an improvisation by Skelton —, instead of only the first line, and that it has eighteen chapters instead of fifteen. The three additional chapters recount in detail how Long Meg "kept a house of her owne, and lodging and victuals for Gentlemen and Yeomen, such and so good, as there was none better in all Islington, for there then shee dwelt". With these exceptions both versions coincide. Both agree: — 1) as to her Lancashire descent, 2) the origin of her sobriquet, 3) the feats of strength and valor this comely, jolly, thumping giantess performed while servant at the Eagle in Westminster, 4) her going to Boulogne as eager substitute for the hostler Harry, 5) her becoming a laundress

[1]) St. R. II, p. 293.
[2]) St. R. IV, p. 44.

to the English soldiers there, but winning martial glory by repelling a night attack, halberd in hand, at the head of her sister laundresses, and 6) her marriage on her return, to a soldier, whose devoted and submissive wife she becomes, without ceasing to use her strength on bullies, cheats, and churls.

Deloney's statement that Meg died at Islington points to an earlier edition of the 1635 version as the source of his information, or possibly more directly to the lost play. As Deloney habitually took advantage of the popular interest of the moment, the play would seen to have at any rate inspired the thought of bringing the amazon into his new story. In doing so he appropriated the supposed facts of her life as summarized above except the data concerning her marriage and her deeds of physical prowess. For the latter he substituted the rivalry in love between her and Gillian. Disappointment at Richard's marriage with a 'young Dutch maiden' was made the motive for her going to Boulogne, instead of mere love of soldiering and kindness of heart. Totally out of keeping with the conception of Meg, that underlies both prose versions, is the introduction by Deloney of a strain of frankly manifested sensuality, so that with her failure to get Richard she ceased to "set store by herselfe" and became "common to the call of every man". For this aspect of her career Deloney doubtless drew on oral tradition, which, of course, may have embodied historical fact. That such a tradition, with variations, existed is proved by several passages in other books, all of them, somewhat later, to be sure, than the Gentle Craft.[1])

Apart from his main source then — first-hand knowledge and direct experience — Deloney found the raw material for this story in Grafton's skeleton account, supplemented by some local record or other; and in the collection of anecdotes — possibly the play — of which

[1]) See Halliwell, Notices of Popular Histories, Percy Soc. XXIII.

Long Meg was the heroine, supplemented by current beliefs as to her dissolute life. The *motif* connecting the younger years of Richard and Meg and explaining her later deviation from the path of virtue must be attributed to Deloney's own loom of fancy. No less his own are the simple structure and the development of the narrative.

Master Peachey and his Men.

The chapters treating of Peachey and his journeymen constitute a collection of tales loosely fitted into the framework of a Peachey biography. The quarrel between Peachey and Stucley, the adventures of Harry Nevill and Tom Drum, and the Sir Rainsford episode, make up the list. In introducing the famous or notorious Thomas Stucley, Deloney relied again on the interest of his public, which the play performed by the Lord Admiral's men the year before had doubtless done much to intensify and extend. This fact, taken in connection with Deloney's conception — the traditional one — of shoemakers as valiant gentlemen, sufficiently explains the part of discomfited bully that Stucley is made to play. There is no need of assigning a deliberate political intention as R. Simpson does.[1]) A new story to go with a familiar name probably exhausted Deloney's immediate purpose. It goes without saying, however, that in difficulties between flat-caps and aristocrats his sympathies were with his own order. Strangwidge, the other 'gallant sea-captain', is identical with the Strangwidge of a ballad by W. Birch.[2]) "It appears", says Collier in the introductory note, "that the hero . . . after having led a most irregular and ungoverned life, turned pirate, and being condemned and pardoned, vowed afterwards to spend his life in the Queen's service; and putting to sea attacked a French port where he received his death-wound. He seems to have been of 'mean estate' and of 'base birth', though of 'worshipful kin'." The fact that the name of the murderer of Mr. Page

1) School of Shakespeare.

2) J. P. Collier, Old Ballads, Percy Soc. I, p. 41.

was also Strangwidge may possibly have been an additional reason for introducing this character. Of a famous master shoemaker by the name of Peachey no trace seems discoverable. But in view of Deloney's avowed plan and usual practice one has little hesitation about accepting the fact of his existence, and some foundation, in tradition at least, for the prominence asserted of him.

The mildly picaresque tale of Tom Drum owes its origin probably to the author's habit of providing an ever-welcome new explanation of a popular saying. For Harry Nevill, the story of some younger son of good family going into trade must have furnished the basis. At all events the character and adventures of these two journeymen must have had analogues enough in the life Deloney knew, and knew well. By itself stands the romantic incident of the priest, buried alive by Sir Rainsford for trying to extort a burial fee from a poor widow. The name of the knight is that of an Essex family, well-known in the reign of Henry VIII.[1]) A John Raynsforthe was one of the hundred nobles and gentlemen appointed to attend Henry to the Field of Cloth in 1520. But this use of an actual familiar name probably merely illustrates Deloney's method for securing an air of historical plausibility. If in thus taking in vain the names Rainsford and Nevill, Deloney added a pinch of plebeian malice, his readers were not the ones to complain. The source of the episode in question appears to be a tradition connected with the town of Brackley, Northampton, which Leland relates thus: "In the churche Yarde lyethe an Image of a Priest revestid; the which was Vicar of Barkeley, and there buried quicke by the Tyranny of a Lord of the Towne for a Displeasure that he tooke with hym for an Horse taken, as some say, for a Mortuarie. But the Lord, as it is there

[1]) See especially vols. III and IV of Letters and Papers of the Reign of Henry VIII, ed. J. S. Brewer, later Gairdner, Lond. 1870—1876.

sayde, went to Rome for absolution, and tooke greate Repentaunce".[1])

The remarks made above concerning Master Peachey apply doubtless also to the Green King of the concluding tale. His humble friend Anthony too, one suspects, had existence outside of Deloney's imagination, though like Tom Drum perhaps only as a figure in popular philological anecdote. If so, this story or sketch once more exemplifies Deloney's favorite formula for plot-weaving, so far as sources are concerned: — Two separate threads, spun out of historical or legendary stuff, for the warp; the filling — actuality, reminiscences, and the yarn of fancy.

The Gentle Craft itself a source. It will be clear, I trust, from the preceding paragraphs, that the Gentle Craft merits more than a passing glance, or silence, on the part of the student tracing the development of the English novel. To the student of the English drama it possesses a special interest as the source of The Shoemakers' Holiday (1599) by Thomas Dekker, and of A Shoemaker a Gentleman (1608?) by William Rowley. Dekker obtained his plot through a creative fusion of the second with the third story, Part I; Rowley by a loose, mechanical coupling of the first and second of the same part. Both plays were very successful on the stage, Rowley's even more so than Dekker's. "Some twenty yeares agone, it was in the fashion", says the 'printer' in the dedicatory address of the first edition (1638), and as a reason for printing it he states: "for it is a Play that is often acted; and when others fade and are out of date, yet this doth endure to the Last." "Thanks largely to Deloney", he might have added, and very properly so. For in general outline, in dramatic situations and devices, and even in motiving, there is little deviation from the stories, while

Shoemakers' Holiday.

A Shoemaker a Gentleman.

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[1]) Itinerary, vol. VII, folio 12, ed. Thom. Hearne, Oxford, 1744.

the characters are very much the same as in Deloney and do not show much more skill in character-drawing than Deloney exhibits. Of the additional characters only that of the traditional nurse stands out with some degree of distinctness and fulness. The practiced playwright discloses himself, however, in omissions, expansions, and the conversion of narrative into bustling action, as well as in the development of Deloney's dialogue; and the favorite of the groundlings manifests himself in the broadly comic effects, e. g. in the scene where Barnaby, a journeyman shoemaker, instructs Crispin beforehand, on the occasion of his impending first visit to the court, how to hold a lady's foot. For some further details see the footnotes. These also indicate Dekker's indebtedness to Deloney.[1])

The Text. Part II of the present reprint gives the text of the 1639 edition by Elizabeth Purslow; Part I that of John Stafford's edition of 1648 (Brit. Mus.), which has been carefully collated, with one of the Thackeray (1678) and one of the H. Rhodes editions (Brit. Mus. date 1675?). The other editions in the Brit. Mus. and in the Bodl. Library have been consulted only on particular points. The more important variant readings are given in the footnotes; likewise all changes in the text — except those pertaining to capitalization, to the use of i and u for j and v, to the use of the apostrophe, and to punctuation.[2]) In these matters Deloney has been given the advantage of modern usage. The same applies to paragraphing and the presentation of the dialogue. How far the modernization affects the combination and separation of words may be ascertained

[1]) A connected discussion based on this material will be found in a forthcoming edition of the Shoemakers' Holiday, Representative English Comedies, vol. II, Macmillan and Co.

[2]) In doubtful cases the punctuation of the quartos has been given in footnotes. And no change has been made as to the use of the apostrophe in verbal endings.

by consulting the list in the appendix, which gives the practice of quartos S and P. The only other departure from these quartos consists in the addition of running titles and in the further separation of one story from another by numbering the chapters of each separately.

It remains to acknowledge my obligations to Prof. Dr. A. Brandl, whose many courtesies made the portion of a sabbatical year spent in Berlin exceptionally pleasant and profitable, and without whose suggestions nothing would probably have been attempted beyond a bare reprint of the first part of the Gentle Craft; also to my wife, who has prepared the index and spared no pains in our common endeavor to obtain an adequate and readable text.

University of California.
Berkeley, Cal. U. S. A.

Alexis F. Lange.

The Gentle Craft.

A

DISCOURSE

Containing many matters of Delight, very pleasant to be read:

Showing what famous men have been *SHOOMAKERS* in time past in this land, with their worthy deeds, and great Hospitality.

Set forth with Pictures, and variety of Wit and Mirth, Declaring the cause why it is called the *GENTLE CRAFT;* and also how the Proverb first grew:

A Shoomaker's Son is a Prince born. *T. D.*

With gentlenesse judge you,
At nothing here grudge you;
The merry Shoomakers delight in good sport.
What here is presented,
Be therewith contented;
And as you do like it, so give your report.

Haud curo invidiam.

LONDON, Printed for John Stafford, and are to be sold at his house in Saint Bride's Churchyard. 1648.

To All the Good Yeomen of the Gentle Craft.[1]

You that the Gentle Craft professe,
List to my words both more and lesse —
And I shall tell you many things
Of worthy and renowned kings,
And divers lords and knights also,
That were shoomakers long agoe.
Some of them in their distresse
Delighted in this businesse;
And some, for whom great wait was laid,
Did save their lives by this same trade:
Other some in sport and game
Delighted much to learne the same.
No other trade in all the land
They thought so fit unto their hand;
For evermore they stil did find
That shoomakers bore a gallant mind:
Men they were of high conceit,
The which wrought many a merry feat;
Stout of courage were they still,
And in their weapons had great skill;
Travellers by sea and land,
Each country guise to understand;

[1] Cf. Dekker's address: 'To all good Fellowes, Professors of the Gentle Craft', also that of the publisher of Rowley's play to 'the honest and high-spirited Gentlemen of the never decaying Art, called the Gentle Craft'; and for characteristic contrast, Lyly's dedication of Euphues, second part, 'to the Ladies and Gentlewomen of England'.

Wrong they wrought not any man,
With reason all things did they scan;
Good houses keept they evermore,
Releeving both the sicke and poore;
In law no mony would they spend,
Their quarrels friendly would they end;
No malice did they beare to any,
But shew'd great favour unto many;
Offences soone they would forgive,
They would not in contention live.
Thus in joy they spent their dayes,
With pleasant songs and roundelayes,
And God did blesse them with content;
Sufficient for them He sent,
And never yet did any know
A shoomaker a-begging goe[1]).
Kind are they one to another,
Using each stranger as his brother.
Thus liv'd shoomakers of old,
As ancient writers have it told;
And thus shoomakers still would be —
So fame from them shall never flee.

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[1]) Thou canst not want: do Fortune what she can,
The Gentle Craft is living for a man.
Shoemakers' Holiday, II, 2, 23—24,
ed. Warnke and Proescholdt.

To All Courteous Readers, Health!

How Saint Hugh was son unto the renowned king of Powis[1]), a noble Brittaine borne, who in the prime of his yeares loved the faire virgin Winifred, who was the only daughter of Donwallo, which was the last king that ever reigned in Tegina, which is now called Flintshire. But she, refusing all offers of love, was only pleased with a religious life. Her father was sent to Rome, and died; whose lady left her life long before. This virgin, therefore, forsook her father's princely palace in Pont Varry[2]), and made her whole abiding in the most sweet, pleasent valley of Sichnaunt, and lived there solitarily and carelesse of all company or comfort. It chanced that, in summer's heat, this faire virgin being greatly distressed for lack of drink and not knowing where to get any, there sprang up suddenly a christall stream of most sweet and pleasant water out of the hard ground, whereof this virgin did daily drink; unto the which God himselfe gave so great a vertue that many people, having beene washed therein, were healed of divers and sundry infirmities wherewith they were borne. Moreover, round about this well, where this virgin did use to walk, did grow a kind of mosse which is of a most sweet savour, and the colour thereof is as fresh in winter as in summer; so that lying thereon you would suppose yourselfe to be on a bed of down perfumed with most precious odours.

And what of all this? Marry, read the booke and you shall know; but read nothing except you read all. And why so? Because the begining shews not the middle, and the middle shews not the latter end.

And so farewell.

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[1]) Rowley: 'Sir Hugh, a Prince of Wales, and a Sutor to Winifred' — 'a Virgin of Wales'.

[2]) The ancient Varis on the banks of the Clwydd? Cf. Richard of Cirencester's itinerary, in Giles' Six Old English Chronicles, p. 483.

St. Hugh.

Chap. I.

The Pleasant History of S. Hugh; and first of all, his most constant love to the faire virgin Winifred.

Conquering and most imperious love having seized on the heart of young Sir Hugh, all his wits were set on worke how for to compasse the love of the faire virgin Winifred, whose disdain was the chiefe cause of his care, having received many infinite sorrows for her sake; but as a streame of water, being stopt, overfloweth the bank, so smothered desire doth burst out into a great flame of fire; which made this malecontented lover to seeke some meanes to appease the strife of his contentious thoughts, whereupon he began to encourage himselfe:

"Tush, Hugh, let not a few froward words of a woman dismay thee; for they love to be intreated and delight to be wooed, though they would make the world beleeve otherwise; for their denyals proceed more of nicenesse then niggardlinesse, refusing that they would fainest have. What if sometimes Winifred frown on thee; yet her favours may exceed her frowardnesse. The sunne is sometimes overcast with clouds so that his brightnesse is not seen. In wars, the sorer the fight is, the greater is the glory of the victory; and the harder a woman is to be won, the sweeter is her love when it is obtained. Wherefore I'le once againe try my fortune and see what successe my sute shall find."

On this resolution Sir Hugh returned to Winifred, greeting her thus: "Now, faire lady, having slept away the remembrance of your sharp answers, I come againe in a new conceit, to revive an old sute and to see if the change of the day will yeeld a change of dolours."

"Truly, Sir Hugh", quoth she, "if with the change of the day you have changed your opinion, your dolour will be driven away well enough; but as touching your suite, it shall be needlesse to repeate it because I am not willing to preferre it."

"Stay there", quoth Sir Hugh, "I will preferre it so that you will accept it."

"Now", quoth she, "I will accept it, if you will preferre it, in sending it back to the place from whence it proceeded, and I would to God I could send you away as soone as your suite."

"Why, then belike I am not welcome", said Sir Hugh.

"Yes", quoth shee, "as welcome to me as a storme to a distressed mariner. I muse greatly that reason will not rule you, nor words win you from your wilfulnesse; if you were as weary to wooe as I am weary to heare you, I am perswaded that long since you would have ceased your vain suite. You think by these perswasions to turn my opinion; but as well you may think that you may quench fire with oyle. Therefore I pray you, good Sir Hugh, be not so tedious unto me nor troublesome to yourselfe."

"Come, come", quoth he, "all this will not serve your turn. Ponder with thyselfe, Winifred, that thou art faire — O that thou wert as favourable! — thy beauty hath bound me to be thy servant, and never to cease till I see another obtaine thee, or myselfe be possessed of my heart's content. Thou art a king's daughter and I a prince's sonne; staine not the glory of true nobility with the foule sin of obstinacy, but be thou as kind as thou art courtly, and gentle as thou art noble, and then shall our strife soone end."

Winifred, perceiving that the further off she was to grant love, the more eager he was to desire it, shifted him off thus: "Sir, although your overhastinesse drive me into the greater doubtfulnesse, yet let me intreat you, if you love me, to give me one month's respite to consider

on this matter, and it may be that upon my better deliberation it shall be pleasing unto you and not at all discontent me."

"Faire love", quoth he, "far be it from my heart to deny so kind a request; I am content to stay a month from thy sight, were it two or three, upon condition that thou wouldest then grant me thy good will. Three months, although it be very long, yet it will come at last, and I could be content for that time to be dead for thy sake, insomuch that my life might be renewed by thy love."

"Nay", quoth Winifred, "stay three months and stay forever! By this a maid may see how ready men are upon a light occasion to take long daies, whose loves are like a ferne-bush, soone set one fire and soone consumed; and seeing it is so, in faith, Sir Hugh, I doe meane to try you better before I trust you."

"Pardon me, faire Winifred", said Sir Hugh, "if my tongue doe outslip my wit. In truth, I speak but to please thee, though to displease myselfe; but I pray thee let it not be three houres, nor three quarters of an houre, if thou wilt."

"Nay, nay", quoth she, "your first word shall stand. After three months come to me againe and then you shall know my mind to the full; and so, good Sir Hugh, be gone; but if I doe ever heare from thee or see thee bewixt this time and the time prefixed, I will forever hereafter blot thy name out of my booke of remembrances and never yeeld thee that courtisie which thou at this time so earnestly intreatest for."

Sir Hugh upon these words departed betwixt hope and dread, much like to a man committing a trespasse, that stayed for the sentence of life or death.

"O unhappy man", quoth he, "how hath my over-slippery tongue lengthened the time of my sorrow! She of herselfe most courteously requested of me but one month's stay, and I most willingly and undiscreetly added thereto eight weeks more of misery — much like the hind

that, having a knife given him to paire his nailes, did therewith murder himselfe. Now I could wish that the sun had eagle's wings, swiftly to fly through the faire firmament and finish six dayes in one daye's time."

With that he began to count the dayes and houres that were in three months, falling in a manner to dispaire with himselfe when he found them so many in number, and therewithall melancholily and sadly he went to his father's house, where his brother Griffith found by his countenance the perfect map of a pensive lover; whereupon he said unto him:

"Why, how now brother? Hath Winifred's faire beauty so greatly wounded you as you cannot speak a merry word to your freind[1]), but sit in a corner as if you were tonguelesse like a stock? Tush, brother, women are like shaddowes, for the more a man follows them the faster they run away; but let a man turn his course, and then they will presently follow him. What, man, pluck up a good heart, for there are more women now then lived in the time of our old father Adam."

"O", said Hugh, "were there ten thousand times more then there are now, what were that to me if Winifred be unkinde? Yet is she the oyle that still maintaines the lamp of my light, and without her there is nothing comfortable to my sight."

"Then", replyed Griffith, "you are as much troubled in love as a goat in an ague, and as blind as a flie in October, that will stand still while a man cuts of his head. Come, goe a-hunting with me; that will drive away your overfond conceits, and you shall see that these three months will come upon you as a quarter-day upon a poore man that hath never a penney ready towards the payment of his rent."

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[1]) friend in Thackeray (T) and Rhodes (R) editions.

Chap. II.

How beautiful Winifred, being overmuch superstitious, forsook her father's wealth and lived poorely by a springing fountain, from whence no man could get her to go; which spring to this day is called Winifred's Well.

Winifred, who had but of late yeeres with her own father received the Christian faith, became so superstitious that she thought the wealth of the world forever would have been an heavy burthen for her soule and have drawne her mind from the love of her Maker; wherefore, forsaking all manner of earthly pomp, she lived a long time very poorely, hard by the side of a most pleasant, springing well; from which place neither her friends by intreaty, nor her foes by violence, could bring her; which Sir Hugh hearing, he went thither immediately after unto her, which was the time limited by them both, and finding her mind altogether altered, he wondered not a little what she meant. And when he approached near unto the place where she sate, all suted in simple attire, he saluted her with these words:

"All health to faire Winifred! I trust, my deare, that now the Destinies have yeelded a convenient opportunity for me to finish my long-begun sute, with the end of my former sorrowes. Long and tedious hath the winter of my woes beene, which with nipping care hath blasted the beauty of my youthfull delight; which is like never again to flourish, except the bright sunshine of thy favour doe renew the same — therefore, fair love, remember thy promise made unto me and put me no more off with unpleasing delayes."

She, which all this while sat solemnly reading in her booke, lent little eare unto his words; which he perceiving, pluckt her by the arme, saying: "Wherefore answereth not my faire love to her dearest, perplexed friend?"

"What would you have?" quoth she. "Can I never be qûiet for you? Is there no corner of content in this world to be found?"

"Yes, Winifred", said he, "content dwels here or nowhere; content me and I will content thee."

"If my content may be thy content, then read this book, and there rest content", said Winifred; "and if thou refuse this, then think not to find content on earth."

Sir Hugh replied: "What, is this all the reward I shall have for obeying your heart-cutting commandment? Have I thus long hoped, and find no better hap? You wot well that it is now three long months since these eyes took comfort of thy beauty, and since that time that my bleeding heart hath received joy in thy great gentlenesse."

"I have forgot you quite", said she. "What three moneths is that you speak of? For my part, I assure you that it is as far out of my mind as you are from the Mount of Calvary."

"Faire Winifred", quoth he, "have you forgotten me and therewithall my love which was so effectually grounded upon your good liking? You told me that now I should receive an answer to my content."

"O sir", quoth she, "you have stayed over-long and your words are in my hearing as unprofitable as snow in harvest. My love is fled to heaven, from whence no earthly man can fetch it, and therefore build not on vain hope, nor do thou deceive thyselfe by following an unprofitable suit. If ever I love earthly man, it shall be thee, insomuch as thou hast deserved an earthly ladie's love; but my love is settled forever, both in this world and in the world to come. And this I most earnestly intreat thee to take for a finall answer."

With that, Sir Hugh, turning his head aside, wept most bitterly, and in going away he glanced his eye still back again after his love, saying to himselfe: "O unconstant women, wavering and uncertain, how many sorrows are fond men drawn into by your wily inticements! Who are also swallowed up in the gaping gulf of care, while they listen after the heart-liking sound of your inchanting voices. O Winifred, full little did I think that

so hard a heart could have been shrowded under so sweet and loving a countenance! But, seeing that my good will is thus unkindly requited, I will altogether abhor the sight of women, and I will seek the world throughout but I will find out some blessed plot where no kind of such corrupt cattell do breed."

Hereupon, all in a hot, hasty humour, he made preparation for to go beyond the seas, suiting himselfe after the nature of a melancholly man; and arriving in France, he took his journey towards Paris, which city at that time was well replenished with many goodly, faire women, as well as Britain, though to his thinking nothing so lovely; but, nevertheless, what they wanted in beauty they had in bravery. Which when Sir Hugh saw, he suddenly departed from that place, counting it the most pernicious place in the whole countrey; and from thence he went into Italy, where he found such stately dames and lovely ladies, whom nature had adorned with all perfection of outward beauty, whose sight put him again in remembrance of his faire love — which, like fresh fuell, newly augmented the flame of his burning desire.

"O", said he, "how unhappy am I to be haunted by these heart-tormenting fiends, bewitching the eyes of simple men with angel-like faces and, like enchanting Circes, bringing them to a labyrinth of continuall woes. — O Winifred, thy peevishnesse hath bred my dangers and done thyselfe no good at all. Thou sitest weeping by a christall streame, where is no need of water, while I wander up and down seeking to forget thee; thou never remembrest me, having drawn the fountaine of mine eyes dry through thy discourteous disdain. Might I never see any of thy sex my heart would be more at quiet; but every place where I come puts me in mind of thy perfections and therewithall renews my pain. But I will from hence as soon as possible I can, though not so soon as I would, for feare lest these sweet serpents should sting me to death with delight."

Hereupon he passed on so far that at length he came to a city situated in the sea and compassed with the wild ocean. "Here", quoth Sir Hugh, "is a fit place for melancholly men, where it is supposed no women do live, insomuch that their delicate bodies cannot abide the salt savour of the mounting waves. If it be so, there will I make my residence, counting it the most blessed place under heaven." But he was no sooner set on land, but he beheld whole troops of lovely ladies passing up and down in most sumptuous attire, framing their gestures answereable to their beauties and comly personages.

"Nay, now I see", quoth Sir Hugh, "that the whole world is infected with these deceiving syrens, and therfore in vain it is for me to seek for that I shall never find" — and therwithal sought for some house wherein he might hide himself from them. But, by that time he was set to supper, comes a crue of courtlike dames richly attired, and with wanton eyes and pleasent speech they boldly sate down by him; and perceiving him to be a stranger, they were not strange to allure him to their delight. Wherefore, while he sat at meat, they yeelded him such mirth as their best skill could afford; and stretching their nimble fingers, playing on their sweet-sounding instruments, they sang this ensuing song with such cleare and quavering voices as had been sufficient to allure chast-hearted Xenocrates unto folly. And still, as they did sing, Sir Hugh answered in the last line, insomuch as it seemed to be a dialogue between them; and in the manner following, the women began their song:

The Curtizans' Song of Venice.

Ladies. Welcome to Venice, gentle courteous knight,
Cast off care and entertain content.
If any here be gracious in thy sight,
Do but request, and she shall soon content.
Love's wings are swift, then be not thou so slow;
Hugh. Oh that faire Winifred would once say so!

Ladies. Within my lap lay down thy comely head,
And let me stroke those golden locks of thine;
Looke on the teares that for thy sake I shed,
And be thou lord of any thing is mine;
One gentle looke upon thy love bestow;
Hugh. Oh that faire Winifred would once say so!

Ladies. Embrace with joy thy lady in thine armes,
And with all pleasures, passe to thy delight;
If thou doest think the light will work our harmes,
Come, come to bed, and welcome all the night!
There shalt thou find what lovers ought to know;
Hugh. Oh that faire Winifred would once say so!

Ladies. Give me those pearles as pledges of thy love,
And with those pearles the favour of thy heart;
Do not from me thy sugred breath remove,
That double comfort gives to every part —
Nay stay, Sir Knight, from hence thou shalt not go.
Hugh. Oh that faire Winifred would once say so!

When Sir Hugh had heard this song and therewithall noted their wanton gestures, he began to grow suspitious of their proffers and, thinking in himselfe that either they thought[1]) his destruction as the syrens did to Ulysses, or that they intended to make a prey of his purse as Lais did of her lovers, and therefore supposing some adder to lie lurking under the fair flowers of their proffered pleasures, he determined, the next morning after with speed to depart from the city. So when he had with good discretion avoided their company, while he lay tormented with restlesse thoughts on his still-tossed bed, began thus to meditate:

"Now I wel see mine own vanity that is as ill pleased with women's favor as their frowns. How often have I with heart-sighing sorrow complained of women's unkindnesse, making large invectives against their discourtesies! And yet here where I find women as kind as they are faire, and courteous as they are comely, I runne into a

[1]) So also in T; sought in R and later editions.

world of doubts, and am[1]) so suspitious of their faire proffers as I was earnest to winne Winifred's favour."

"It may be", quoth he, "that it is the nature of this gentle soyle to breed as kinde creatures as the country of Brittaine breeds coy dames. Undoubtedly, had my love first taken life in this kind and courteous climate, she would have beene as kind as they. If I misjudge not of their gentlenesse, because I have alwayes beene inured to scornfulnesse, methinks they are too faire to be harlots and too bold to be honest; but as they have no cause to hate me that never hurt them, so have they little cause to love me, being a far stranger born, to them a man altogether unknown.

But it may be. that this time of the yeere is onely unfortunate for lovers, as it is certainly known to all men that every season of the yeere breeds a sundrie commoditie; for roses flourish in June and gillyflowers in August, and never of them both doth so in the cold winter. Such as seek for fruit on the saplesse trees in the moneth of January lose their labours as well as their longing; then why should I covet to gather fruits of love when I see that love is not yet ripe? Now let me observe the season that yeelds the sweetest comfort of love-sick persons, and so I may reape the joyfull fruits of heart's content. I will therefore return to my former love, hopeing now to find her as friendly as at my departure she was froward. I will once againe intreat her and speak her exceeding faire; for with many drops the hardest stone is pierc'd: so also, with many importunate intreaties a flinty heart may be moved to some remorse. I take no pleasure at all in any place but onely in her presence, with the which she continually graceth a running streame. Far be it from her minde to kisse her own shadow in the chrystall spring and to be in love with her own similitude, for so she might be spoiled as Narcissus was — for it

[1]) Omitted in the original (S); supplied from the other editions.

is commonly seene that sudden dangers follows fond opinions."

So with this and the like thoughts he drove out the night till the sun's bright eye began to peep at his chamber window, at which time dressing himselfe, he went to the water side, where he found a ship ready to transport rich merchandize into the western ilands; in the which Sir Hugh became a passenger. But when they were put off to sea, there arose so sudden a storme, and of long continuance, that no man looked for life but expected every moment present death; so that the mariners quite forsooke the tackle and the master the helme, committing themselves to God, and their ship to the mercy of the swelling seas, by whose furious waves they were sometime tossed up towards heaven, anon thrown down to the deep of hell. In which extremity Sir Hugh made this lamentation:

"O unhappy man, how eagerly doth mischance pursue me at my heels; for betwixt my love on the land and danger of life on the sea, it hath made me the wretchedst man breathing on earth. Here we may see that miseries have power over men and not men over miseries. Now must I die far from my friends and be drenched in the deepe, where my body must feed the fishes that swim in the rich bottom of the sea. Therefore, faire Winifred, the chiefe ground of my griefs, here will I sacrifice my last teares unto thee and poure forth my complaints. O how happy should I count myselfe, if those fishes which shall live on my bodie's food, might be meat for my love! It grieveth[1]) me much to think that my poore, bleeding heart, wherein thy picture is engraven, should be rent in pieces in such greedie sort; but thrice accursed be that fish that first seteth his nimble teeth thereon, except he swim therewith unto my love, and so deliver it as a present token from me. Had my troubled stars allotted

[1]) T; S griveth.

me to leave my life in the pleasant valley of Sichnant, then no doubt but my love with her faire hands would have closed up my dying eyes, and perhaps would have rung a peal of sorrowfull sighs for my sake."

By this time was the weather-beaten bark driven by the shore of Sicilie, where the men had safety of their lives, although with losse of the ship and spoile of their goods. But they had no sooner shaken off their dropping-wet garments on the shore, but that they were asaulted by a sort of monstrous men that had but one eye apiece, and that placed in the midst of their foreheads, with whom the tempest-beaten souldiers had a fierce[1]) fight, in which many of them were slain and divers of them fled away to save themselves, so that in the end Sir Hugh was left alone to fortune in a double fray. And having at last quite overcome all his adversaries, he went his way and was so far entered into the dark wildernesse that he could not devise with himselfe which way he should take to get out; where he was so cruelly affrighted with the dreadfull cry of fierce lyons, beares, and wilde bulls, and many thousand more of other dangerous and cruell, ravenous beasts which with greedy mouthes ranged about for their prey; in which distresse Sir Hugh got him up into the top of a tree and, being there, brake out into this passion:

"O Lord", quoth he, "hast Thou preserved me from the great perill and danger of the sea and delivered me out of the cruell hands of monstrous men, and now sufferest Thou me to be devoured of wild beasts? Alas, that my foule sins should bring so many sundrie sorrows on my head!

But for all this may I thank unkinde Winifred, whose disdain hath brought my destruction. Wo worth that ever my eyes beheld her bewitching beauty! But hereby we may see that the path is smooth that leadeth to danger.

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[1]) firce; T and R fierce.

But why blame I the blamelèsse lady? Alas, full little did she know of my desperate courses in travell. But such is the fury that hants[1]) frantick lovers, that never feare danger untill it fall and light upon their own heads."

But by that time that the day began to appeare, he perceived an huge elephant with stiffe joynts stalking towards him, and presently after came a fiery-tongue dragon which suddenly assaulted the peacefull elephant; in whose subtle encounter the wrathfull dragon with his long, wringing[2]) taile did so shackle the hinder feet of the elephant together that, like a prisoner fast fettered in irons, he could not stir a foot for his life; what time the furious dragon never left till he had thrust his slender head into the elephant's long, hooked nose, out of which he never once drew it untill, by sucking the elephant's blood, he had made him so feeble and so weak that he could stand no longer upon his feet; at which time the fainting elephant, with a greivous[3]) cry, fel down dead upon the dragon, so with the fall of his weightie body burst the dragon in peices[3]), and so killed him; whereby, their bloods being mingled together, it stain'd all the ground where they both lay, changing the green grasse into a rich scarlet colour.

This strange fight betwixt these two beasts caused good Sir Hugh to judge that Nature had planted betwixt them a deadly hatred, the fire whereof could not be quenched[4]) but by shedding of both their hearts' blood. Now, when Sir Hugh saw that grim death had ended their quarrell, and perceiving no danger neare, he came down from the tree and sought to find out some inhabited town; but being intangled in the woods, like the centaure in his labirinth, he could by no meanes get out, but wandred in unknown passages leading him to many perils.

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[1]) T haunts.
[2]) T wrinkling, R wrickled.
[3]) T grievous, pieces.
[4]) quecbed; T quenched.

At last another elephant met him, who, according to his kind nature, never left him till he had conducted him out of all danger and brought him out of the wildernesse into the way again; whereby Sir Hugh at the length came in sight of a post-town, where, in foure days after, he imbarked himselfe in a ship bound for Brittaine, and at last obtained the sight of his native countrey; where he arrived in safetie, though in very poore sort, coming on shore at a place called Harwich, where for want of money he greatly lamented and made much moan. But meeting with a merry journeyman shoomaker dwelling in that town, and after some conference had together, they both agreed to travell in the countrey — where we will leave them, and speake of Winifred and of her great troubles and calamities.

Chap. III.

How faire Winifred was imprisoned and condemned to die for her religion; and how Sir Hugh became a shoomaker and afterwards came to suffer death with his love; showing also how the shoomakers' tools came to be called Saint Hugh's bones and the trade of shoomaking — The Gentle Craft.

Anon, after that the doctrine of Christ was made known in Brittaine and that the worship of heathen idols was forbidden, yet many troubles did the Christians endure by the outragious bloodthirstinesse of divers wolvish tyrants that by the way of invasion set footing in this land — as it fell out in the dayes of Dioclesian — that with bloody minds persecuted such as would not yeeld to the pagan law; amongst which the virgin Winifred was one, who, for that she continued constant in faith, was long imprisoned.

During which time Sir Hugh wrought[1]) in a shoomaker's shop, having learned that trade through the courteous directions of a kind journeyman, where he remained the space of one whole yeere; in which time he had gotten himselfe good apparell and everything comely and decent. Notwithstanding, though he were now contented to forget his birth, yet could hee not forget the beauty of his love; who, although she had utterly forsaken him, yet could he not alter his affections from her, because, indeed, affections alter not like a pale-faced coward. "The wildest bull", quoth he, "is tamed being tied to a fig-tree; and the coyest dame, in time, may yeeld like the stone carchaedonis, which sparkles like fire and yet melts at the touch of soft wax. Though roses have prickles, yet they are gathered: and though women seem froward, yet they will shew themselves kind and friendly. Neither is there any wax so hard but, by often tempering, is made apt to receive an impression. Admit she hath heretofore been cruell, yet now may she be courteous. A true-hearted lover forgets all trespasses, and a smile cureth the wounding of a frown." Thus, after the manner of fond lovers, he flattered himselfe in his own folly, and in the praise of his faire ladie he sang this pleasant ditty[2]) here following:

The pride of Brittain is my heart's delight,
My lady lives, my true love to requite:
And in her life I live, that else were dead
Like withered leaves in time of winter shed.

She is the joy and comfort of my mind,
She is the sun that clearest sight doth blind;
The fairest flower that in the world doth grow,
Whose whitenesse doth surpasse the driven snow.

Her gentle words more sweet than honey are,
Her eyes for clearnesse dims the brightest star;
O were her heart so kind as she is faire,
No lady might with my true love compare.

[1]) From T; S has wrote.
[2]) T; S dity.

A thousand griefs for her I have sustained
While her proud thoughts my humble suit disdained;
And though she would my heart with torments kill,
Yet would I honour, serve, and love her still.

Blest be the place where she doth like to live,
Blest be the light that doth her comfort give,
And blessed be all creatures, farre and near,
That yeeld relief unto my lady dear.

Never may sorrow enter where she is,
Never may she contented comfort misse,
Never may she my proffered love forsake;
But my good will in thankfull sort to take.

Thus feeding his fancy with the sweet remembrance of her beauty, being never satisfied with thinking and speaking in her praise, at length he resolved himselfe to go into Flintshire, where he might sollicite his suit anew again. But coming neere to the place of her residence and hearing report of her troubles, he so highly commended her faith and constancy that at length[1]) he was clapt up in prison by her, and in the end he was condemned to receive equall torment for a triall of his own truth.

But during the time that they lay both in prison, the journeymen shoomakers never left him, but yeelded him great reliefe continually, so that he wanted nothing that was necessarie for him; in requital of which kindnesse he called them Gentlemen of the Gentle Craft[2]), and a few dayes before his death he made this song in their due commendations:

Of craft and craftsmen, more and lesse,
The Gentle Craft I must commend,
Whose deeds declare their faithfulnesse
And hearty love unto their friend;
The Gentle Craft, in midst of strife,
Yeelds comfort to a carefull life.

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[1]) T; S lenth.

[2]) For a different explanation see George-a-Greene, which agrees, however, with Deloney's story and Dekker's play in the conception of the character of shoemakers *qua* shoemakers. Compare Jonson's treatment of Juniper in The Case is Altered.

A prince by birth I am indeed,
The which for love forsook this land;
And when I was in extreme need,
I took the Gentle Craft in hand;
And by the Gentle Craft alone
Long time I liv'd, being still unknown,

Spending my dayes in sweet content,
With many a pleasant, sugred song;
Sitting in pleasure's complement,
Whilst we recorded lovers' wrong.
And while the Gentle Craft we us'd,
True love by us was not abus'd.

Our shoos we sowed with merry notes,
And by our mirth expeld all mone;
Like nightingales, from whose sweet throats
Most pleasant tunes are nightly blown.
The Gentle Craft is fittest, then,
For poore, distressed gentlemen[1]):

Their minds do mount in courtesie,
And they disdain a niggard's feast;
Their bodies are for chivalry,
All cowardnesse they do detest.
For sword and shield, for bowe and shaft,
No man can stain the Gentle Craft[2]).

Yea, sundry princes, sore distrest,
Shall seek for succour by this trade.
Whereby their griefs shall be redrest;
Of foes they shall not be afraid.
And many men of fame likewise
Shall from the Gentle Craft arise.

If we want money over night,
Ere next day noon God will it send;
Thus may we keep ourselves upright,
And be no churl unto our friend.
Thus do we live where pleasure springs,
In our conceit like petty kings.

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[1]) Rowland Lacy, for example, Sh. H. I, 1, 25—29.
[2]) Cf. Sh. H. I, 1, 220—225; V, 2, etc.

Our hearts with care we may not kill,
Man's life surpasseth wordly wealth;
Content surpasseth riches still,
And fie on knaves that live by stealth!
This trade, therefore, both great and small
The Gentle Craft shall ever call.

When the journeymen shoomakers had heard this song and the faire title that Sir Hugh had given their trade, they engraved the same so deeply in their minds that to this day it could never be razed out — like a remembrance in a marble stone, which continueth time out of mind.

But not long after came that dolefull day wherein these two lovers must lose their lives, who, like to meeke lambs, were led to the slaughter. The bloody performance thereof was to be done hard by that fair fountain where the love-despising lady made her most abode; and because she was a king's daughter, the bloody tyrant gave her the priviledge to chuse her own death: to the which she passed with as good a countenance as if she had been a fair, young bride prepared for marriage.

viz: When they were come to the place of execution and mounted upon the scaffold, they seemed for beauty like two bright stars, Castor and Pollux. There they imbraced each other with such chaste desires, as all those that beheld them admired to see how stedfast and firme both these lovers were, ready in hearts and minds to heaven itself.

At what time the lady turned herselfe to Sir Hugh and spake to this effect: "Now do I find thee a perfect lover indeed that, having setled thy affections above the skies, art readie to yeeld thy life for thy love, who, in requitall thereof, will give thee thy life forever. The love of earthly creatures is mixed with many miseries and interlaced with sundrie sorrows; and here grief shall abate the pleasures of love, but be wel assured that joy shall follow the same Thou didst wooe me for love, and now

I have won thee to love, where, setling both ourselves upon God His love, we will love one another, and in token of that heavenly love, receive of me, I pray thee, a chaste and loving kisse from my dying lips."

"Fair Winifred", quoth he, "it is true indeed, I never loved truly untill thou taughtest me to love; for then my love was full of discontent, but now altogether pleasing, and more sweet is the thought thereof than any tongue can expresse. The thing that I ever before called love was but a shadow of love, a sweetnesse tempered with gall, a dying life and a living death, where the heart was continually tossed upon the seas of tempestuous sorrows, and wherein the mind had no calme quietnesse. And therefore blessed be the time that I ever learned this love!"

With that he was interrupted by the tyrant who said: "You are not come hither to talk, but to die; I have sworn you both shall die at this instant."

"Thou tyrant", said Sir Hugh, "the verie like sentence is pronounced against thyselfe, for Nature hath doomed thou shalt die likewise; and albeit the execution thereof be something deferred, yet at length it will come, and that shortly, for never did tyrant carrie gray hairs to the grave."

The young lady desired first to die, saying to Sir Hugh: "Come, dear friend, and learn magnanimity of a maide. Now shalt thou see a silly woman scorn Death at his teeth and make as[1]) small account of his cruelty, as the tyrant doth of our lives" — and therewithall stript up her silken sleeves and commited her alabaster arms into the executioner's foule hands, having made choice to die in bleeding. At what time, being pricked in every vain, the scarlet blood sprang out in plentifull sort, much like a precious fountain lately filled with claret wine. And while she thus bled, she said: "Here do I sacrifice my blood to Him that bought me, who by His blood washt away all my sinnes. O my sweet Saviour, thus were Thy

[1]) T and R; S has a.

sides pierced for my transgressions, and in this sort sprang Thy precious blood from Thee, and all for the love Thou bearest to mankind. I feele my heart to faint, but my soule receiveth strength. I come, sweet Christ, I come." And therewithall, her body fainting and the blood failing like a conduit suddenly drawn drie, the young princesse fell down dead; at what time a pale colour overspread her faire face in such comely sort, as if a heap of roses had been shadowed with a sheet of pure lawn.

But it is to be remembred that all the while the young princesse bled, her blood was received into certain basons; which being in that sort saved together, the tyrant caused it to be tempered with poyson, and prepared it to be the last drink that Sir Hugh should have, saying that by her love whom he so dearely loved he should receive his death. And thereupon, incontinently, without any further delaying of time, he caused a cup of that most deadly poysoned blood to be delivered into his hands, who with a lovely and cheerfull countenance received the same and then uttered his mind in this manner:

"O thou cruell tyrant", quoth he, "what a poore spite is this to inflict upon a dying man, that is as carelesse how he dies as when he dies! Easie it is for thee to glut me with blood, although with blood thou art not satisfied. Sweet blood", quoth he, "precious and pure, how faire a colour dost thou cast before mine eyes! Sweet, I say, wast thou before such time as this ill-savouring poyson did infect thee; and yet as thou art I nothing despise thee. O my dear Winifred, full little did I think that ever I should come to drink of thy heart-blood! My greedy eye, that glutton-like did feed upon thy beauty and yet like the sea was never satisfied, is now with thy gore-blood fully gorged. Now may I quench my thirsty desire with love that, like hot, burning coals, set my heart in such an extreme heat, that it could not be quenched before this time; for if fair Winifred could spare any love from heaven, assuredly she left it in her blood, her sweet,

heart-blood, I mean, that nourished her chast life. See, here is a caudle to cool my vain affections. Far be it that any[1]) true lovers should ever tast the like.

But this punishment have the just heavens poured upon me for the preferring the love of an earthly creature before the love of an heavenly Creator. Pardon, O Lord, the foule sins of superstitious lovers that, while they make idols of their ladies, they forget the honour of Thy divine Majesty. Yet doth it do my heart much good to think that I must bury sweet Winifred's blood in my body, whose love was lodged long ago in my heart." And therewithall drinking the first draught, he said: "O Lord, me seemeth this potion[2]) hath a comfortable taste; far doth it surpasse that nectar wherewith the gods were nourished."

"Well", said the tyrant, "seeing it pleaseth thee so well, thou shalt have more." And therewith another cup of the same blood was given him to drink.

"Yes, come", quoth he, "my thirst is not quenched; for the first draught gave me but a taste of sweetnesse, and, like a longing woman, I desire the rest." And with that he drank the second draught.

The third being delivered him, he took the cup into his hand and, looking about, he said: "Lo, here I drink to all the kind yeomen of the Gentle Craft. I drink to you all", quoth he, "but I cannot spare you one drop to pledge me. Had I any good thing to give, you should soon receive it; but myselfe the tyrant doth take and my flesh is bequeathed to the fowls, so that nothing is left but onely my bones to pleasure you withall — and those, if they will do you any good, take them[3]). And so I humbly take my leave, bidding you all farewell."

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[1]) S my; T any true lovers; R any true lover.

[2]) R; S and T portion.

[3]) A Shoemaker a Gentleman: "When Death has seiz'd my flesh, | Take you my bones, which I bequeath | Amongst you to be buried." Act IV.

There, with the last draught, he finished his life, whose dead carkasse after hanged up where the fowls devoured his flesh; and the young princesse was contemptuously buried by the well where she had so long lived. Then had he the title of St. Hugh given him, and she of Saint Winifred, by which termes they are both so called to this day.

Chap. IV.

How the shoomakers stole away Saint Hugh's bones and made them working-tools thereof, and the vertue that they found in the same; whereby it came that when any man saw a shoomaker travelling with a pack at his back, they would presently say: "There goes Saint Hugh's bones."

Upon a time it chanced that a company of journeymen shoomakers passed along by the place where Saint Hugh's dead body was hanging, and finding the flesh pickt cleane off from the bones, they entred thus into communication among themselves:

"Never was Saint Hugh so bare", quoth one, "to carry never a whit of skin upon his bones."

"Nor thou never so bare", said another, "to beare never a penny in thy purse. But now seeing you talk of Saint Hugh, it brings me to remembrance of his legacy that he gave us at his death."

"What was that?" said the rest.

"Marry", quoth he, "I will tell you. When the gentle prince saw that the cruelty of the time would not suffer him to be liberall to his friends, but that his life was taken away by one and his flesh given to others, he most kindly bequeathed his bones unto us."

"Tush", quoth another, "that was but to shew his mind towards the shoomakers, because he had received of them so many favours; for alas, what can the dead man's bones pleasure the living?"

"No", quoth another, "I can tell you there may be as great vertue found in his bones as the brains of a weasill or the tongue of a frog."

"Much like", answered the rest, "but I pray thee shew us what vertue is in those things you speak of."

Quoth he, "I will tell you: the braines of a weasill hath this power, *experientia docet,* that if the powder thereof be mingled with the runnet wherewith women make their cheese, no mouse dares touch it. In like manner the tongue of a water-frog hath such great force in it that if it be laid upon the breast of any one sleeping, it will cause them to tell whatsoever you shall demand; for by that meanes Dick Piper knew he was a cuckold. Againe, I know that those that are travellers are not ignorant that whosoever puts but six leaves of mugwort in his shooes, shall nere be weary, though he travell thirtie or fourtie miles on foot in a forenoon."

"That, indeed, may be true", quoth one, "for by the verie same hearh my last dame kept her ale from sowring. And it is said that where housleek is planted the place shall never be hurt with thunder. Pimpernel is good against witchcraft, and because my sister Joan carried alwayes some about her, Mother Bumby could not abide her. Therefore, what vertue a dead man's bones may have we know not till we have tryed it."

"Why, then", said the third man, "let us soon at night steal Saint Hughe's bones away and, albeit the tyrant will be displeased, yet it is no theft; for you say they were given us, and therefore we may the bolder take them. And because we will turn them to profit and avoid suspition, we will make divers of our tools with them; and then if any vertue do follow them, the better we shall find it."

To this motion every one gave his consent; so that the same night Saint Hughe's bones were taken down, and the same being brought before a sort of shoomakers, there they gave their opinion that it was necessary to

fulfill the will of the dead, and to take those bones in as good a part as if they were worth ten thousand pounds. Whereupon one stept out and thus did say:

My friends, I pray you list to me
And mark what S. Hughe's bones shall be:
First a drawer and a dresser;
Two wedges, a more and a lesser;
A pretty block three inches high,
In fashion squared like a die,
Which shall be called by proper name
A heel-block, the very same.
A hand-leather, and a thumb-leather likewise,
To pull out shoo-thread, we must devise;
The needle and the thimble
shall not be left alone,
The pincers and the pricking-aule,
and the rubbing-stone;
The aule-steele and tackes,
the sow-haires beside,
The stirrop, holding fast
while we sowe the cowhide;
The whetstone, the stopping-stick,
and the paring-knife —
All this doth belong
to a journeyman's life.
Our apron is the shrine
to wrap these bones in:
Thus shrowd[1]) we Saint Hugh
in gentle lamb's skin.[2])

"Now all you good yeomen of the Gentle Craft, tell me now", quoth he, "how like you this?"

"As well", replyed they, "as Saint George doth of his horse, for as long as we can see him fight with the dragon we will never part from this posie."[3])

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[1]) shrowded; T: Thus shroud we St. Hugh's bones in a gentle lamb's skin.

[2]) Rowley has the same versified inventory (Act IV), slightly altered in form:

The drawer first, and then the dresser,
Wedges and heele-blocks, greater and lesser, etc.

[3]) T, R, etc. have poesie.

"And it shall be concluded that what journeyman soever he be, hereafter, that cannot handle his sword and buckler, his long sword or a quarter-staffe, sound the trumpet or a play upon the flute, and bear his part in a three-man's song, and readily reckon up his tools in rime — except he have born colours in the field, being a lieutenant, a sergeant, or corporall — shall forfeit and pay a pottle of wine, or be counted for a colt." To which they answered all, *viva voce*: "Content, content"; and then, after many merry songs, they departed. And never after did they travell without these tools on their backs; which ever since were called Saint Hughe's bones.

Crispine and Crispianus.

Chap. I.

How Crispianus and his brother Crispine, the two sons of the king of Logria[1]), through the cruelty of the tyrant Maximinus, were fain, in disguised manner to seek for their lives' safty, and how they were entertained by a shoomaker in Feversham.

When the Romane Maximinus sought in cruell sort to bereave this land of all her noble youth or youth of noble blood, the vertuous queen of Logria — which now is called Kent[2]) — dwelling in the city Durovernum, alias Canterbury or the Court of Kentishmen, having at that time two young sons, sought all the meanes she could possible to keep them out of the tyrant's claws; and in this manner she spake[3]) unto them:

"My dear and beloved sons, the joy and comfort of my age, you see the dangers of these times and the stormes of a tyrant's reign, who, having now gathered together the most part of the young nobilitie to make

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[1]) Rowley: 'Elred and Offa this king's (Allured, King of Brittaine's) two sonnes, borrowing the names of Crispine and Crispianus.'

[2]) See the introduction, and compare: "Conanes Eorldom Kent is ihaten." Layamon's Brut, vol. II, Bk. V, 11561—62, ed. Madden.

[3]) Speake; corrected from T.

them slaves in a forraign land that are free-born in their own countery, seeketh for you also, thereby to make a cleare riddance of all our born princes, to the end he might plant strangers in their stead. Therefore, my sweet sons, take the counsell of your mother and seek in time to prevent ensuing danger, which will come upon us suddenly as a storme at sea, and as cruelly as a tyger in the wildernesse. Therefore, suiting yourselves in honest habits, seek some poore service to shield you from mischance, seeing necessity hath priviledged those places from tyrannie. And so, my sons, the gracious Heavens may one day raise you to deserved dignitie and honour."

The young lads, seeing that their mother was[1]) so earnest to have them gone, fulfilled her commandment and, casting off their attire, put homlie garments on and, with many bitter tears, took leave of the queen, their mother, desiring her before they went to bestow her blessing upon them.

"O my sons", quoth she, "stand you now upon your ceremonies? Had I leasure to give you one kisse, it were something. The Lord blesse you! Get you gon, away, away, make hast, I say; let not swift time overslip[2]) you, for the tyrant is hard by." With that she pushed them out of a back doore, and then sets herselfe down to weep.

The two young princes, which like pretty lambs went straying they knew not whither, at length by good fortune came to Feversham[3]), where, before the daye's peep, they heard certain shoomakers singing, being as pleasant as their notes as they sat at their businesse — and this was their song:

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[1]) Omitted in S.

[2]) From T; oversip in S.

[3]) In the Sh. H. the shoemaker of Feversham has been merged with Eyre, and Crispine and Crispianus have become Lacy and Askew.

Would God that it were holiday,
Hey dery down, down dery,
That with my love I might go play!
With woe my heart is weary.
My whole delight
Is in her sight —
Would God I had her company,
Her company,
Hey dery down, down adown.[1])

My love is fine, my love is fair,
Hey dery down, down dery,
No maid with her may well compare,
In Kent or Canterbury.
From me my love
Shall never move —
Would God I had her company,
Her company,
Hey dery down, down adown.

To see her laugh, to see her smile,
Hey dery down, down dery,
Doth all my sorrows clean beguile
And makes my heart full merry.
No griefe doth grow
Where she doth go —
Would God I had her company, etc.
Hey dery down, down adown.

When I do meet her on the green,
Hey dery down, down dery,
Methinks she looks like beautie's queen;
Which makes my heart full merry.
Then I her greet
With kisses sweet —
Would God I had her company, etc.
Hey dery down, down adown.

My love comes not of churlish kind,
Hey dery down, down dery,
But bears a loving and courteous mind;
Which makes my heart full merry.

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[1]) Cf. the refrain of the 'second three-man's song', and Act IV, 2·1, Sh. H.

She is not coy,
She is my joy —
Would God I had her company, etc.
Hey dery down, down adown.

Till Sunday comes, farewell my dear;
Hey dery down, down dery,
When we do meet we'll have good chear,
And then we will be merry.
If thou love me,
I will love thee,
And still delight in thy company, etc.
Hey dery down, down dery.

The young princes, perceiving such mirth to remain in so homely a cottage, judged by their pleasant notes that their hearts were not cloyed with over-many cares, and therefore wished it might be their good hap to be harboured in a place of such great content.

But standing a long time in doubt what to do, like two distressed strangers, combating twixt hope and feare, at length taking courage, Crispianus knocking at the doore — "What knave knocks there?" quoth the journeyman. And by and by down he takes his quarter-staffe and opens the doore, being as ready to strike as speake, saying, "What lack you?" To whom Crispianus made this answer:

"Good sir, pardon our boldnesse and measure not our truth by our rudenesse. We are two poore boyes that want service, stript from our friends by the furie of these warres, and therefore are we enforced, succourlesse, to crave service in any place."

"What, have you no friends or acquaintance in these parts to go to", said the shoomakers, "by whose means you might get preferment?"

"Alas sir", said Crispianus, "necessitie is despised of every one and misery is troden down of many, but seldome or never relieved. Yet, notwithstanding, if our hope did not yeeld us some comfort of good hap, we should grow desperate through distresse."

"That were great pitie", said the shoomaker. "Be content, for, as our dame tels our master, 'A patient man is better then a strong man.' Stay a while, and I will call our dame to the doore, and then you shall heare what she will say."

With that he went in, and forth came his dame, who, beholding the said youths, said: "Now alas, poore boyes, how comes it to passe that you are out of service? What, would you be shoomakers and learn the Gentle Craft?"

"Yes, forsooth", said they, "with all our hearts."

"Now, by my troth", quoth she, "you do look with honest, true faces. I will intreat my husband for you, for we would gladly have good boyes; and if you will be just and true, and serve God, no doubt you may do well enough. Come in, my lads, come in."

Crispianus and his brother with great reverence gave her thanks; and by that time they had stayed a little while, down came goodman, and his wife hard by his heels, saying: "Husband, these be the youths I told you of; no doubt but in time they will be good men."

Her husband, looking wishly[1]) upon them and conceiving a good opinion of their favors, at length agreed that they should dwell with him, so that they would be bound for seven years. The youths being contented, the bargain was soon ended, and so set to their business. Whereat they were no sooner setled, but that great search was made for them in all places; and albeit the officers came to the house where they dwelt, by reason of their disguise they knew them not, having also taken upon them borrowed names of Crispianus and Crispine.

Within a few days after, the queen, their mother, was by the tyrant taken and, for that she would not confesse where her sonns were, she was laid in prison in Colchester Castle, whereunto she went with as cheerfull a countenance

[1]) S and T wishtly; R very wishfully.

as Cateratus did, when he was led captive to Rome. And coming by the place where her sonnes sat at work, with a quick eye she had soon espied them; and looke how a dying coal revives in the wind, even so at this sight she became suddenly red; but, making signes that they should hold their tongues, she was led along — whom seven yeers after her sons did never see. But as men stand amazed at the sight of apparitions in the ayre, as ignorant what successe shall follow, even so were these two princes agast to see their own mother thus led away, not knowing what danger should ensue thereof.

Notwithstanding, they thought good to keep their service, as their lives' surest refuge. At what time they both bent their whole minds to please their master and dame, refusing nothing that was put to them to do, were it to wash dishes, scoure kettles, or any other thing whereby they thought their dame's favour might be gotten; which made her the readier to give them a good report to their master and to do them many other services which otherwise they should have missed, following therin the admonition of an old journeyman, who would alwayes say to the apprentices:

> Howsoever things do frame,
> Please well thy master, but chiefly thy dame.

Now, by that time these two young princes had truly served their master the space of foure or five yeers, he was grown something wealthy and they very cunning in their trade, whereby the house had the name to breed the best workmen in the countrey; which report in the end prefer'd their master to be the emperour's shoomaker. And by this means his servants went to Maximinus' court[1]) every day. But Crispianus and Crispine, fearing they should have been known, kept themselves from thence as much as they could. Notwithstanding, at the last perswading themselves that time had worne them out of knowledge,

[1]) Eyre too is shoemaker to the court. Sh. H. III, 1, 90.

they were willing in the end to go thither, as well to hear tidings of the queen, their mother, as also for to seek their own preferment.

Chap. II.

How the emperour's faire daughter Ursula[1]) fell in love with young Crispine coming with shooes to the court; and how in the end they were secretly married by a blind frier.

Now, among all the shoomaker's men that came to the court with shooes, young Crispine was had in greatest regard with the fair princesse, whose mother being lately dead, she was the only joy of her father, who alwayes sought means to match her with some worthy Romane whose renown might ring throughout the whole world.

But fair Ursula, whose bright eyes had entangled her heart with desire of the shoomaker's favour, despised all proffers of love, in regard of him. And yet, notwithstanding, she would oft check her own opinion in placing her love upon a person of such low degree, thus reasoning with herself: "Most aptly is the god of love by cunning painters drawn blind, that so equally[2]) shoots forth his fiery shafts; for, had he eyes to see, it were impossible to deal in such sort as in matching fair Venus with foule Vulcan, yoking the emperiall hearts of kings to the love of beggers, as he did to Cofetua, and as now in myself I find how mad a thing it would seem to the eyes of the world that an emperor's daughter should delight in the favour of a simple shoomaker. O Ursula, take heed what thou dost; stain not thy royalty with such indignity. O that Crispine's birth were agreeable to his person! For in mine eye there is no prince in the world comparable to him. If then, while he is clothed with these rags of servitude, he appear

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[1]) Ursula and her father correspond to Rose and the Lord Mayor in the Sh. H.

[2]) T and R print unequally.

so excellent, what would he be were he in princely attire! O Crispine, either thou art not as thou seemest, or else Nature, in disgrace of kings, hath made thee a shoomaker."

In these humours would the princesse be often, especially at Crispine's approach or at his departure; for as soon as ever he came within her sight with shooes, a sudden blush like a flame of lightning would strike in her face, and at his departure, an earthly-pale colour, like to the beams of the bright sunne obscured by coal-blacke clouds. But after many weary conflicts with fancy, she fully resolved, at his next coming to enter into communication with him; but imagining his stay from court overlong, [on the sudden she sent presently for him[1]), finding great fault in the last shooes he brought her. At what time Crispine most humbly on his knee greatly craved pardon for all such faults as she then had found, promising amendment in the next shooes she should have.

"Nay", quoth she, "I'le shew thee; they are too low something in the instep, also the heel is bad, and besides that, they are too strait in the toes."

"You shall have a pair made", said he, "shall fit you better, for none shall set a stitch in them but mine own self."

"Do", said the princesse, "but let me have them so soon as thou canst." And therewith Crispine departed.

The princesse, then all solitary, got herself into her chamber, entred there into consideration, and found within herself great trouble and sorrow, while the tongue, the heart's advocate, was not suffered to speak. At last she heard Crispine's voice, enquiring of the ladies in the great chamber for the princesse; who answered that, having taken little rest the night before, she was now laid down to sleep, and therefore they willed him to come again some other time.

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1) Cf. Sh. H. IV, 2, 58—59: Marrie, you must come to my yong mistris, to pull on her shooes you made last!

"Asleep!" replyed the princesse. "I am not asleep, bid him stay! What hasty huswife was that which sent him hence? Call him againe quickly, I would advise you." And therefore changing melancholly into mirth, she arose up from out of her bed and, as a bright starre shooting in the element, she swiftly got her forth to meet the shoomaker, whose faire sight was to her as great a comfort as a sunshine before a showre of raine.

"How now", quoth she, "hast thou brought me a pair of shooes?"

"I have, gracious madam", quoth he.

"Then", quoth the princesse, "come thyselfe and draw them on." Therewith she, sitting down, lifted up her well-proportioned legge upon his gentle knee[1]). Where, by that time her shooes were drawn on, she had prepared a good reward for her shoomaker and, giving[2]) him an handfull of gold, she said: "Thou hast so well pleased me in making of these shooes that I cannot but reward thee in some good sort; therefore, shoomaker, take this, and from henceforth let no man make my shooes but thyself. But tell me, Crispine, art thou not in love that thou doest smug up thyselfe so finely? Thou wast not wont to go so neatly. I pray thee tell me what pretty wench is it that is mistresse of thy heart?"

"Truly, faire madam", quoth he, "if I should not love I might be accounted barbarous, for by nature's course there is a mutuall love in all things. The dove and the peacock love intirely, so doth the turtle and the popinjay; the like affection the fish musculus beareth unto the huge whale, insomuch that he leadeth him from all danger of stony rocks. And as among birds and fishes, so amongst plants and trees the like concord is to be found; for if

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[1]) This situation was a great find for Dekker and for Rowley. The latter introduces it twice in A Sh. a G. — i. e. as rehearsal and as performance. Dekker made use of it, both in the Sh. H. Act IV, 28 et seq., and in Match Me in London, vol. IV, Pearson, p. 197.

[2]) given; T etc. giving.

the male of palme-trees be planted from the female neither of both prosper, and being set one neer another they do flourish accordingly, imbracing with joy the branches one of another. And for mine own[1]) part, I am in love too, for, first of all, I love my Maker and next, my good master and dame. But as concerning the love of pretty wenches, verily, madam, I am cleare; and the rather do I abstain from fixing my fancie on women, seeing many sorrowes do follow the married sort, for a dramme of delight[2]) hath a pound of pain."

"That is", answered the princesse, "where contention setteth the house on fire, but where true love remaines there is no discontent. And what can a man more desire for this world's comfort but a vertuous wife, which is reported to be a treasure inestimable. Therefore, Crispine, say thy mind; if I prefer thee to a wife every way deserving thy love, wouldst thou take it well?"

"Truly, madam", said Crispine, "if I should not accept of your good will, I should shew myselfe more unmannerly than well nurtured. But seeing it pleaseth you to grace me with your princely countenance and to give me libertie to speak my mind, this is my opinion: if I were to chuse a wife, then would I have one faire, rich, and wise; first, to delight mine eye, secondly, to supply my want, and thirdly, to govern my house."

"Then", said the princesse, "her beauty I will referre unto the judgement of thine own eyes, and her wisedome unto the triall of time. But as concerning her portion I dare make some report, because it well deserveth to be praised; for at her marriage thou shalt have a bagge full of rare vertues with her."

"Truly, madam", quoth Crispine, such coynes go not[3]) currant among tannars; and I know, if I should go with it to the market, it would buy me no soale-leather. Not-

[1]) one; T own.
[2]) T; S has light.
[3]) T etc.; S out.

withstanding, when I doe see her, I will tell you more of my mind."

The princesse, taking him aside privately, walking with him in a faire gallerie, said: "In looking upon me thou mayest judge of her, for she is as like me as may be."

When Crispine heard her say so, he right prudently answered: "I had rather, madam, she were your own selfe than like yourselfe, and although my words favour of presumption, yet, with your favour, I dare boldly pronounce it that I hold myselfe worthy of a queen, if I could get her good will. And were it no danger to match with your Excellency, so it should please you, it should not dislike me."

Then said the princesse: "Now, shoomaker, I see thou hast some courage in thee, and doubt thou not but if I were of that mind but I would be as ready to guide thee from the dangerous rocks of my father's wrath as the fish called musculus is for the whale. But couldst thou not be contented to die for a ladie's love?"

"No, madam", quoth he, "if I could keep her love and live."

"Then live, faire friend!" answered she. "Enjoy my love, for I will die rather than live without thee."

Crispine, hearing this, was stricken into an extasie of joy, in such sort as he wist not whether he were asleep or dreamed. But by that time he had summoned his wits together, with the plighting of his faith he opened his estate and high birth unto her, shewing all the extremities that he and his brother had been put unto since the death of their royall father, and of the imprisonment of the queen, their mother.

The which when faire Ursula with great wonder heard, giving him an earnest of her love with a sweet kisse, she said: "My deare love and most gentle prince, ever did I think that more than a common man was shrowded in these poore habiliments; which made me the bolder to

impart my mind unto thee. And now dread no more my father's wrath, for the fire thereof was long agoe quenched."

"No, no", quoth Crispine, "an eagle's thirst is never expelled but by blood. And albeit your father have now, parhaps, qualified the heat of his fury by the length of time, yet if he should understand of this my love to thee, it would cause him to rake out of the ashes hot, burning coals of displeasure again — and then might my life pay a deare price for thy love. Therefore, my deare Ursula, I desire thee, even by the power of that love thou bearest to me, to keepe secret what I have shewed thee, nothing doubting but that in time I may find release of these miseries. In the mean space we will be secretly married, by which holy knot we, as well in body as in heart, be unseparably[1]) tied together."

To this Ursula consented most gladly, and thereupon told him that she would meet him in her father's park at any houre he would appoint; which she might do the more easily in respect she had a key to one of the garden doores which gave present passage into the park. The day and houre being concluded upon, they parted for this time, both of them indued with such content as in all their lives they never found the like.

And at this time there was in Canterbury a blind frier that in many yeers had never seen the sun. To this man did Crispine go, thinking him the fittest chaplain to chop up such a marriage; who, meeting with him at Christ Church one evening after the antheme. broke with him after this manner: "Good speed, good father. There is a certain friend of mine that would be secretly married in the morning betimes, for which purpose he thinks you the fittest man to perform it, in all the cloyster; and, therefore, if you will be diligent to do it and secret to conceal it, you shall have foure angels for your pains."

[1]) unseperately; T unseparably; still later inseparably.

The frier, being fired[1]) with the desire of his gold, rubbing his elbow and scratching his crown, swore by the blessed book that hung by his knee that he would be both willing and constant to keep it secret. "Tush, young man, you may trust me, I have done many of these feats in my dayes. I know that youth are youth, but they would not have all the world wonder at their doings. And where shall it be?" said the frier.

Quoth Crispine: "At Saint Gregorie's Chappell; and because you shall not make your boy acquainted therewith, I myselfe will call you in the morning. Good father, be not forgetfull to observe the time. At two of the clock is the houre, and therefore look you be ready when I shall call you."

"I warrant you", replied the frier, "and because I will not over-sleep myselfe, I will for this night lie in my clothes, so that as soon as ever you call I will straight be readie."

"Then, father, I will trust you", quoth Crispine, and so departed.

When he came to his master, he made not many words, but so soon as he had supt on Sunday at night, he went to his chamber and laid him down upon his bed, making no creature in the house privy to his intent, not his own brother, his minde still running on his faire mistresse and the happie houre that will tie them both in one. Never was there[2]) hunger-starved man that did long more for the sweet approach of wholsome food than did Crispine for two a clock. And so soon as the silent night had drawn all things to rest, Crispine got him up, and to Canterbury goes he to meet his rose-cheeked lady in her father's park, who also took hold of Time's forlock and, like clear Cynthia, shaped her course to seek out Sol in the meridian. But so soon as her searching eye had spied

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[1]) fixe'd; T fired.

[2]) their; corrected in T etc.

him, she commended his vigilancie, saying he well observed his houre.

"O my dear", quoth he, "rich preys do make true men theeves — but finding thee here so happily I will fetch the frier straight."

He had no sooner called at the frier's doore but he presently heard him; and groaping the way down, he opened the doore, and along they went together. But the frier, finding his journey longer than he expected, said that either Saint Gregorie's Chappel was removed or else he was not so good a foot man as he was wont to be.

"That is likely enough", said Crispine, "for how much the older you are since you went this way last so much the weaker you are to travell; but be you content, now we are at the last come to the place and therefore, good frier, make what speed you may."

"I warrant you", quoth he, and therewithall he puts his spectacles upon his nose.

The fair princesse, perceiving that, laughed heartily, saying: "Little need hath a blind man of a paire of spectacles."

"Truly, mistresse", said he, "as little need hath an old man of a young wife; but you may see what use is. Though I be blind and cannot see never a letter, yet I cannot say masse without my book and my spectacles." And then he proceeded to solemnize their marriage, which being finished, the frier had his gold, and home he was led.

In the mean time the princesse stayed still in the park for her bridegroom; where when he came, on a bank of sweet primroses he pluckt the rose of amorous delight. And after the princesse came to her father's palace and Crispine to his master's shop.

Chap. III.

How Crispianus was prest to the wars, and how he fought with Iphicratis, the renowned generall of the Persians, who made warre upon the Frenchmen; shewing also the occasion that a shoomaker's son is said to be a prince born.

In the mean time that Crispine was secretly busied about his marriage, his brother Crispianus, the same night, with many others, was prest to wars into the country of Gaul[1]), now called France[2]); which made his master and dame full of woe; who had committed to his government the whole rule of his house. And when Crispine came home, they told him what chance had hapned, and demanded where he had been. They said they were glad he had so well escaped.

Crispine, excusing himselfe so well as he could, said he was sorrie for his brother's sudden departure; notwithstanding, the joy of his late marriage mitigated much of his sorrow. To whom, in his brother's absence, his master gave the oversight of his houshold, which place he guided with such discretion as thereby he got both the good will of his master and the love of the houshold.[3]) And as he sate one day at his work, he sung this song in commendation[4]) of marriage; himselfe sung the ditty and his fellows bore the burthen:

Among the joyes on earth, though little joy there be,
Hey down down adown, fine is the silken twist;
Among the married sort much comfort I do see;
Hey down down adown, beleeve it they that list.
He that is a married man hath beautie to embrace,
Hey down down adown, and therefore mickle wo;
He liveth in delight, and is in happie case;
Hey down down adown, in faith we think not so.

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1) Gual; corrected in T etc.

2) Compare the background action of the Sh. H., the 'war in France.' Ralph is 'prest'; Lacy and Askew virtually also, but while Askew sets out, Lacy manages to stay.

3) T and R; S houshould.

4) communication; T,R, commendation of his marriage.

His wife doth dresse his meat with everything most meet,
Hey down down adown, fair women love good chear —
And when he comes to bed, she gives him kisses sweet;
Hey down down adown, for thanks he pays full dear.
A hundred honey sweets he hath when that is done;
Hey down down adown, the truth is seldome known.
He hath in a little time a daughter or a son;
Hey down down adown, God grant they be his own.
A wife is evermore both faithfull, true, and just;
Hey down down adown, 'tis more than you do know.
Her husband may be sure in her to put his trust;
Hey down down adown, most are deceived so.
While he doth ride abroad, she looks unto his house,
Hey down down adown, the finest cloth is torn,
And when he comes, she gives him brawn and sowse,
Hey down down adown, and oftentimes the horn.

"How now, what is that you say?" quoth Crispine.

"Nothing", quoth they, "but onely beare the burthen of your song. And surely we think it great pity that you are not married, seeing you can sing so well in the praise of marriage."

"Truly", quoth he, "were it not for that holy institution, what would the world be but a brood of haplesse bastards; like to the cursed seed of Cain, men fit for all manner of villany; and such as would leave behind them a race of runnagates, persons that would live as badly as they are lewdly begotten."

The rest of the journeymen, hearing him enter into such a deep discourse of the matter, began therefore to demand many questions. But seeing it appertaines not to our matter, wee'le leave them to their disputation and, in the mean space, I will shew you something of Crispianus, who is now in France, with many other noble Brittains whom Maximinus sent thither to aid the Gauls against the mightie force of Iphicratis, the Persian generall who had at this time invaded their country with a great power.

The day of battel being appointed, the armies met in the field; at what time both the generals, like two lyons filled with wrath, in their proud march viewed one an-

other, breathing forth on both sides words of disdain. And thus the generall of the Gauls began: "Thou insulting commander of the easterne troups, how durst thou set thy ambitious foot within our territories? Cannot the confines of Persia content thee, nor those conquered kingdomes alreadie in thy hand, but that with unsatiable desire thou must come to usurp our right? Know thou that the undaunted Gauls do scorn thee; for albeit that, Alexander like, thou seekest to subdue the whole world, flattering thyselfe in thy fortunes, yet never think that the son of a shoomaker shall bend our neck to a servile yoke. Therefore in our just right we are come to give thee hire for thy pride and by the force of our swords to beat down the scepter of thy proud thoughts."

The renowned Iphicratis, upon these words, made this replie: "Now may I report that the Gauls can do something, finding them such good scoulds. But know this that I come not to raile but to revenge those contemptuous speeches, and with the points of sturdie launces to thrust them down your throats again. Indeed, my father's trade is a reproach unto me, but thou art a reproach to thy father. But thou shalt understand that a shoomaker's son is a prince born; his fortune made him so, and thou shalt finde no lesse." And hereupon, the trumpets sounding to a charge and the drums striking a alarum[1]), there followed a sore and cruell fight: wherein Crispianus like a second Hector laid about him, hewing down his foes on every side. Whose valiancy and princely courage was noted of all the Gauls.

And this fierce fight ended with the night's approach, each army tooke their rest. At what time the noble generall of the Gauls sent for Crispianus, and receiving him with sundrie kind imbracements in his tent, he demanded of what birth he was.

To whom Crispianus shaped his answer: "Most worthie

[1]) R beating alarm.

generall, my birth is not meane and my[1]) secrets lesse, but by trade I am a shoomaker in England."

"A shoomaker!" said the generall. "If such fame wait upon shoomakers, and such magnanimity follow them, well were it for us if all the people in the kingdome were shoomakers. And as great thanks I am to give Maximinus for sending me such a souldier as he may be proud to have such a subject. And now right sorrie am I that ever I reproached famous Iphicratis with his father's trade, seeing I find it true that magnanimity and knightly prowesse is not alwayes tied within the compasse of noble blood. And for my own part, I will so honourably requite thy deservings that thou shalt blesse the time thou ever camest into these wars."

The next morning the generals joyned battell again, resolving in this fight either by death or victory to make an end of these troubles, where the souldiers on each side strove for the golden wreath of renown. The two generals, meeting in the battell, fought couragiously together, in which bloody conflect the prince of the Gauls was thrice by Iphicratis unhorsed and as many times of Crispianus mounted again. But in the end the great commander of the eastern armie so mightily prevaled that he had seized on the person of the French prince, and was carrying him[2]) captive to his colours.

But so highly was Crispianus favoured of Fortune, that he and his fellows met him in the pride of his conquest; who then, all besmeared in the Persian blood, set upon Iphicratis and so manly[3]) behaved himselfe, that he recovered the prince again and in despight of the Persians brought him to his royall tent; in which encounter the noble Iphicratis was sore wounded, by reason whereof the souldiers had rest for three or foure dayes; in which space Iphicratis sent to the prince of Gauls to know what

[1]) by; T and R my.
[2]) Supplied from T.
[3]) So also T: later manfully.

kin he was that in such a valiant sort rescued him out of his hands, saying that if he would serve him, he would make him ruler over a mightie kingdome.

The French prince sent him word that it was a right hardie Brittaine which had performed that honourable service, but no knight, though well deserving greater dignity, but a shoomaker in England. "And thus", quoth he, "a shoomaker's son was by a shoomaker foiled."

When Iphicratis understood this, he sent word again to the Gauls that for the favour of that worthy man he would not only cease the wars but forever after be a friend to the Gauls; which joyfull message when the French king understood, most willingly he imbraced the unlooked-for tydings of happie peace, and thereupon made Crispianus a knight.

After the which there was a great feast ordained, whereunto the renowned Iphicratis was invited, and the two generals, with Crispianus, friendly met together. Thus the sowre war was ended with sweet feasting. And Iphicratis soon after departed out of the countery with his army, and never after annoyed them.

Then the French king, writing his letter of thanks unto the emperour Maximinus, did therein certifie him of the princely acts of Crispianus; whereby he was brought into the emperour's favour; and with these letters Crispianus returned into England.

Chap. IV.

How the Lady Ursula, finding herselfe to be with child, made her great moan unto her husband Crispine, and how he provided for her a secret place, where she was delivered.

In the mean space, the Lady Ursula, finding herselfe to be with child, and her unknown husband coming one day with shooes unto her, she made her moan unto him,

saying: "O Crispine, how shall we do? The time of my sorrow and shame draweth on; I feel that living in my womb which I fear will bring death upon us all."

"Why, my dear lady", answered he, "art thou with child? Keep thy chamber close and wittily excuse thy griefs untill I have found means to procure our safety."

"But dost thou mean faithfully?" said she. "Wilt thou not deceive me and for fear of my father's wrath flie the country? If thou shouldest do so, then were I the wretchedst lady alive. Forsake me not, sweet Crispine, whatsoever thou doest, but take me with thee wheresoever thou goest. It is not my father's frowns that I regard, so I may have thy favour. What do I care for a princely pallace! An homely cottage shall content me in thy company. O my love, I will rather learn to spin hemp for thy shop-threed than live without thee in the greatest pleasure."

"I will not leave thee, my dear love", quoth he; "by that faith I vow which I plighted to thee at our blessed marriage. And therefore be contented, and it shall not be long before I return."

Leaving thus his sad lady, he came home and secretly brake the matter unto his dame, desiring her counsell in this his extremity. "What, how now", quoth she, "hast thou got a maid with child? Ah thou whorson villain, thou hast undone thyselfe; how wilt thou do now? Thou hast made a faire hand! Here is now sixteen pence a week, beside sope and candles, beds, shirts, biggins, wastcoats, head-bands, swadlebands, crosse-clothes, bibs, tailclouts, mantles, hose, shooes, coats, petticoats, cradle and crickets, and beside that, a standing-stole, and a posset to make the child pap — all this is come upon thee, besides the charges of her lying-in. Oh Crispine, Crispine, I am heartily sorry for thee! But, in good faith, if I knew the quean that hath brought thee to this folly, I would have her by the face, I swear to you: for, though

... Crispine, *thou art a proper fellow,*
... *done full well if thou hadst had*
... *part on thee.*"[1]) *And with*
... *to weep. Whereupon her*
... *asked what she ailed.* "Oh man",
... "Crispine!"

"Why, why, *what of Crispine? Tell me.* Why speakest thou not?"

"We *shall lose a good servant, so* we shall."

"Why, servant shall we *lose, foolish* woman?" quoth ...
"Tell me quickly."

"Nothing, by *cock and pie* I swear I'le have her ... the nose."

"Who wilt thou have by the nose? What the devill, art thou mad, that thou wilt not answer me?"

Crispine, who at his master's coming shunned the roome, lending an eare unto those words, went to his master and said unto him: "Sir, these foure yeeres have I served you, and the fifth draws neer to an end; and as I have found you a good master to me, so I trust you have had no great cause to complain of me, though, through ignorance, I have sometimes made offence; and, knowing at this instant no man so neer a friend unto me as yourselfe, I have thought good to impart my secret counsell to you. Something I presume upon my dame's favour; which made me open that unto her which now I wish I had not discovered. Notwithstanding, resting more upon your discretion than her secrecie, I would desire your counsell in a matter that concerns me very neer."

"Verily", said his master, "if it be a thing wherein I may do thee good, thou shalt find that I will not fall from thee in thy sorrows; and therefore be not abashed to declare thy mind, for I swear, if I may procure thee right, thou shalt put up no wrong."

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[1]) The low-comedy character of Dekker's Mrs. Eyre is doubtless partly due to Crispin's 'dame'.

"Why then, sir, thus it is", quoth he; "my will running before my wit, I have gotten a maiden with child and I wot not in this case what to do that I might preserve the maid from shame and I myselfe from discredit. Besides, I doubt, if it be known it will cost me my life. Therefore, in such case, good master, be secret."

"Tush, man, feare not", quoth he; "it is a matter of nothing. But I pray thee, now tell me what wanton wagtaile is it, that thou hast clapt thus under the apron?"

"O master", quoth he, "the king's faire daughter Ursula is my love, and she it is that lives in care for my sake."

"Passion of my heart, thou whoreson knave", quoth his master, "thou art a dead man! I marvell how the devill thou camest to be so bold with her. Surely thou hast drawn on her shooes on Sunday, I may say; thou hast left so good a token behind. But in truth, my boy, I commend thee that thou wouldest shoot at the fairest."

"Yea, sir", quoth Crispine, "and I have hit the mark, I trow, and do verily beleeve that none will shoot so neere again."

"Nay, swear not", said his master. "Many may aim at faire marks and more then one man hits them now and then. But what wouldst thou have me to do in this case?"

"My good master", quoth Crispine, "the truth is, she is my wife, and the very same night my brother was prest to the warres I was married to her; and if you could tell me how she might be delivered of her burden without any suspition, I should not only remain beholding to you while I lived, but would also gratifie your kindnesse in such sort as would content you."

His dame all this while listned to their talk, and when she understood he spake of the king's daughter, and that he had married her, she said: "Now God's blessing on thy heart, Crispine, that thou art so carefull

for thy wife; but it maketh me wonder she should marrie a shoomaker, and a poore fellow too."

"Master and dame", quoth Crispine, "seeing I have begun, I'le shew you a further matter as strange as the other. The necessitie of these times makes many noble personages to mask in simple habite, as Jupiter did in a shepherd's weed; and the truth is that Ladie Ursula is not ignorant that by matching with me she hath wedded a prince. And you may say that these five yeeres two princes have served you obediently under the simple borrowed names of Crispine and Crispianus. Our royall father was slaine by the emperour Maximinus, and the queen, our mother, yet lies imprisoned; and your poore house and these leather garments have been our life of defence against the blood-thirsty tyrant. Now you see that though there were hate towards us in the father, yet there is love yeelded us by the daughter. This must be kept for a certain time from the knowledge of him, lest our lives pay a dear ransome for our loves."

"Well, Crispine", quoth his dame, "be of good cheare, for I have a device[1]) in my head how to get thy love out of her father's pallace, that she may be brought to bed in my own house without either hurt to thee or dishonour to her, if thou wilt do as I wish thee. When you do perceive that she grows neere unto the time of her travell, I would wish you to work such meanes as to set some tree on fire late in the night, that standeth somewhat neere one of the beacons upon the sea coast, whereby it will follow that such watchmen as watch at our beacons, supposing the beacons at the sea coast to be on fire, will set theirs on fire also. Then will there be a great hurly-burly with the preparation of men-at-armes on all sides, to withstand the supposed foe — that which they shall never find. Then, as you know, Maximinus with his houshold will be in most fear because he is most hated, so that

[1]) Appropriated by Rowley.

whilest he is abroad the rest of his houshold will every one of them seek for their own safegard; amongst the which let faire Ursula be one, who, by that meanes singling herselfe alone, may take up my house, and here she may be closely kept till she be delivered, taking upon her the name and habite of a simple woman."

"But the truth of this matter", quoth Crispine, "I doubt it will soone be perceived and found out; then how shall Ladie Ursula do, for she will straight be missed?"

"Tush, that's no matter", quoth his dame, "and missed let her be untill such time as she is in a better case to go abroad againe. So in such a tumult as then will be they will suppose many things: that one mischance or other is befallen her, or, if she be in health, that she hath wandred into the woods or some other uncouth place where she might best provide for safety. And when she comes home again, I warrant thee, Crispine, she shall be welcome[1])."

Then said his master: "I like my wive's counsell well; therefore by my consent put it in practice." Whereunto Crispine consented, and so, making the lady privie to the purpose, at length it was put in execution. At what time there was crying out on all sides: "Arme! Arme! Arme! Our enemies are coming upon us!" — "Where?" quoth they. — "At Rutupium"[2]), said one; — "At Aurugagus Castle", said another; — Quoth the third: "It is at Doris". — "I tell you", quoth the fourth, "it is at Duur"[2]). — "And all this is but Dover", saith the fifth man, "and at Dover it is undoubtedly; — therefore haste, haste away!" — For never was there more need; so that Maximinus was almost at his wit's end as one not knowing which way to turn, the cries of the people came so thick, one after another.

[1]) Cf. the welcome and protection extended to Lacy and Rose by Eyre and his wife after the elopement and the secret marriage of the lovers.

[2]) Rutupium = modern Richborough. The same form occurs in Holinshed; Duur (Dour) also.

The waiting gentlewomen left the princesse and sought their own safetie. Thus, while some were busie in carrying out the king's treasure, others hiding the plate, and others the goods, Ursula had an easie passage into the shoomaker's house.

The young prince Crispine was gone with the rest of the town towards Dover, where when they came, there was nothing to do; which when Maximinus saw, he was not a little glad the wars were so soon ended. But when he came to the court and missed his daughter, there was posting up and down in every place to seek her; but all in vain, for no man could meet with her; for which he made a great lamentation, making a proclamation throughout the whole countrey that whosoever could bring her to him, he should not onely have a princely reward, but also, if he were a man of noble blood, he should be honoured with the marriage of his fair daughter. This was good news to Crispine, who was not [slow[1]] to learn to make profit thereof.

But by that time his lady was light, Crispianus, his eldest brother, arrived into England with great honour, as before you have heard. And before he went to the court, he thought it good to visit his old master; who came also in good time to the christening of his brother's child, which he with wonder beheld, noting what a strange accident there was that Maximinus' daughter should be his brother's wife. But after that he had in princely manner saluted the new-delivered lady, taking the infant in his arms he kissed it, saying: "Now I will say and swear", said he, "that a shoomaker's son is a prince born[2]) — joyning in the opinion of Iphycratis; and henceforth shoomakers shall never let their terme die".

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[1]) Not in S, T, R; was not to learn may, however, be construed to mean: needed no one to teach him.

[2]) Cf. Eyre's set phrase: 'Prince am I none, yet am I princely borne'. Sh. H.

Then turning to his master and dame, he said: "How much, dear master and dame, are we bound to your favours, that have maintained our honors with our happinesse, for by that means I hope we shall make a joyfull conclusion of our sorrowfull beginning. And I will so work that the emperour shall confirm what is alreadie begun — I mean the honour due to these princely lovers — and, together with our happy fortunes, procure our mother's liberty."

Hereupon, within a short time after, he made preparation to the court. He attired himselfe in princely manner and, with a most knightly grace, he delivered to Maximinus the king of Gauls' letter where he certified the emperor of the honourable deeds performed by Crispianus. Whereupon he received him to great favour, and said unto him: "Right renowned knight, for the great honour thou hast done me in France I will honour thee with anything which thou shalt command that standeth with the majesty and credit of an emperor to give."

"Then I beseech your highnesse", quoth he, "to grant me the life and liberty of my dear mother, that late queen of Logria."

"Art thou her sonne?" said Maximinus. "Although thy father was my foe, yet I must needs say he was a couragious and warlike prince — thy suit is granted. And once I had a daughter was worthy of thy love, but unconstant Fortune hath bereft me of that blisse. But had it pleased the fair Heavens to have left her me till this day, I would have made thee more honourable by her match. But seeing that my wishing doth nothing profit thee, take hence the richest jewell I have, and be thou next myselfe in authority." With that he took from his own neck a collar of most precious diamonds and gave it to Crispianus, saying: "Be thou as fortunate as Policrates!"

Chap. V.

How fair Ursula came before her father with Crispine, her husband, who was joyfully received by him, and in the end had his good will to confirme the marriage betwixt them; whereupon there was great joy on both sides. And the shoomakers, in honour of this happy day, made a joyfull song.

Within a certain space after, word was brought to the emperour that his daughter was with a shoomaker come to the court; whereat Maximinus was stricken into a sudden joy, saying: "An honourable shoomaker may he be that hath brought my fair daughter again. Welcome, my sweet Ursula, and in good time welcome to thy father! And welcome also is this happy young man that hath so fortunately brought thee." And turning to Crispianus, he said: "Noble sir knight, take here my daughter to wife."

"Not so, dear father", quoth she; "this man hath best deserved my love that hath preserved my life, and his wife will I be."

"Why, Ursula", said her father, "wilt thou darken the sunshine of my joy with the clouds of foule obstinacy and yoke thyselfe so unequally? This man is a prince."

"And this man's son is another", quoth she.

"That is strange", said the emperour; "can that child be a prince, whose father is but a shoomaker?"

Then answeared Ursula: "My royall father, a shoomaker's son is a prince born."

"Most gracious lord", quoth Crispianus, "the very like sentence did I hear the renowned Iphicrates pronounce to the king of Gauls when he upbraided him with his birth." With that Crispine's dame presented the child to the emperour, and fair Ursula was very deligent to uncover the child's face, and held it to her father.

"Why, daughter", quoth he, "art thou not ashamed to honour a base-born brat so much? Hence with the elfe!" and therewithall pusht it from him. Whereat his daughter's

tears trickled down her cheeks, and so, kissing the child, gave it again to the woman.

"What", said Maximinus, "dost thou love the child so well that thou must kisse it and weep for it?"

"I have cause, deare father", quoth she, "for that this child's mother lay in my mother's belly."

At these words the emperor suspected something, and demanded of Crispine of what parentage he was. And then knowing that he was Crispianus' brother, all the controversie was ended, and their secret marriage confirmed openly with great joy and triumph. At which time the shoomakers in the same town made holiday; to whom Crispine and Crispianus sent most princely gifts for to maintain their merriment. And ever after upon that day at night, the shoomakers make great cheare and feasting in remembrance of these two princely brethren.[1]) And because it might not be forgotten, they caused their names to be[2]) placed in the kalender for a yeerly remembrance; which you shall find in the moneth of October about three dayes before the feast of Simon and Jude.

The Shoomakers' Song on Crispianus Night.

Two princely brethren once there were,
  right sonnes unto a king,
Whose father, tyrant Maximinus
  to cruell death did bring.
Crispianus one was call'd,
  the eldest of the two,
Crispine was the other's name,
  which well had learned to wooe.
These brethren then were after fain
  from father's house to flie,
Because their foes, to spoil their lives,
  in privy wait did lie.
Into a kind shoomaker's house
  they suddenly stept in;

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[1]) Cf. the closing scenes of the Sh. H. The play ends on 'St. Hugh's Holiday' — as Firke christens Shrove Tuesday.

[2]) Omitted in S.

And there to learn the Gentle Craft
did presently[1]) begin.
And five yeers' space they lived so,
with great content of mind,
So that the tyrant could not tell
whereas he should them find.
Though every day to court they came
with shooes for ladies' feet,
They were not known by their attire,
they us'd themselves so meet.
At length unto the furious wars
was Crispianus prest,
Whereas his knightly prowesse then
he tryed above the rest.
But Crispine found him better sport —
would I had Crispine been!
The king's fair daughter lov'd him well,
as it was after seen.
The length of this fair ladie's foot
so well did Crispine know,
That none but he could please her mind;
the certain truth is so.
Came he by night or else by day,
he was most welcome still;
With kisses sweet she did him pay,
and thanks for his good will.
So oft these lovers twain did meet,
by day and eke by night,
That at the last the lady said
she should be shamed quite.
What was the matter, tell me true,
that so her sorrow bred?
Her shoomaker most daintily
had got her maidenhead.
But he at length so wisely wrought,
as doth the story tell,
Her father's right good will he got —
and everything was well.
And Crispianus came again
from warres victoriously;
Then shoomakers made holiday;
and therefore so will I.

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[1]) T and R. S has present.

And now, for Crispianus' sake,
this wine I drink to thee;
And he that doth this mark mistake,
and will not now pledge me,
He is not Crispianus' friend,
nor[1]) worthy, well I wot,
To have a lady to his love,
as Crispine he hath got.

[1]) S not, R or, T nor.

Simon Eyre.

Chap. I.

How Sir Simon Eyer, being at first a shoomaker, became in the end Maior of London, through the counsell of his wife; and how he broke his fast every day on a table that he said he would not sell for a thousand pounds; and how he builded Leadonhall.

Our English chronicles do make mention that sometime there was in the honourable City of London a worthy Maior, known by the name of Sir Simon Eyer, whose fame liveth in the mouths of many men to this day; who, albeit he descended from mean parentage, yet, by God's blessing, in the end he came to be a most worthy man in the commonwealth.

This man, being brought young out of the north countrey, was bound prentise to a shoomaker, bearing then the name of the Gentle Craft — as still it doth. His master, being a man of reasonable wealth, set many journeymen and prentises to work, who followed their businesse with great delight; which quite excludeth all wearinesse, for when servants do sit at their worke like dromedaries, then their minds are never lightly upon their businesse. For it is an old proverbe:

> They prove servants kind and good
> That sing at their businesse like birds in the wood.[1])

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[1]) Cf. the first two stories. This aspect of the gentle craft provided the Elizabethan playwright with an excellent opportunity for the natural, unforced introduction of songs, music, and a morris.

Such fellows had this young lad, who was not behind with many northern jigs to answer their southern songs.

This youth, being the youngest prentise in the house, as occasion served was often sent to the conduit for water, where in short time he fell acquainted with many other prentises coming thither for the same intent. Now, their custome was so, that every Sunday morning divers of these prentises did use to go to a place neer the conduit to break their fast with pudding-pies, and often they would take Simon along with them. But upon a time it so fell out that when he should draw money to pay the shot with the rest, that he had none. Whereupon he merrily said unto them: "My faithfull friends and conduit companions, treasurers [1]) of the water tankard and main pillers of the pudding house, I may now compare my purse to a barren doe, that yields the keeper no more good than an empty carkasse; or to a bad nut, which, being opened, hath never a kernell. Therefore, if it will please you to pardon me at this time and excuse me for my part of the shot, I do here vow unto you that, if ever I come to be Lord Maior of this city, I will give a breakfast unto all the printises in London." [2])

"We do take your word", quoth they. And so they departed.

It came to passe that Simon having at length worn out his yeers of apprentiship, that he fell in love with a maiden that was neer neighbour unto him; unto whom at length he was married, and got him a shop, and labored hard daily, and his young wife was never idle, but straight when she had nothing to do, she sat in the shop and spun. And having lived thus alone a yeer or thereabout, and having gathered something together, at length he got him some printises and a journeyman or two. And he could not make his ware so fast as he could have sold

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[1]) treasures; T and R treasurers.

[2]) Sh. H. Act V, 5, 180—187; also Act V, 1, 44—48.

it, so that he stood in great need of a journeyman or two more. At the last, one of his servants, spying one go along the street with a fardell at his back, called to his master, saying: "Sir, yonder goes Saint Hugh's bones, twenty pounds to a penney!"

"Run presently", quoth he, "and bring him hither."

The boy, running forth, called to the man, saying: "Good fellow, come hither; here is one would speak with you."

The fellow, being a Frenchman [1]) that had not long been in England, turning about, said: "Hea, what you sea? Will you speak wed me, hea? What you have? Tell me, what you have, hea?" And with that coming to the stall, the goodman askt him if he lackt work. "We, par ma foy", quoth the Frenchman.

Hereupon Simon took him in, and to worke he went merrily; where he behaved himselfe so well that his master made goo daccount of him — thinking he had been a bachelor, but in the end it was found otherwise.[2]) This man was the first that wrought upon the low-cut shooe with the square toe and the latchet overthwart the instep; before which time in England they did weare a high shooe that reached above the ankles, right after the manner of our husbandmen's shooes at this day, save onely that it was made very sharp at the toe, turning up like the tail of an Island dog, or as you see a cock carry his hinder feathers.

Now, it is to be remembred that, while John Denevale dwelt with Simon Eyer, it chanced that a ship of the Ile of Candy was driven upon our coast, laden with all kind of lawns and cambricks, and other linnen cloth, which commodities at that time were in London very scant and exceeding dear; and by reason of a great leak the ship

[1]) "Of the foreigners born, that flocked over into England, not far from the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, many were of the occupation of shoemakers." Stow-Strype (1720), vol. II, p. 213.

[2]) Cf. the hiring of Hans (Lacy), Sh. H. II, 3, 41—132.

had got at sea, being unable to sail any further, he would make what profit he could of his goods here[1]). And being come to London, it was John Denevale's chance to meet him in the streets, to whom the merchant, in the Greek tongue, demanded where he might have lodging; for he was one that had never been in England before and, being unacquainted, wist not whither to go. But while he spake Greek, John Denevale answered him still in French, which tongue the merchant understood well; and therefore, being glad that he had met with one that could talk to him, he declared unto him what tempests he endured at sea, and also how his ship lay upon the coast with such commodities as he would sell.

"Truly sir", quoth John, "I am myselfe but a stranger in this country and utterly unacquainted with merchants, but I dwell with one in this city that is a very honest man, and it may be that he can help you to some that will deal with you for it. And if you think it good, I will move him in it, and in the mean space I'le bring you where you may have[2]) a very good lodging. To-morrow morning I will come to you again."

"Sir", said the merchant, "if you please to do me that favour, I'le not onely be thankfull unto you for the same, but also in most honest sort will content you for your pains." And with that they departed.

Now, as soon as John the Frenchman came home, he moved that matter unto his master, desiring him that he would do what he could for the merchant. When his master had heard each circumstance, noting therewith the want of such commodities in the land, cast in his mind as he stood cutting up his work what were best to be done in this case, saying to his man John: "I will think upon it betwixt this and the morning, and then I will tell you my mind." And therewithall casting down his cutting-

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[1]) Sh. H. Act III, 1, 1—25.

[2]) gave; T have.

knife, he went out of his shop into his chamber, and therein walked up and down alone very sadly, ruminating hereon. He was so far in his muse that, his wife sending for him to supper two or three times, he nothing regarded the maid's call, hammering this matter in his head.

At last his wife came to him, saying: "Husband, what mean you that you do not come to supper? Why speak you not, man? Hear you, good husband? Come away, your meat will be cold." But for all her words he stayed walking up and down still, like a man that had sent his wits a-woll-gathering. Which his wife seeing, puled him by the sleeve, saying: "Why, husband, in the name of God, why come you not? Wil you not come to supper to night? I called you a good while ago."

"Body of me, wife", said he, "I promise thee I did not hear thee."

"No, faith, it seemeth so", quoth she. "I marvel whereupon your mind runneth."

"Beleeve me, wife", quoth he, "I was studying how to make myselfe Lord Maior and thee a Lady."

"Now God help you", quoth she, "I pray God make us able to pay every man his own, that we may live out of debt and danger and drive the woolf from the doore, and I desire no more."

"But wife", said he, "I pray thee now tell me, doest thou not think that thou couldest make shift to bear the name of a lady, if it should he put upon thee?"

"In truth, husband", quoth she, "I'le not dissemble with you; if your wealth were able to beare it, my mind would beare it well enough."[1])

"Well, wife", replyed he, "I tell thee now in sadnesse that, if I had money, there is a commodity now to be bought, the gains wherof would be able to make me a gentleman forever."

[1]) In his reconception of the character of Mrs. Eyre Dekker made full use of the comic possibilities of this and other character touches.

"Alas, husband, that dignitie your trade allows you already, being a squire of the Gentle Craft; then how can you be lesse than a gentleman, seeing your sonne is a prince borne?"

"Tush, wife", quoth he, "those titles do onely rest in name but not in nature. But of that sort had I rather be whose lands are answerable to their vertues, and whose rents can maintain the greatnesse of their minde."

"Then, sweet husband, tell me", said his wife, "tell me, what commodity is that which you might get so much by? I am sure yourself hath some money, and it shall go very hard but I'le procure friends to borrow one forty shillings, and beside that, rather then you should lose so good a bargain, I have a couple of crowns that saw no sun since we were first married, and them also shall you have."

"Alasse, wife", said Simon, "all this comes not neere that matter. I confesse it would do some good in buying some backs of leather, but in this thing it is nothing, for this is merchandize that is precious at this time, and rare to be had; and I hear that whosoever will have it must lay down three thousand pounds ready money. Yea, wife, and yet thereby he might get three and three thousand pounds profit."

His wife, hearing him say so, was inflamed with the desire thereof, as women are for the most part very covetous. That matter running still in her mind, she could scant finde in her heart to spare him time to go to supper, for very eagernesse to animate him on to take that bargain upon him. Wherefore, so soon as they had supt and given God thanks, she called her husband, saying: "I pray you come hither, I would speake a word with you. That man is not alwayes to be blamed that sometimes takes counsell of his wife. Though women's wits are not able to comprehend the greatest things, yet in doubtful matters they oft help on a sudden."

"Well, wife, what mean you by this?" said her husband.

knife, he went out of his sh
walked up and down alon
He was so far in his m
to supper two or thr
maid's call, hammerin

At last his wife
mean you that you
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"No,
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... you to pluck
... up a bargain for these
... Which way should I do it,
... three thousand pounds to lay down
... what of that? Every man
... a man in the face knows not what he hath
... and whatsoever he be that owns[1]) the goods,
... ought be content to stay a moneth for his
... three weeks at the least. And, I promise you,
... a thousand pounds a week is a pretty round pay-
... d. I may say to you not much to be misliked of.
... husband. I would have you in the morning with
... the Frenchman at the Grecian merchant, and with
... discretion drive a round bargain with him for the
... whole traught at the rest, and thereupon give him halfe
... a dozen angells in earnest, and eight and twenty dayes
... after the delivery of the goods condition to deliver him
... the rest at his owne ...
... But woman," quoth he, "dost thou imagine that he
... would take my word for so weighty a masse of money,
... and deliver his goods upon no better security?"
... "How should I make shift?" quoth she, "have you no wit in such
... sort? I'le tell you what you shall do:—
... know that you bargain for your own selfe, but
... him that you do it in the behalf of one of the
... aldermen in the city. But beware in any case that
... leave with him your own name in writing. He, being
... a Frenchman, cannot read English, and you have no need
... at all to shew John the Frenchman; or if you should, it
... no great matter, for you can tell well enough that
... neither write nor read."
... "I perceive, wife", quoth he, "thou wouldest fain be
... and worthy thou art to be one, that dost thus

1) = R whosoever . . . owns.
Sh. H. Act III, 1, 19—25.

.s to bring thy husband profit. But tell me,
i be desirous to see the alderman to confer
iow shall we do then?"

.s have mercy upon us!" quoth she. "You say
are fools, but me seemeth men have need to be
i sometimes. Before you come away in the morning,
)ohn the Frenchman tell him that the alderman him-
.e shall come to his lodging in the afternoon and,
eceiving a note of all the goods that be in the ship, he
shall deliver unto him a bill of his hand for the payment
of his money, according to that time. Now, sweetheart",
quoth she, "this alderman shall be thine own selfe, and
I'le go borrow for thee all things that shall be necessary
against that time."

"Tush", quoth her husband, "canst thou imagine that
he, seeing me in the morning, will not know me again in
the afternoon?"

"O husband", quoth she, "he will not know thee, I
warrant thee. For in the morning thou shalt go to him
in thy doublet of sheep's skins, with a smuched face, and
thy apron before thee, thy thumb-leather and hand-leather
buckled close to thy wrist, with a foule band about thy
neck, and a greasie cap on thy head."

"Why, woman", quoth he, "to go in this sort will be
a discredit to me, and make the merchant doubtfull of
my dealing; for men of simple attire are, God wot,
slenderly esteemed."

"Hold your peace, good husband", quoth she, "it
shall not be so with you, for John the Frenchman shall
give such good report to the merchant for your honest
dealing — as I praise God he can do no lesse — that the
Grecian will rather conceive the better of you than other-
wise; judging you a prudent, discreet man, that will not
make a shew of that you are not but go in your attire
agreeable to your trade. And because none of our folks
shall be privy to our intent, to-morrow wee'l dine at my
cousin John Barber's in Saint Clement's Lane, which is

not far from the George in Lumbard Street, where the merchant strangers lie. Now, I'le be sure that all things shall be ready at my cousin John's that you shall put on in the afternoon. And there he shall, first of all, with his scissers snap off all the superfluous hairs, and fashion thy bushy beard after the alderman's grave cut; then shall he wash thee with a sweet camphire ball and besprinkle thine head and face with the purest rose-water; then shalt thou scoure thy pitchy fingers in a bason of hot water with an ordinary washing ball, — and all this being done, strip thee from these common weeds, and I'le put thee on a very fair doublet of tawny sattin, over the which thou shalt have a cassock of branched damask, furred round about the skirts with the finest foynes; thy breeches of black velvet, and shooes and stockings fit for such array; a band about thy neck as white as the driven snow, and for thy wrists a pretty pair of cuffs; and on thy head a cap of the finest black. Then shalt thou put on a fair gown, welted about with velvet, and overthwart the back thwart it shall be with rich foyne; with a pair of sweet gloves on thy hands, and on thy forefinger a great seale-ring of gold[1]). Thou being thus attired, I'le intreat my cousin John Barber, because he is a very handsome young man, neat and fine in his apparell — as indeed all Barbers are — that he would take the pains to wait upon you unto the merchant's as if he were your man, which he will do at the first; because one of you cannot understand the other, so that it will be sufficient with outward curtesie one to greet another, and he to deliver unto you his notes and you to give him your bill, and so come home. — It doth my heart good to see how trimly this apparell doth become you; in good faith, husband, me seems in my mind I see you in it already, and how like an alderman you will look when you are in this

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[1]) Cf. Sh. H. Act III, 1, 106—110.

costly array![1]) At your return from the merchant, you shall put off all these clothes at my cousin's again, and come home as you did go forth. Then tell John the Frenchman that the alderman was with the merchant this afternoon. You may send him to him in the morning, and bid him to command that his ship may be brought down the river. While she is coming about, you may give notice to the linnen-drapers, of the commodities you have coming."

"Enough, wife", quoth he, "thou hast said enough; and, by the grace of God, I'le follow thy counsell, and I doubt not but to have good fortune."

Chap. II.

How Simon Eyer was sent for to my Lord Maior's to supper, and shewing the great entertainment he and his wife had there.[2])

Anon, after supper time drew neer, she, making herselfe ready in the best manner she could devise, passed along with her husband unto my Lord Maior's house. And being entred into the great hall, one of the officers there certified my Lord Maior that the great, rich shoomaker and his wife were already come. Whereupon the Lord Maior in courteous manner came into the hall to Simon, saying: "You are most heartily welcome, good Master Eyer, and so is your gentle bedfellow." Then came forth the Lady Maiores and saluted them both in like manner, saying: "Welcome, good Master Eyer and Mistresse Eyer both" — and taking her by the hand, set her down among the gentlewomen there present.

"Sir", quoth the Lord Maior, "I understand you are

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[1]) Cf. Sh. H. Act III, 1, 106—140. Eyre appears in an alderman's gown; why he does so can be understood only from Deloney.

[2]) Sh. H. Act III, 5. Dekker makes the supper take place after the election of Eyre to the shrievalty.

a shoomaker, and that it is you that hath brought up[1]) all the goods of the great argozy."

"I am indeed, my lord, of the Gentle Craft", quoth he, "and I praise God all the goods of the great argozy are mine own, when my debts are paid."

"God give you much joy of them", said the Lord Maior, "and I trust you and I shall deal for some part thereof."

So, the meat being then ready to be brought in, the guests were placed each one according to their calling. My Lord Maior holding Simon by the hand and the Lady Maiores holding his wife, they would needs have them sit neer to themselves. Which they then with blushing cheeks refusing, my lord said unto them, holding his cap in his hand: "Master Eyer and Mistresse Eyer, let me intreat you not to be troublesome, for I tell you it shall be thus. And as for those gentlemen here present, they are all of mine old acquaintance, and many times we have been together; therefore I dare be the bolder with them; and albeit you are our neighbours also, yet, I promise you, you are strangers to my table, and to strangers common courtesie doth teach us to shew the greatest favour — and therefore let me rule you in mine house, and you shall rule me in yours."

When Simon found there was no remedy, they sat them down; but the poore woman was so abashed that she did eat but little meat at the table, bearing herselfe at the table with a comely and modest countenance. But what she wanted in outward feeding, her heart yeelded to, with inward delight and content. Now, so it was — many men that knew not Simon, and seeing him in so simple attire sit next my lord, whisperingly asked one another what he was. And it was enough for Simon's wife, with her eyes and ears to see and hearken after everything that was said or done. A grave, wealthy cittizen, sitting at the table, spake to Simon and said: "Sir, in good will I drink to your good health, but I

[1]) T and R bought all.

beseech you pardon me, for I know not how to call your name." With that my Lord Maior answered him, saying: "His name is Master Eyer; and this is the gentleman that bought all the goods that came in the Black Swan of Candy, and, before God, though he sit here in simple sort, for his wealth I do verily beleeve he is more sufficient to bear this place than myselfe. This was a man that was never thought upon, living obscure amongst us, of none account in the eyes of the world, carrying the countenance but of a shoomaker — and none of the best sort neither — and is able to deal for a bargain of five thousand pounds at a clap[1])." "We do want many such shoomakers", said the citizen; and so with other discourse drove out supper.

At what time, rising from the table, Simon and his wife, receiving sundrie salutations of my Lord Maior and his lady, and of all the rest of the worshipfull guests, departed home to their own house. At what time his wife made such a recitall of the matters: how bravely they were entertained, what great chear was there, also what a great company of gentlemen and gentlewomen were there, and how often they drank to her husband and to her — with divers other circumstances, that I beleeve, if the night had been six moneths long, as it is under the North Pole, they would have found talke enough till morning. "Of a truth", quoth she, "although I sate closely by my ladie's side, I could eat nothing for very joy to heare and see that we were so much made of. And never give me credit, husband, if I did not hear the officers whisper as they stood behind me and all demanded one of another what you were and what I was. 'O', quoth one, 'do you see this man? Mark him well, and marke his wife well, that simple woman that sits next my ladie — what are they?' 'What are they?' quoth another. 'Marry, this is the rich shoomaker

[1]) Cf. Sh. H. Act III, 3, 63—70.

that bought all the goods in the great argozy. I tell you there was never such a shoomaker seen in London since the city was builded.' 'Now, by my faith', quoth the third, 'I have heard much of him to-day among the merchants in the street, going between the Two Chains.' Credit me, husband, of mine honesty this was their communication. Nay, and do you not remember, when the rich citizen drank to you — which craved pardon because he knew not your name — what my Lord Maior said? 'Sir', quoth he, 'his name is Master Eyer.' Did you mark that? And presently thereupon he added these words: 'this is the gentleman that bought' — and so forth. The 'gentleman' — understood you? Did you heare him speake that word?"

"In troth, wife", quoth he, "my lord uttered many good words of me, I thank his Honour, but I heard not that."

"No?" quoth she. "I heard it well enough, for by and by he proceeded further, saying: 'I suppose, though he sit here in simple sort, he is more sufficient to beare this charge than myselfe.' Yea, thought I, he may thank his wife for that, if it come so to passe."

"Nay", said Simon, "I thank God for it."

"Yea, and next Him you may thank me", quoth she.[1]) And it did her so much good to talk of it, that I suppose, if she had lived till this day, she would yet be prating thereof, and if sleep did not drive her from it.

And now, seeing that Simon the shoomaker is become a merchant, we will temper our tongues to give him that title, which his customers were wont to do, and from henceforth call him Master Eyer; who, while he had his affairs in hand, committed the government of his shop to John the Frenchman[2]), leaving him to be guide to his other servants, by meanes of which favour John thought himselfe at that time to be a man of no small reputation.

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[1]) he.

[2]) Sh. H. Act III, 4, 146.

Chap. III.

How John the Frenchman fell in love with one of his mistrisse' maids, and how he was crossed through the craft of Haunce the Duchman.

At the same time, there was dwelling in the house a jolly, lusty wench whose name was Florence, whom John the Frenchman loved dearly well. And for her onely sake he brought many a good bottle of wine into the house, and, therewithall, so soon as their master and mistresse were gone to bed, they would oftentimes make merrie amongst themselves. Which Haunce, a journeyman in the same house, perceiving, sought to crosse them as much as in him lay, thereby to bring his own purpose the better to passe, which was to joyn the maiden's favours to his own affection. And because the Frenchman had greatest gains under his master, and being thereof no niggard when he had got it, the maids did most delight in him, and little esteemed the Duchman, though his good will were as great towards her as the other; for they could not be in any corner of the house together, nor could they meet in any place abroad, but the Duchman would still watch them.

Upon a time, Florence being at market, her love, John, went forth of the shop to meet her, and Haunce stayed not long behind; who at length espied them, and heard his fellow John questioning with her in this sort:

"What Florence, what have you in your basket, hea? Let me see what you buy."

"Marrie, John", quoth she, "I have bought beefe and mutton, and other things — come, come, must you peep in my basket?" quoth she. "Away, for shame, away!"

"Be Got, Florence, me will see a little — ha, ha, Florence, you buy the pudding, hea? You love de puddings, Florence, hea?"

"Yea, sir", quoth she, "what if I do love puddings? What care you?"

"Of my tra, Florence, if I be your husband me will give you pudden, shall warren."

"My husband?" quoth she. "In faith sir, no; I mean not to marrie a Frenchman."

"What, Florence, de Frenchman be de good man. But Florence, me will give you a pinte of wine by my treat."

"O I cannot stay now, I thank you, John."

"What", quoth he, "Florence, no stay with your friend? I shall make you stay a little time."

And so with that, taking her by the hand, into the tavern they [1]) go, and Haunce the Duchman following [2]) them, and sate close in the next roome, and by that means he heard all that they said, and that they appointed the next Sunday to go to Islington together and there to be merry. And so, the maid hasting away, they departed.

"Well", quoth Haunce secretly to himselfe, "it shall go hard but I'le disappoint you."

Sunday in the afternoon being come, John the Frenchman, according to his appointment, went before to Islington, leaving Florence to come after with another maid which dwelt in the same house, whilest he prepared good chear for their coming. And the more to make her merrie, he hired a noise of musitians to attend their pleasure.

And as it after happened, his fellow Haunce prevented this sport, who watching in the fields for Florence, at length he spied her coming. To whom he said: "Well met, fair Florence, your friend John hath changed his mind, for, whereas he appointed you to meet him at Islington, you shall lose your labour so to do, for he is not there."

"No? how so?" said Florence.

"The reason is this", said Haunce. "So farre as I can understand by him, he thinks you are verie fickle and inconstant, and because it was his chance this morning to see you speak to a young man that passed by, he saith,

[1]) then; T and R they.

[2]) Thus also in the two T and the two R editions.

verrily, that you are a marvellous great dissembler. And in this humour he is gone I know not whither."

"And is it even so?" said Florence. "I'le tell thee what, Haunce; because he hath made thee privie to his mind I will shew thee somewhat of mine. Doth he suspect me because I did but speake to one? Nay, if he be so jealous now, what will he be hereafter? And, therefore, insomuch that it is so, let him go to the devill; he shall very well find that I will set as light by him as he doth by me. Did the knave get leave of my mistris for me to come abroad this day, and doth he now serve me thus? Well, this shall teach me wit, in faith". And so she turns back again.

"Nay", quoth Haunce, "seeing you are now abroad, let me intreat you to go to Hogsdon[1]), and I will bestow a messe of cream upon you."

In the end she was won, and as they walked together, Haunce spake thus unto her: "I know not what cause John the Frenchman hath given you to bear him so good will as I perceive you do, but in my mind he is a far unmeet match for you. And thus much I know: he is of a very mistrustfull nature, a wavering mind, and deceitfull heart. He did professe great good will to you in outward shew, but I have heard him speak most shamefully of you behind your back, making his vaunts that he had you at a beck of his finger, and how that for a pint of wine he could cause you to follow him up and down over all the citie. Florence, I am a fool to tell you thus much — it may be you will scarce beleeve it and, for my part, I will not urge you thereunto — but in troth, look what I tell you it is for good will, because I have been sorrie to see you abused."

"I thank you, good Haunce", quoth she, "I may beleeve it well enough. But from henceforth I know what I have to do. I confesse, indeed, that I have drunk with him abroad, but it was at his own earnest intreaty; neither

[1]) Hogdsdon; T,R Hogsdon, Hogsden.

could I ever be quiet for the knave, he doth so follow me up and down in every place. But, seeing I know his dissimulation to be such, if I do not requite him in his kind, trust me no more. And now I am heartily sorrie that I was so foolish as to follow him this day at his appointment; but seeing he hath served me thus, he shall not know of my coming out of doors, and therefore, good Haunce, do not tell him that you met me this day in the fields."

"Nay, in faith, Florence," quoth he, "I will not onely be secret to thee, but will also from henceforth acquaint thee with all my proceedings."

And having eaten their creame, Haunce brought her some part of the way homeward. And, taking his leave of her, he went back to see if he could meet with John the Frenchman, who having stayed at Islington for Florence untill almost night, and she not coming, he and the musicians together were faine to eat up the meat, without more company — which caused John the Frenchman to swear like a Turk.

And as he was coming homeward over the fields, chaffing and fretting to himselfe, who should he meet withall but Haunce the Duchman, who said to him: "What, John, who thought to meet you here?"

"Here thou seest I am now," said John; "but when came you from home?"

"Marry, but even now," quoth Haunce.

"And who is at home[1])?" said John.

The other answered there was nobody but their mistresse and the maid Florence, with the rest of the houshold.

"Is Florence at home[1])?" said John. "The devill take her for me, she hath maid a right fool of me indeed."

"How so?" quoth Haunce. Then the other in a great chafe said: "Be Got, shall be revenged; Florence mock

[1]) T; S whomo, whom.

an me too mush, too mush she make me beleeve she loye me, and me tink so too, and, be Got, she make me a Jack Fool!"

When Haunce heard him say so, he said: "Alas, good John, she love thee? If you think so, you are greatly deceived, for she is the scoffingest quean in London. And I have heard her behind your back to mock and flout you, saying: 'Doth Shitten John think that I will marry him? In faith, sir, no!'"

When the Frenchman heard this, he stampt like a madman, and bit his thumb, saying: "Mordue[1]), me shall be revenged, be Got! 'Shitten John?' call a 'Shitten John', hea? A de put in corroyn[2]), a meshant! 'Shitten John' no better name but 'Shitten John'?"

"It is as I tell you", quoth Haunce. "And moreover, she said she scorned to come after you to Islington, saying she would see you hanged first."

"Well, be no matter — she no love me, me no love she, but me shall go home, me shall, and beat as a stockfish."[3])

"Nay, do not so", said Haunce, "but let her alone; for it is no credit for you to beat a woman, and besides that, if you should, our master would turn you out of doores. Therefore be quiet a while, and be secret in that I have told you; then shall you see how she useth you." In this humour they departed.

At what time, John, full of melancholy, stood frowning by the fireside. And as the maid went up and down the house about her businesse, he cast looks on her, as fierce as a panther; but she, by reason of the Duchman's tale to her, shews herselfe as scornfull as he was currish, and not once cast her eye towards him. And thus they drove out the time of a senight or a fortnight.

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[1]) R morbleu.

[2]) S Adeput in corroyname shant; T Adeput in corroyn ame shant. Corroyn probably = coron (Godefroy Dict. de L'Anc. Lang. Franc.) i. e. corner.

[3]) R: beat her like a stock-fish.

Chap. IV.

How Master Eyr was called upon to be Sheriffe of London, and how he held his place with worship.[1])

In this space, Master Eyer, following his businesse, had sold so much of his merchandize as paid the Grecian his whole money, and yet had resting to himselfe three times as much as he had sold; whereof he trusted some to one alderman, and some to another, and a great deal amongst substantiall merchants[2]); and for some had much ready money, which he imployed in divers merchandizes; and became adventurer at sea, having, by God's blessing, many a prosperous voiage, whereby his riches dailie increased. It chanced upon a time that, being in his study, casting up his accounts, he found himselfe to be clearely worth twelve or thirteen thousand pounds; which he finding to be so, he called his wife to him, and said: "The last day I did cast up my accounts, and I finde that Almighty God of his goodnesse hath lent me thirteen thousand pounds to maintain us in our old age, for which His gracious goodnesse towards us let us with our whole hearts give His glorious Majesty eternall praise, and therewithall pray unto Him that we may so dispose thereof as may be to His honour, and the comfort of His poore members on earth; and above our neighbours may not be puffed up with pride, that, while we think on our wealth, we forget God that sent it to us; for it hath been an old saying of a wise man that abundance groweth from riches, and disdain out of abundance — of which God give us grace to take heed, and grant us a contented mind."

So soon as he had spoken this, they heard one knocking hastily at doore, whereupon he sent Florence to see who it was. The maiden, coming again, told her

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[1]) Sh. H. Act III, 4, 1—58 and 114—163.

[2]) Sh. H. Act III, 3, 66—67.

master it was one of my Lord Maior's officers that would speake with him. The officer being permitted to come in, after due reverence, he said: "Sir, it hath pleased my Lord Maior with the worshipfull Aldermen his brethren, with the counsell of the whole Communaltie of the Honourable City to chuse your worship Sheriffe of London this day, and have sent me to desire you to come and certifie your minde therein whether you be contented to hold the place or no." Master Eyer, hearing this, answered he would come to his Honor and their Worships incontinent, and resolve them what he was minded to do. And so the officer departed.

His wife, which all this while listned to their talk, hearing how the case stood, with a joyfull countenance meeting her husband, taking him about the neck, with a loving kisse, said: "Master Sheriffe, God give thee joy of thy name and place!"

"O wife", quoth he, "my person is far unworthy of that place, and the name far exceeds my degree."

"What, content yourselfe, good husband", quoth she, "and disable not yourselfe in such sort, but be thankfull unto God for that you have, and do not spurn at such promotion as God sendeth unto you. The Lord be praised for it, you have enough to discharge the place whereunto you are called, with credit; and wherefore sendeth God goods but therewithall to do Him and your countrey service?"

"Woman", quoth he, "soft fire makes sweet mault; for, such as take things in hand rashly, repent as suddenly. To be Sheriffe of London is no little cost. Consider first", quoth he, "what house I ought to have, and what costly ornaments belong thereunto, as: hanging of tapistry, cloth of Arras, and other such like; what store of plate and goblets of gold, what costly attire, and what a chargeable train; and that which is most of all: how greatly I stand charged, beside, to our soveraigne lord, the king, for the answering of such prisoners as shall be committed to my

custody — with an hundred matters of such importance which are to such an office belonging."

"Good Lord, husband", quoth she, "what need all these repetitions? You need not tell me it is a matter of great charge. Notwithstanding, I verily think many heretofore have with great credit discharged the place, whose wealth hath not in any sort been answerable to your riches, and whose wits have been as mean as your own. Truly, sir, shall I be plain? I know not anything that is to be spoken of that you want to performe it, but only your good will — and to lack good will to do your king and countrey good were a signe of an unworthy subject, which I hope you will never be."

"Well wife", said her husband, "thou dost hold me here with prittle-prattle, while the time passeth on. 'Tis high time I were gone to Guildhall. I doubt I shall appear too unmannerly in causing my Lord Maior and the rest to stay my leisure."

And he having made himselfe ready, meet to go before such an assembly as he went unto, he went out of doores; at what time his wife called after him, saying, and holding up her finger: "Husband, remember — you know what I have said — take heed you dissemble not with God and the world; look to it, husband."

"Go too, go too, get you in", quoth he, "about your businesse!" And so away he went.

So soon as he was gone out of sight, his wife sent one of his men after him to Guildhall, to hearken and hear whether her husband held his place or no: "And if he do, bring me word with all possible speed." — "I will, mistresse", quoth her man.

Now, when Master Eyer came to Guildhall, the Lord Maior and his brethren bade him heartily welcome, saying: "Sir, the Communaltie of the City, having a good opinion of you, have chosen you for one of our Sheriffes for this yeer, not doubting but to find you a fit man for the place."

"My good lord", quoth he, "I humbly thank the City for their courtesie and kindnesse, and would to God my wealth were answereable to my good will, and my ability were able to bear it! But I find myselfe insufficient; I most humbly desire a yeer's respite more and pardon for this present."

At these words, a grave commoner of the City, standing up, with due reverence spoke thus unto the Maior: "My good lord, this is but a slender excuse for Master Eyre to make; for I have often heard him say, and so have divers others also, that he hath a table in his house whereon he breaks his fast every day, that he will not give for a thousand pounds. — Wherefore, under your lordship's correction, in my simple judgement I think he that is able to spare a thousand pounds in such a dead commodity is very sufficient to be Sheriff of London."

"See you now?" quoth my lord. "I muse, Master Eyre, that you will have so lame an excuse before us as to take exceptions at your own wealth, which is apparantly proved sufficient. You must know, Master Eyer, that the Commons of London have searching eyes, and seldome are they deceived in their opinion; and, therefore, looke what is done you must stand to it."

"I beseech you, my lord", quoth Master Eyer, "give me leave to speak one word. Let it be granted that I will not give my table whereon I breake my fast, for a thousand pounds; that is no consequence to prove it is worth so much. My fancy to the thing is all, for doubtlesse no man here would give me a thousand shillings for it when they see it."

"All is one, for that", quoth my Lord Maior; "yet dare I give you as much wine as you will spend this yeer in your Shrivalrie to let me have it."

"My good lord", quoth he, "on that condition I will hold my place, and rest no longer troublesome to this company."

"You must hold", said my lord, "without any condition or exceptions at all in this matter." And so they ended.

The assembly being then broken up, the voice went: "Master Eyer is Sheriffe! Master Eyer is Sheriffe!" Whereupon the fellow that Mistresse Eyer sent to observe how things framed, ran home in all haste, and with leaping and rejoycing said: "Mistresse, God give you joy, for you are now a gentlewoman."

"What", quoth she, "tell me, Sir Sawce, is thy master Sheriffe or no? And doth he hold his place?"

"Yes, mistresse, he holds it now as fast as the stirrop doth the shooes while we sow it."

"Why, then", quoth she, "I have my heart's desire, and that I so long looked for." And so away she went.

Within a while after came her husband, and with him one of the aldermen and a couple of wealthy commoners. One of them was he that gave such great commendations of his table. And comming to his doore, he said: "You are welcome home, good Master Sheriffe."

"Nay, I pray you, come in and drink with me before you go." Then said he: "Wife, bring me forth the pasty of venison, and set me here my little table, that these gentlemen may eat a bit with me before they go."

His wife, which had been oft used to this terme, excused the matter, saying: "The little table! Good Lord, husband, I do wonder what you will do with the little table now, knowing that it is used already. I pray you, good husband, content yourselfe, and sit at this great table this once." Then she whispered him in the eare, saying: "What, man, shall we shame ourselves?"

"What, shame?" quoth he. "Tell not me of shame, but do thou as thou art bidden; for we are three or foure of us, — then what do we troubling the great table?"

"Truly", answered she, "the little table is not ready now; good husband, let it alone."

"Trust me we are troublesome guests", said the alderman[1]), "but yet we would fain see your little table because it is said to be of such prize."[2])

"Yea, and it is my mind you shall", quoth Master Eyer. Therefore he called his wife again, saying: "Good wife, dispatch, and prepare the little table, for these gentlemen would fain have a view of it."

Whereupon his wife, seeing him so earnest, according to her wonted manner came in and, setting herselfe down on a low stool, laid a fair napkin over her knees, and set the platter with the pasty of venison thereupon. And presently a chear was brought for Master Alderman, and a couple of stools for the two commoners, which they beholding, with a sudden and hearty laughter said: "Why, Master Sheriffe, is this the table you held so deare?"

"Yes, truly", quoth he.

"Now, verily", quoth they, "you herein have utterly deceived our expectation."

"Even so did you mine", quoth he, "in making me Sheriffe. But you are all right welcome and I will tell you true: had I not thought wondrous well of you, you had not seen my table now. And I think, did my Lord Maior see it as you do, he would repent his bargain so hastily made. Notwithstanding, I account of my table never the worse."

"Nor have you any cause", quoth they. And so, after much pleasant talk, they departed, spreading the fame of Master Sheriffe's little table over the whole city.

But you must now imagine that a thousand cares combred the Sheriffe in providing all things necessary for his office; at what time he put off his shoomaker's shop to one of his men, and set up at the same time the signe of the Black Swan swimming[3]) upon the Sea, in remembrance of that ship that first did bring him his

[1]) aldermen.

[2]) T and R of such a price.

[3]) T and R; S swiming.

wealth. And before that time the sign of the Black Swan was never seen or known in any place in or about the City of London.

Chap. V.

How Haunce, having circumvented John the Frenchman's love, was by him and others finely deceived at the garden.

Now, at that time, John the Frenchman and fair Florence were both at variance, as you heard before, — by the Duchman's dealing, by which subtilty he sought means to win favour for himselfe; which John the Frenchman perceived, and therefore went about not only to prevent him, but to take revenge on him for his deceitfulnesse. And meeting Florence as she went into the garden for flowers, he began to talk thus unto her: "What, Florence, you go to the garden?"

"And how then", quoth she, "what have you to say to that?"

"Me sea nothing, but you be discontent; you no speak a me, you no look a me, nor you no drink with me, nor noting. Ah Florence, how chance dat?"

"Go, get thee hence, prating fool!" quoth she. "I drink with thee? Thou shalt be pie-peckt first."

"Pie-peck? What, be pie-peckt a hea? Be Got, Florence, you make me a jacknape, you mock a me, and call me 'Shitten Jan', and you be so proud because Haunce love you dat shall be marvell, but and if you call me 'Shitten John' any more, par my foy, shall not put up, shall not take at your hands."

"Who told you that I called you 'Shitten John'?" quoth Florence. "I never called you so."

"No? Florence, you no call a me 'Shitten John'? A so meshant villain pulard [1]) Haunce tell a me so."

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[1]) i. e. pouillard, lowsie (Cotgrave 1611).

"I never said so", quoth Florence. "But Haunce told me that you made your boast that I was at a beck of your finger, and that you could make me follow you up and down the whole city for a pinte of wine. No, I would you should well understand I will not follow a better man than you."

"Of my fet, Florence, me never say so."

"No? Yes", quoth she, "but you did. I can tell you by a good token, for that very time that I should have met you at Islington you said it, and made me a fool to come over the fields to you, and when all came to all, you sent Haunce to tell me you were gone there hence long agone."

"Ah cet token[1]) Haunce!" quoth John. "Be des ten bon[2]), 'tis true; for me tarry dere more den one, two, tree hour, and had provide shapon, de rabit, de creame, de pudding-pie, and twenty ding more."

"Well, howsoever it was, I am sure I was made an asse betwixt you, and for that cause I will beware how I shew kindnesse again to any. Therefore, John, I pray you be gone, and seek some other company, for you shall not go with me."

"No?" said John. "Well, den adieu, Florence." And so they departed.

Now, it is to be understood that Haunce had promised Florence to meet her in the garden, and to bring with him a bottle of wine, and there, in the presence of a maid or two more, to make themselves sure together; and she for that purpose had carryed with her a good corner of a venison pasty. But there was an English journeyman in the house, called Nicholas, that understood thereof; who, meeting with John the Frenchman, he made him privie thereunto, saying: "Trust me, John, if thou wilt be ruled by me, we will not onely disappoint this match, but also with their good chear make ourselves merry." John, who

[1]) S toking; T and R token.

[2]) i. e. ten bones, ten fingers.

was glad and ready to do the Duchman any injury, consented to follow Nicholas his counsell in anything.

"Then", quoth Nicholas, "it shall be thus: I will go to the garden and stay for Haunce his coming with the wine and, in the meane space, do thou hide thyselfe under one of the hedges of the garden on the other side, and with thee take a couple of pots, and let the one be empty and the other filled with water, and when Haunce is come into the garden with his bottle of wine, — now, he will not let me see it by his good will; notwithstanding, I'le observe well where he doth set it down, and then I will finde the meanes, while they are busie in toying and talking, to conveigh the bottle of wine through the hedge to thee, and likewise the venison. Then, emptying the bottle, thou shalt fill it with water and, thrusting it through the hedge again, it shall be set where first it was found; which being done, thou shalt hastily rap at the garden doore, at what time they shall be told that it is my master or mistresse; which they hearing will be in such a maze that on a sudden they will not know which way to turn themselves, especially for the conveying away of Haunce. Now, when you have knockt twice or thrice and that you heare nobody come to the doore, get you away, and stay for me at the Rose in Barking, and there we will drink up their wine, eat up the venison, and this being done, wee'le laugh them to scorn."

"Truly, Nicholas," quoth John the Frenchman, "this will be brave." And thereupon they prepared themselves to do the feat. Nicholas therefore got him into the garden, and by and by after comes Haunce with the bottle of wine, who knocking at the garden doore was straight let in; but seeing Nicholas there, he secretly set his bottle in a corner. But Nick, who had as searching eyes as Argus in his businesse, quickly did as before he had determined, and instead of wine set the bottle down again where he first found it, full of water.

Then comes John and lustily knocks at the doore.

"There is our master and mistresse," quoth Nicholas. — "Alas," quoth Florence, "what shall we do for Haunce?" Then rapt he at the doore again. "Alas," quoth she, "get you over the hedge!" — "Shall I open the doore?" quoth Nick. — "O no," said Florence, "not yet, good Nick." With that he knockt more hastily. "Anon, anon," quoth he. — "Hence Haunce[1])! Go to the doore, Nick!"

"Who is there?" quoth he, and with that opening the doore, found just nobody. "Truly, Florence," said he, "they are gone whosoever they were. — God be with you, I can stay no longer!"

When he was departed, the maids wished that Haunce had been there again. "Alas, poore fellow," quoth they, "is he gone, and left his bottle behind him?"

"Marry, I am glad that it is no worse," quoth Florence. "And now that the wine is here, we will drink it for his sake, and I have here a morsell of venison that will give it a good relish." And therewithall looking for it, she found the cloak, but the meat gone. "Now, a vengeance one it," quoth she, "one skurvie cur or other hath got into the garden and took away the meat!"

"O God, what ill luck is that!" quoth the maide. "A murren on that cur that got it! But seeing it is gone, farewell it."

"Well," said Florence, "here is the wine yet. I know it is excellent good, for he told me he would bring a bottle of the best Renish wine that could be bought in London, and I am certain he is as good as his word. But beleeve me, Joane, he is as kind-hearted and as loving a fellow as ever professed love to any. I assure you that here is a cup of wine that the king might drink thereof. But how shall we do for a glasse?"

"Wee'le drink it out of the bottle," said Joane.

"Not so," quoth Florence. "I do love to see what I drink, and therefore I'le borrow a glasse at the next house."

[1]) All of the quartos (S, T, R) omit 'quoth she'; and all have 'quoth he' after 'anon'.

And while she goes for a glasse, said Joane to herselfe: "I'le have a taste of it before she returns again." And then setting her hand unto the bottle and the bottle to her mouth, she drank a good draught, and finding it to be something thin in the going down, she said to Besse that sat by: "Credit me now, but for the name of wine, I have drunk as good water."

"It is Renish wine," quoth Besse, "and that is never strong."

"It may be made of rain well enough," quoth Joane.

"At which words Florence entred with a glas. And powring it out into the glasse, she extolled the colour, saying: "See what a brave colour it hath! It is as clear, I do assure you, as rock water." And therewithall drinking it off, she said: "It drinks very dead. Of a troth," quoth she, "this is but bad wine; it is even as dead as a doore naile." And so filling the glasse again, she gave it unto Besse.

She, tasting thereof, said: "Passion of me, this is plain water!"

"Water?" said Joane. "Is it water? Let me taste of it once again. By my maidenhead, it is water indeed," quoth she.

"Water!" said Florence. "You have played the drabs in drinking out the wine and filling the bottle again with water."

"Of my faith," quoth Joane, "you say not true in so saying. I would you did understand we played not the drabs in any such sort, but Haunce rather played the knave, that brought us water instead of wine."

"Nay," quoth Florence, "I dare swear for him that he would not serve you so for all the wealth my master is worth. And I am perswaded it was nobody but yourselves that did it. But, in faith, you might have dealt so with another and not with me."

"Nay, then," quoth they, "you need not to serve us so, to cause us drink water instead of wine: and we would

you should think, although you be Master Sheriffe's maid, we love our mouths as well as you do yours, for your life; and it was but an homely recompence for our good will, I tell you true. Neither do we care how little we come — to be thus deluded."

"Go too, go too," said Florence, "you are like to Penelope's puppy, that doth both bite and whine; I know you well enough."

"Know us?" quoth Joane. "What do you know by us? We defie you for anything you can say by us. 'Know us?' Nay, it were well if thou didst know thyselfe. And — hearest thou? — though thou hast thy companions to meet thee at thy pleasure, and we have not, — no, 'know us[1])?' We are known to be as honest as thou art, or else we should be sorry." And so she departed in a chafe.

Now, John the Frenchman and Nicholas, having eaten the venison and drunk up the wine, came back again time[2]) enough to hear all this strife, whereat they greatly rejoyced. But so soon as Florence did meet with Haunce again, she kept no small stir for mocking her with a bottle of water, about the which they fell at variance in such sort that they were not friends for a long time after.

But during the time that Haunce was out of favour, Nicholas sought the maid's frendship by all the means he might, but in vain was his pains spent therein; for, although Florence outwardly seemed much displeased, yet Haunce had her heart still, and in processe of time obtained great favour. The matter was grown so foreward that the performance of their marriage was forthwith appointed; which they intended should be celebrated at the Abbey of Grace on Tower Hill. Notwithstanding, this matter was not kept so close but that their secret dealings were known, and Nicholas, purposing to deceive the Duchman, made John the Frenchman privie thereunto, saying: "John, it

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[1]) S, T, R punctuate: thou? though thou ... not: no, know us?
[2]) So also T and R.

is so that this night, at midnight masse, Florence and Haunce do intend secretly to be married, and they have appointed the frier to do it so soon as the tapers are all put out, because they will not be seen of any. Therefore, John, if now you will be my friend, I do not doubt but to marry her myselfe, and so to give the Duchman the slampam and bore him through the nose with a cushin[1])."

"Ha," quoth John, "be Got, me shall do as you sea, and therefore, Nicholas, tell me what you do."

"Marry, John," quoth he, "you know the Duchman loveth to drink well, and by that he loveth wee'le cause him to lose his love; for we will get him out to the tavern and there cause him to be disguised that he shall neither be able to stand nor go[2])."

John the Frenchman hearing this, scratching his head and rubbing his elbow, said: "Ma foy, Nicholas, dis be de fine trick! How shall we get him forth a doores?"

"Excellent well," quoth Nicholas, "for there is a new journeyman come to town with Sir Hugh's bones at his back, and you know that we, being of the Gentle Craft, must go give him his welcome — and I will tell Haunce thereof, who being now very jocund by reason that his marriage is so neer, will not deny to come, I know. Therefore you and the stranger journeyman shall go before to the tavern, and then I will go fetch him."

"A beene, content, content", said John.

And so to the tavern he hasted with the strange man. Anon comes Nicholas and Haunce, and with them two or three journeymen more, and all to the new journeyman. Sitting down, they got Haunce in the midst, called for wine lustily, and such varieties, as the Duchman was soon set packing; for every one sought to overcharge him

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[1]) T and R cushion.

[2]) In S the sentence continues: 'and while he lies parbreaking his minde', and then breaks off at the bottom of the page. The next page begins: 'hearing this, scratching his head etc.' T and R have the reading given here: '-go. John the Frenchman etc.'

and, being himselfe of a good kind to take his liquor, spared not to pledge every man. At what time, in the midst of his cups, being well whitled, his tongue ran at random; — as wine is the bewrayer of secrets, so it proved by him, for there he opened to his companions all his whole mind, saying: "My hearts, for all I sit here I must be a married man ere morning."

"God give you joy", quoth they.

"But who shall you marry?" said Nick. "Florence?"

"Yea, Florence", said the Duchman. "That is the lasse that I do love, and all the world cannot deceive me of her now. I am the man that must have her maidenhead, and this night we must be married at the Abbey of Grace; and if you be good fellows, go with me to church. Will you go with me?"

"Will we ged with thee?" said John Frenchman. "That we will."

"O John", said Haunce, "I have wiped your nose, and Nick's too; you must weare the willow garland."

"Well, what remedy?" quoth they. "It is the better for you."

"But in faith, Haunce, seeing it is so", quoth Nick, wee'le have one pottle of wine more that we may drink to the health of your fair bryde."

"I'le pledge her, if it be a gallon", quoth Haunce.

"Be my fet and trot", said John, "wee'le have a gallon. Hea, drawer, where be you? I pray you bring me a gallon of de best claret, and a gallon of de best sack; shall make merry, i'fet. What, Florence be marry and I no know?"

But by the time that this wine was drunk, Haunce was laid up for walking any more that night. When Nick perceived that, he stole suddenly out of the tavern, and went to meet Florence at the appointed place. But John quickly missed him, knew straight whereabout he went, got him presently to the constable of the postern gate, and told him that Nick had laid a man for dead in Tower Street, and that he was gone to save himselfe under the

priviledge of the Abbey of Grace. "But", quoth he, "if you will go along, I shall bring him out with fair words unto you, and then I desire you to clap him up to answer this matter in the morning."

"But where dwell you?" said the constable.

"I do dwell with Master Alderman Eyer", quoth John, "and there you shall have me at all times."

The constable did as John bade him and commited Nicholas to prison. In the mean space, Florence and an old woman of Tower Street[1]) said that they did go to a woman's labour, and by that means they passed along by the watch, and to the Abbey of Grace they came. They had not long been there but that John Frenchman, meeting them, said: "Florence, well met, here is a fit place to finish that I have long looked for."

"John", quoth she, "thou art like an evill spirit that must be conjured out before a body shall get any quietnesse. Urge not me upon any such matters, for you be not the man I looke for, and, therefore, as taking little pleasure in your presence as of your proffers, I would be very glad to see your back."

"What", said John, "have you no compassion upon a poore man? You be hard-hearted indeed."

But as he was uttering these speeches, it was his wive's chance to hear his tongue — being newly come from the barge at Billinsgate, and at that time going toward Saint Katherine's to see if she could meet with some of her countrey-folks that could tell her any tydings of her husband — but, as I said, hearing his tongue and knowing him by his speech, she said: "What, John Denevale? My husband John Denevale? What make you wed pretty wence, hea?"

At which words John was stricken into such a dump that he wist not what to say. Notwithstanding, hearing

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[1]) In the play Eyre's shop is 'at the signe of the Last in Towerstreet'. Act IV, 3, 1.

Florence to ask if she was his wife, he answered and said, "Yea".

"O thou dissembling fellow", quoth she, "is it even so? Didst thou say thou wast a batcheller, seeking to marry me, and hast a wife alive? Now fie on thee! O good Lord, how was I blest to escape him! Nay, now I see that Haunce may have a wife in Flaunders too, although he be here, and therefore, by the grace of God, I will not marry a stranger."

"O", quoth John, "I thought my wife had been dead, but seeing she is alive I will not lose her for twenty thousand crowns."

So Florence departed and left John with his wife. Now, Haunce never waking untill it was next day at noon, when he saw he had overslept himself, being very sorry, he went home, not knowing how to excuse his folly to Florence; whom she utterly forsook, as well in regard of his drunkennesse, as for that, being a stranger, he might, like John Frenchman, have another wife living. But Nicholas, that all this while lay in prison, being brought before Aldermann Eyer, rehearsed the truth and, craving pardon for his offence, was without more ado delivered. And Florence being called before him, he made up the match between her and his man Nicholas, marrying them out of his house with credit, giving them a good stock to begin the world withall. Also for John Frenchman he did very much, and shewed himselfe a good master to his man Haunce, and to all the rest of his servants.[1])

[1]) To this by-plot the Sh. H. owes a) the group of merry journeymen, b) the *motif* of the Jane-Hammond-Ralph plot, a returning husband being substituted by Dekker for the wife arriving in time to prevent bigamy, c) the dramatic situation in front of the church, where Hammond is 'cozened' by Firke of Ralph's wife. Act V, 2.

Between this treatment of the theme, English vs. foreign suitor, and Haughton's in An Englishman for my Money (1598) I cannot discover any connection.

Chap. VI.

How Master Alderman Eyer was chosen Lord Maior of London, and how he feasted all the prentises on Shrove Tuesday.[1])

Within a few yeers after, Alderman Eyer being chosen Lord Maior of London, changing his copy, he became one of the worshipfull Company of Drapers, and for this yeer he kept a most bountifull house. At this time it came into his mind what a promise once he made to the prentises, being at breakfast with them at their going to the conduit, — speaking to his lady in this wise: "Good Lord", quoth he, "what a change have we had within these thirty yeers, and how greatly hath the Lord blessed us since that! Blessed be His name for it! I do remember, when I was a young prentise what a match I made upon a Shrove Tuesday morning, being at the conduit among other of my companions — trust me, wife", quoth he, "'tis worth the hearing, and I'le tell thee how it fell out: —

After we had filled our tankards with water, there was some would needs have me set down my tankard and go with them to breakfast, as many times before I had done; to which I consented. And it was a breakfast of pudding-pies. I shall never forget it. But to make short, when the shot came to be paid, each one drew out his money, but I had not one peny in my purse and credit I had none in the place; which when I beheld, being abashed, I said: 'Well, my masters, do you give me my breakfast this time, and in requitall thereof, if ever I be Maior of London, I'le bestow a breakfast one all the prentises of the city'. These were the words, little thinking, God wot, that ever it should come to passe. But such was the great goodnesse of our God, who setteth up the humble and pulleth down the proud, to bring whom He

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[1]) Cf. the banquet, Sh. H. Act V, 4, 1—64.

pleaseth to the seat of honour. For, as the Scripture witnesseth, 'Promotion cometh neither from the east nor from the west, but from Him that is the giver of all good things, the mighty Lord of heaven and earth'. Wherefore, wife, seeing God hath bestowed that upon me that I never looked for, it is reason that I should perform my promise. And being able now, I'le pay that which then I was not able to do, for I would not have men say that I am like the ebon-tree, that neither beares leafes nor fruit. Wherefore, wife, seeing that Shrove Tuseday is so neer at hand, I will upon that day fulfill my promise which upon that day I made."

"Truly, my lord", quoth she, "I will be right willing thereunto."

Then answered my lord: "As thou dost love me, let them want neither pudding-pies nor pancakes, and look what other good chear is to be had; I will referre all to your discretion."

Hereupon great provision was made for the prentises' breakfast. And Shrove Tuesday being come, the Lord Maior sent word to the aldermen that in their severall wards they should signifie his mind to the citizens to crave their favours that their prentises might come to his house to breakfast, and that for his sake they might play all the day after. Hereupon it was ordered that at the ringing of a bell in every parish, the prentises should leave work and shut up their shops for that day; which being ever since yeerly observed, it is called the Pancake Bell.[1])

The prentises being all assembled, my Lord Maior's house was not able to hold them, they were such a multitude; so that, besides the great hall, all the gardens were set with tables, and in the backside tables were set, and every other spare place was also furnish'd; so that at length they were al placed. And while meat was bringing in, to delight their eares as well as to feed their bodies,

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[1]) Cf. Sh. H. Act V, 2, 187.

and to drown the noise of their pratlings, drums and trumpets were pleasantly sounded. That being ended, the waits of the city, with divers other sorts of musick, played also to beguile the time, and to put off all discontent. After the first service were all the tables plentifully furnished with pudding-pies and pancakes in very plentifull manner; and the rest that remained was given to the poore. Wine and ale in very great measure they had given, insomuch that they had no lack, nor excesse to cause them to be disordered. And in the midst of this their merriment, the Lord Maior in his scarlet gown, and his Lady in like manner, went in amongst them, bidding them all most heartily welcome, saying unto them that his promise so long ago made, he hath at length performed. At what time they, in token of thankfulnesse, flung up their caps, giving a great shout, and incontinently they all quietly departed.

Then, after this, Sir Simon Eyer builded Leadenhall[1]), appointing that in the midst thereof there should be a market place kept every Munday for leather[2]), where the shoomakers of London, for their more ease, might buy of the tanners without seeking any further.

And in the end this worthy man[3]) ended his life in London, with great honour.

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[1]) In the play the hall is finished before the banquet takes place.

[2]) Cf. Sh. H. Act V, 5, 159—165.

[3]) Deloney's Eyre is an imperfect blending of history, tradition, and Deloney. In Dekker's hands he became one of the great humorous characters in English comedy.

A New Love Sonnet.[1])

[Maide.] All hayle, sweet youth, fair Venis' graft,
Cheife master of the Gentle Craft!
How comely seemes thou in my sight —
Like Phebus in the heavens bright —
That never was in Cupid's pound,
Or from his shaft receiv'd a wound;
For by thy mirth it doth appeare
Thy minde is free from griefe and care.

Shoomaker. Faire maid, you speak no more but truth,
For why the freedome of my youth
I value at too high a rate
To linke myselfe with any mate.
There is no comfort on the earth
Compared to a free-borne mirth;
When fairest beauties me orethwart
I look the better to my heart.

When beauteous nymphs do me surprize,
I shut the càsements of mine eyes,
For he is a fond and foolish elfe,
That loves a maid, losing himselfe.
To fall in love is such a thing
From whence sometimes doth mischiefe spring;
I wish well unto women-kind,
But for to wed I have no minde.

Maide. What if your casements chance to ope,
And give affection so much scope
As to encounter with a dame,
Why, then methinks it were a shame
For you to love and not to speake,
And by degrees the ice to break.
But if you speak, and so obtaine,
Then have you found your heart againe.

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[1]) As the Gentle Craft was 'newly augmented' from time to time the authorship of this poem and the next is uncertain. They appear, however, as part of the book as late as 1737, and look as if they had come from Deloney's verse smithy.

It were a shame for maids to woo,[1]
But men may speak, and so may you,
If that occasion offer'd be.
God Cupid's blind and cannot see,
But shoots at randome here and there,
O therefore, Edmond, have a care —
At unawares you may be hit;
No pollicy can hinder it.

But O unhappy women-kinde,
That toxicated are in minde,
And know not how to vent the same
Without the losse of our good name!
They count us bold, if now and then
We do but look upon a man —
And look we may, but dare not speak,
Much lesse our mindes unto them break.

Shoomaker. Would I were worthy for to know
The cause of this your griefe and wo,
For why your words and looks declare,
Your minde is overcharg'd with care.
If that your heart be fled away,
And it be taken for a stray,
The man that hath it I'le perswade
To take some pity on a maid.

— — — — — — — — — — — — —

This young man struck this faire maid mute;
She wanted one to pleade her sute.
Faine would she speak, but was afraid —
This is the cause[2] of many a maid.
He was the man whom she lov'd best,
Her heart did lodge within his breast,
Although to him it was unknown
Untill, at last, he lost his owne.

Cupid, the god of love, came downe
And on this young man cast a frown;
He bent his bowe and sent a dart
That struck the young man to the heart;
And, cause the maid should win the prize,
He opened the shoomaker's eyes.
So when her beauty he beheld,
He gladly yeelded up the field.

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[1]) woe; T wooe, R woo.
[2]) T and R case.

With folded armes along he walkt,
And thus unto himselfe he talkt:
"O what are we that vainly trust
In our weak strengths, that are but dust!
I durst have sworne no living wight
Could move me from my sweet delight;
But now I see and feele the smart —
Mine eyes too soon deceive my heart."

He that before was grown so stout,
And strong enough to keep love out,
Is vanquisht now and made to yeeld,
And did both win and lose the field:
He conquer'd her to him unknown,
She conquer'd him, made him her own.
Thus maids with men are dallying still
Till they have brought them to their will.

"Alas", quoth he, "how am I crost!
Beholding her, myselfe I've lost;
Now beauty is become a snare
The which hath brought me to dispaire;
If she no other man had lov'd,
I might have hope she might be mov'd;
But she another doth affect,
And I must dye without respect."

She, noting of his passion then,
As maids will do that love young men,
And finding the occasion fit, —
Mark here a wily wenche's wit —
Delayes prove dangerous she knew,
And many maids have found it true —
Thus in herselfe resolv'd to speak;
Shee unto him her mind did break.

Quoth she: "Young man, it is your lot;
The god of love hath laid a plot;
The net was spread, the bird is caught,
And I have found the thing I sought.
Though men are strong, and women weak,
Stout hearts will yeeld before they'l break;
And women sometimes win the field,
When men are willing for to yeeld."

With that the nimphs and rurall swaines
Come straightway tripping ore the plaines;
The satyres made them pipes of reeds,
And brought in musick more then needs;

The syrens sung such songs of mirth,
That brought King Oberon from the earth;
The fairies with their fairy king
Did dance about them in a ring.

Chorus. All health and happinesse betide
The shoomaker and his sweet bride!
Lo, thus we sing and thus we dance
Till we have brought love in a trance.
Thus pleasures sweet this couple grace,
Both linked in a sweet embrace[1]);
The neighboring hils and dailes resound[2])
With eccho of our pleasant sound.

— — — — — — — — — — — — — — —

Whilst thus they sung their roundelayes,
God Cupid crown'd their heads with bayes;
The bride lookt like the Queen of May;
The shoomaker led her away;
Where now they live in quiet peace,
And love doth more and more increase.
Thus love, you see, can finde a way
To make both men and maids obey.

How a Shoomaker's Widdow fell in Love with her Man.

[Widow.] These three years, John, I have been deep in love,
And nere till now had time my mind to move —
Speak, canst thou love me though I am thy dame?
I would not have thee daunted, fie, for shame!
Old proverb: spare to speak and spare to speed —
Thou wantst a wife, and I a husband need.

His Answer. Mistris, I am in love as well, 'tis true;
But, to speak truth, in truth I love not you.
I have a maid in chase, as sweet a lasse,
In my conceit, I think, as ever was;
Pray then, forbeare — it never shall be said
I took a widdow and forsook a maid.

Reader, observe what's written by the poet:
Women and maids love men, but few will shew it.

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[1]) This couplet is from R. S omits the first verse and has for the second: both linckt together in sweet imbrace; — for which T: Both link'd together in a sweet imbrace.

[2]) T and R rebound.

FINIS.

THE GENTILE CRAFT.

The second Part.

Being a most merrie and pleasant Historie, not altogether unprofitable nor any way hurtfull; verie fit to passe away the tediousnesse of the long winter evenings.

By *T. D.*

Newly corrected and augmented.

Haud curo invidiam.

London.
Printed by Elizabeth Purslow, dwelling neere Christ Church. 1689.

To the Master and Ward[ens of the] worshipfull Company of the Cord[wainers] in London, all continuance of health and [per-] fect brotherly affection!

Once more hath good will emboldened me to present unto your worships my worthles labour, to manifest the good affection I beare to this fraternity; and finding you lent a gentle looke on the first part of this history, I have beene the more bolde to proffer you the second. For, having bound myselfe by promise to performe it, and you perhaps clayming promise as a debt, expecting payment, I bent all my study to keepe touch. Whereupon I tender this small trifle unto you, onely craving at your worships' hands a good opinion of my poore endevours. And albeit this pamphlet doth not minister matter worthy your graye view, yet in regard of the subject I trust you will deigne to esteeme it, sith so well as I could, though not so well as I would, I have sought herein to procure your delight. And although you finde not all the men spoken of which is promised in the first part[1]), yet thinke it no faintnes in me, but fault of good instruction. And againe, for as much as these men here mentioned were all of this citie — whose story grew longer then I supposed — and the other of the country, I thought good so to breake off, and to defer their story to another time, when I may more perfectly speake thereof. In the meane space I commend your worships to the protection of the Most Highest.

Your worships' in all he may,
T. D.

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[1]) Presumably in the original address to the reader; from which such a promise was, very naturally, omitted after the publication of the second part. This and perhaps other omissions would account for the fragmentary character of the prefatory address as found in the editions now accessible.

To the Courteous Readers, Health!

Gentle reader, you that vouchsafe to cast curteous lookes into this rude pamphlet, expect not herein to find any matter of light value, curiously pen'd with pickt words or choise phrases, but a quaint and plaine discourse best fitting matters of merriment, seeing wee have herein no cause to talke of courtiers or scholers. Notwithstanding, if you find yourselfe overcharged with melancholy, you may perhaps have here a fit medicine to purge that humour by conferring in this place with Doctor Burket; or if you meet with Round Robin, he may chance ryme it away. I tell you among shoomakers is some solace, as you shall see by Tom Drum's entertainment; and other mad, merry prankes playd by the Greene King of S. Martin's. If that will not suffice, you may, in meeting with Anthony Now-Now, have such a fit of mirth, with his firking fiddle, that it shall be a great cause to expell choler. And so I leave you to your owne liking, whether you will enter to see this sport or no. Stand backe, I pray; roome for a gentleman, for you cannot come in under a groat.

Richard Casteler.

Chap. I.

Containing the History of Richard Casteler, — and the first of his love.

The lovely maidens of the Citty of Westminster, noting what a good husband[1]) Richard Casteler was, and seeing how diligently hee followed his businesse, judged in the end he would prove a rich man; for which cause many bore unto him very good affection and few there was that wished not themselves to be his wife; insomuch that he, having the custome of all the pretty wenches in the citty, by that meanes knew the length of every maiden's foot so well, that he about all other best pleased them. On the Sundayes when he came into the church, the maides' eyes were so firmely fixed on him that hee could neither looke forward, backeward, nor on any side, but that he should be sure to have a winke of one, a smile of another, the third would give a nod and, to be briefe, they would all cast on him such gracious lookes that it was easie to guesse by their outward countenance their inward good will. And when in his holydaye's attire he past along the streets, the maidens, after their businesse was done, standing at their masters' doores and spying him, would say thus one to another: "Now, verily, there goes a proper, civill young man, wise and thrifty; yea, such a one as in time will prove wondrous wealthy, and without all doubt

[1]) The original (P) has a good a husband.

will come to great credit and preferment." These and the like words would they use of him continually, whereby he had among them such a generall good opinion that, as he stood a-dayes at his cutting-boord, he should be sure to have twenty cursies[1]) made him in an houre, by maidens that past up and downe. Some would bestow on him dainty, sweet nosegayes of the fairest flowers they could find, and other some would bring him handkerchers of cambrick, and divers such like favours, well bewraying their friendship towards him.

But among many that secretly affected him I will onely tell of twaine, because above all the rest their merriments doe onely remaine in memorie. The one of them was called Margaret of the Spread Eagle, but more commonly knowne by the name of Long Meg of Westminster[2]). The other was a proper, neat wench named Gillian of the George. Both of them as wily as they were witty, who among all the maides in Westminster were reputed to be the best servants. Having, therefore, good wages, they maintained themselves gallantly, and therwithall so honestly that no man could quip them with bad living, though afterward it fell out otherwise, as in this historie you shall heare.

Margaret was a maiden, borne in Lancashire, in height and proportion of body passing the ordinary stature of women, but therewithall very comely and of amiable countenance. Her strength was agreeable to her stature, and her courage as great as them both. She was of a quicke capacitie and pleasant disposition, of a liberall heart, and such a one as would be sodainely angry and soone pleased, being readier to revenge her wrongs by weapons then by words. And therein did shee differ from the nature of other women, because shee could not abide much brabling; and so heedfull was shee of her behaviour in her yonger

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[1]) i. e. courtesies.

[2]) See Introduction and Appendix.

yeeres that, her good properties far exceeding her portion, she was wooed by divers, but would be won by none, for the man whom shee most loved least thought upon her. And albeit shee manifested her good will by divers meanes, yet did Richard little regard it, having his mind nothing bent unto marriage; by meanes whereof Margaret grew into such sad conceits as changed her chery cheekes into a greene, wan countenance, insomuch that every one wondred to see her pensivenes.

At last it chanced that Margaret having occasion to go into London, it was her good fortune to meet with Gillian of the George, whom her mistres had sent thither to buy comfets and carawayes, with divers other sweet-meates, for that they had a banket bespoken by divers gallant courtiers which that night appointed to come thither. But so soone as Margaret spied her, she smiled, saying: "Gillian, now, in good sadnes, wel met! — if thou beest met a maid."

"And ill met", quoth shee, "not meeting so good a maid as myselfe."

"Tush", said Margaret, "it is good for us to thinke well of ourselves, for there is enough that think ill of us."

"Mary, I defie them", quoth Gillian, "that thinks ill of me, and I respect as little their speech as they do my profit. For a woman with a good life feares no man with an evill tung."

"If you bee so hot", quoth Margaret, "where the wind blows so cold, what will you be by that time supper is ready, where the fire will be as fierce as your choller is great? And mistake mee not, good Gillian, though I said men think ill of us, I meane not thereby that any goe about to blemish our good names; but I suppose they thinke not so wel of us as they might do, that doe not love us so well as to marry us."

"Nay", said Gillian, "if that be all, I am at a good point; for though my maidenhead be somewhat burdensom to beare, yet I had rather keepe it then bestow it on a

bad husband. But though I say it, though I be but a poore wench, I have choise of husbands enough, and such as I am assured in my conscience would both love me well and keepe me gallantly."

"Wherefore then doe you not marry?" quoth Margaret. "In my opinion it is the most pleasingst life that may be, when a woman shall have her husband come home and speake in this sort unto her: 'How now, wife? How dost thou, my sweetheart? What wilt thou have, or what dost thou lacke?' — and therewithall kindly embracing her, gives her a gentle kisse, saying: 'Speake, my prettie mouse, wilt thou have a cup of claret wine, white wine, or sacke to supper?' — And then perhaps he carves unto her the leg of a capon or the wing of a chicken, and if there be one bit better then other, shee hath the choise of it; and if she chance to long for anything by and by, it is sent for with all possible speed, and nothing is thought too deare to doe her good. At last, having well refresht themselves, she sets her silver whistle to her mouth and calles her maid to cleare the boord. Then going to the fire, he sets her on his knee, and wantonly stroking her cheeke, amourously hee chockes her under the chin, fetching many stealing toutches at her rubie lips; and so soone as he heares the bell ring eight a clocke, he calles her to goe to bed with him. O, how sweet doe these words sound in a woman's eares! But when they are once close betweene a paire of sheetes, O Gillian, then, then —!"

"Why, what of that?" quoth she.

"Nay, nothing", saith Margaret, "but they sleep soundly all night."

"Truly", quoth Gillian, "there be many wives, but few that meete with such kind husbands. But seeing you aske me why I marry not, in troth, Meg, I would tell thee if I had time to stay, but I feare I have stood too long pratling here already, and therefore farewell, good Meg; when I see thee againe thou shalt know more of my mind."

"Nay, Gillian, heare you", quoth she, "go but a little way with me and I will goe home with you as straight as a line, for I have nothing to buy but a score of quinces and couple of pomegranets, and that shall be done in a trice."

Gillian was contented for her good companie's sake to stay a while, and as soone as Margaret had made her market they settled themselves to goe homeward, where by the way Gillian entred into this communication:

"You did even now demand a question of me, and very desirous you were to know why I did not marry when I was so well offered. Trust me, Margaret, I take you to be my friend, which makes me the more willing to unfold my fancy, being as well perswaded of your secresie as I am of your amity; and thereupon I am the more willing to make you copartner of my counsailes. Fire in straw will not be hidden, and the flames of affection wil burst forth at length, though it be long kept under. And truth it is that I have forsaken good matches, for I might have had Master Cornelius of the Guard if I would — who as you know is wealthy and therwithall of very good conversation — yet there was one thing made me refuse his kind offer."

"What was that?" quoth Margaret, "I pray thee, tell."

Quoth she: "He loved not me so well but I loved another tenne times better, and therefore it is not good for handes to joyne where hearts agree not. No, Meg, no, there is a youth in our street that nearer touches my heart and better pleases my mind. Notwithstanding, he shall go namelesse, for it is an old proverb: 'Two may keep counsell if one be away'."

"Nay, then", quoth Meg, "if you dare not trust me, tell no further. Notwithstanding, I have had credit in as great matters as yours, for many a man hath put his life in my hands and found no hurt thereby, and as many women have commited their secrets to me as men have ventured their bodies with me."

"Go to, Margaret, you are disposed to jest", said Gillian; "but sweare by thy maidenhead that thou wilt never bewray my liking nor prevent me in my love, and I will shew thee all."

"Nay, fie, do not so", quoth Margaret. "Shew not all, for shame, least more see it then myselfe; for so may they blush at thy boldnes and nothing commend thy modesty. But it is happy that I have a maidenhead left to sweare by; else I perceive I should know nothing of thee."

"No, trust me", quoth Gillian, "for such a one as cannot keepe her maidenhead wil never keep a secret, and that made Katherine of the Crane to be such a blab. But now, Meg, I will proceed to the matter. What doe you thinke by Richard of the Rose, the wakeful Cock of Westminster?" [1])

"Oh, he?" quoth Meg. "Is that the man? There is no reason I should thinke amisse of him that every man commends; neverthelesse, he is nobody in respect of riches, being but a yong housekeeper of one yeare's standing — a man, God wot, unacquainted with the world's guise and, to speake truth, nothing comparable to Master Cornelius."

"I will tell thee what", quoth Gillian; "that man which needeth neither to flatter with his friends nor borrow of his neighbours hath riches sufficient; and hee is most poore that hath least wit; by which arguments I am able to proove that the Cock is as wealthy as he is wary. For he will sure be beholding to nobody, or to as few as he may, and it is alwayes to be noted that men of such mindes doe never prove beggers."

Margaret, hearing Gillian so stoutly to take Richard's part, perceived by her vehement speeches the great affection she bore to him; and finding that she was sick of her owne disease, Margaret sought means to remove the cause

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[1]) See Introduction.

of her griefe, and thereby thrust herselfe into the greater sorrow. And the policy she used most herein was to speak altogether in Richard's dispraise, seeking thereby to dislodge her love and the more firmely to plant her owne. Whereupon she uttered her mind in this sort: "Well, Gillian, seeing you beare so good an opinion of Richard of the Rose, I would not for a bushel of angels seek to disswade you; but because you request my opinion how I like the man, in troth I will tell thee my mind without fraud or flattery. I confesse that Richard is a gentle young man, curteous and kind, diligent about his businesse and wary in his dealings, which argues good husbandry. Notwithstanding, I like not these over-covetous fellowes, of such greedy mindes, such penny fathers and pinch-fistes [1]), that will not part from the paring of their nailes nor the dropping of their nose, if they thought it would yeeld them but the fourth part of a farthing. Tell me, I pray thee, what joy should a woman have with such a churle, that would grudge at every halfe-penny that is laid out, that in a whole yeare would not leave a farthing worth of mustard unwritten in his booke? And such a one, I feare, will this Cocke prove, for me thinkes hee lookes with a hungry nose; and, howsoever you think of him, I know not [2]) but I verily feare, though hee be a cocke by name, hee will never prove a cock of the game. Againe, he is but a dwarfe in respect of a man, a shrimpe, a wren, a hop-of-my-thumbe, such a one as a baby might hide in a wrinkle of their buttocks."

"Well, Meg", quoth shee, "you are priviledged to speake your pleasure, but should another thus mistearme him I would teare her face. I tell thee true, I had rather have a winner then a waster, a sparer then a prodigall spender; for when a man in his youth hath gotten something with paine, he may the better spend it in his age

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[1]) pinchfoistes.

[2]) P punctuates: - him, I know not, but -.

with pleasure, and farre better it is hee should be thought covetous then carelesse. His stature and proportion of body pleases me well enough, for it is no matter how great hee is, but how good hee is. — But, Margaret, seeing our talk hath indured so long that it hath brought us both home, let us at our parting be mindfull of our promises to keepe secret whatsoever hath been said; for little knowes the young man the depth of my mind, and therefore would I keepe it close till I saw some signe of good will proceeding from him; for it becommeth not maidens to be woers, though willingly they could wish to wed where they best fancie. And so farewell, sweet Margaret."

"Adue, gentle Gillian", quoth Margaret, "untill our next meeting, when I hope I shall further understand of your proceedings in your love."

When Meg had thus understood her mind, and saw how the matter went, she sought all meanes possible to prevent her — as hereafter shall be shewen.

Chap. II.

How Margaret requested Richard to the eating of a posset at night; and how her master's buttocks was scalded therewith.

It chanced that against Whitsontide Margaret stood in need of a new paire of shooes. Therefore, in a morning betimes, she came to Richard of the Rose to bespeake them aforehand. And the more to declare her kindnes and to win his good will she carried with her a bottle of excellent good muscadine, which one of the yeomen of the king's wine-seller had bestowed upon her; and to make it relish the better, she carried with her a dainty peece of powdred beefe and the tender carkasse of a cold capon, and thus pleasantly began to greet him: "All health to the kind Cocke of Westminster, that with the larke greetes

the sun-rising [1]) with a cheerefull note, and mounts above many to the love of pretty lasses. Tell me", quoth she, "thou bonny lad, wilt thou take the length of my foote and make me a good payre of shooes against Sunday?"

"That I will, Margaret", quoth he; "therefore let me see thy foote."

"There is both my foote and leg", said Meg. "I am not ashamed to shew either of them, for I am not legged like a crane nor footed like a flie", — and therewith lift up her cloathes to the knee.

Whereat Richard smiling said: "A little higher, Meg, and shew all."

Whereupon she sodainly replied in this sort: "Soft, Richard, not so, for I will tell thee one thing:

> Every carter may reach to the garter,
> A shoomaker, he — may reach to the knee;
> But he that creepes higher shall aske leave of me."

"Good reason", quoth Richard, "leave is light; which being obtained, a man may be bold without offence. But this onely is my griefe, I have never a last in my shop long enough for thy foot." [2])

"Then I would they were all fired", quoth Meg. "He that will be counted a good workman must have tooles to fit all persons, and I muse that you which strive to be counted excellent will want necessaries. Fie, Richard, fie, thou shouldest never be unprovided, especially for women."

"Well, Meg", quoth he, "be contented. Consider you are a woman of no ordinary making, but as in height thou overlookest all, so in the length of thy foot thou sur-

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[1]) P the sun rising with . . . note, and -

[2]) In a poem entitled Long Meg of Westminster to Dulcinea of Toboso — reprinted in Halliwell's Catalogue of Chap-books, Garlands, and Popular Histories, from Gayton's Pleasant Notes upon Don Quixote, 1654 — Long Meg is made to say:

> And for our feet, alike from heel to toe,
> The shoomakers the length did never know.

passest all; therefore I must have a paire of lasts made for the nonce, and that shall be done out of hand."

"I tell thee, Dicke", quoth shee, "as high as I am, I am not so high as Paule's nor is my foot so long as Gravesend Barge." [1])

"Notwithstanding", quoth Richard, "a paire of lasts to fit thy foot will cost as much as a hundred of fagots, which will not be bought under ten groats."

"If they cost a crown", quoth Meg, "let me have them. What, man, rather then I will goe without shooes, I will beare the charge thereof myselfe, and in token that I mean troth, take there the money — thou shalt find me no trinkler, but one that will reward cunning to the uttermost. I love not to pinch for a peny or stand upon tearmes for two pence. If I find my shooes good, I will not shrinke for a shilling."

"In troth", quoth Richard, "franke customers are worthy of good ware, and therefore, Meg, doubt not, for thou shalt have as good a shoe as ever was drawne upon woman's foote."

"God-a-mercy for that, sweet Dicke", quoth shee; "and seeing thou saist so, I will bestow this bottle of wine on thee to breakfast. Beside that, I have brought here a modicome that will prove as good a shooing-horne to drawe downe a cup of muskadine, as may be." And therewithall shee pluckt out her powdred beefe and her colde capon.

Richard, seeing this, with thankes to Margaret for her meat, reacht out a couple of joyne-stooles, and after that they had laid a cloth thereon, they downe did sit; at which time many merry speeches did passe betweene them. And at that very time there was in the same shoppe amongst a great many other men a pleasant jorneyman called Round Robin, being a wel-trust fellow, short and thicke, yet very active and pleasantly conceited. For

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[1]) Graus-end Barge.

singing hee was held in high reputation among all the shoomakers in Westminster, and he would scant speake anything but in rime. This jolly companion, seeing them bent so well to their breakfast and nothing at all to respect him, in the place where he sate cast out these merry speeches unto them:

"Much good doe it you, masters, and well may you fare,
Beshroe both your hearts and if you do spare.
The wine should be nought, as I judge by the smell,
And by the colour too — I know it full well."

"Nay, faith", quoth Meg, "that's but a jest."

"I'le sweare", quoth Robin, " 'tis none of the best."

"Tast it", quoth Meg, "then tell me thy mind."

"Yea, marry", quoth Robin, "now you are kind."

With that Magaret, filling a cup brim full, gave it into his hand, saying: "Now tast it, Robin, and take there the cup."

"Nay, hang me," quoth Robin, "if I drinke it not up."

"By my maidenhead," quoth Margaret, "I see that thou art a good fellow; and to have thee drinke it up is the thing that I crave."

"Then sweare," quoth Robin, "by the thing you have,
For this to sweare I dare be bold,
You were a maid at three yeares old,
From three to foure, five, sixe, and seaven;
But when you grew to be eleven,
Then you began to breed desire;
By twelve your fancy was on fire;
At thirteene yeares desire grew quicke,
And then your maidenhead fell sicke.
But when you came unto fourteene,
All secret kisses was not seene.
By that time fifteene yeares was past,
I guesse your maidenhead was lost.
And I pray God forgive me this,
If thinking so I thinke amisse."

"Now, by my honesty", quoth Meg, "you doe me mighty wrong to thinke so ill of me; for though indeed

I confesse I cannot excuse myselfe, for women are not angels, though they have angels' faces. For, to speake the truth, might I have had my owne heart's desire when time was, I would rather have chosen to lye with a man then a maid; but such merry motions were out of my mind many a deere day agoe, and now I vow that a maiden I will die."

"By this wine", quoth Robin, "I dare sweare you lye,
For were I as my master, by this good light,
You would leese your maidenhead ere twelve a clock at night,
With high derry derry,
If it be not gone already."

"Nay", quoth Margaret, "your master scornes me. He keeps all his gownes for Gillian of the George, — a pretty wench, I confesse, having a proper body but a bad leg. She hath a very good countenance but an ill coulour. And you talk of desire, but her desire I doubt will bring her the greene sicknesse if your master, like a good phisition, give her not a medicine against that malady."

"Why, Margaret", quoth Richard, "hath she told you so much of her mind that you know her griefe so well?"

"It may be she hath", quoth Margaret, "but whether she did or no, it is sufficient that I know so much. But I thinke", quoth Margaret, "you are not so besotted to make any account of a tallow cake."

"No, faith", quoth Robin, "a nut-browne girle
Is in mine eye a diamond and a pearle.
And shee that hath her cheekes cherry red
Is ever best welcome to a young man's bed."

"Certainly", quoth Richard, "which is the best or worst I know not yet, nor doe I meane hastily to prove. And as [for] Gillian of the George, as she hath no reason to hate me so she hath no cause to love me. But if she doe, it is more favour then I did ever merit at her hand, and surely were it but in regard of her good will, I am not to scorne her nor for her favour to feed her with

floutes, but for her good thoughts of me to think well of her — though not so well as to make her my wife."

"Well said, master", quoth Robin,

> "In this sort grind you still,
> So shall we have mo sackes to mill."

"Trust me", quoth Margaret, "I speake not this so much to disgrace Gillian, as for the regard I have to your credit. But to make an end of Gillian and this jest altogether, let me entreat you soone at night to come to our house; and thinke this, though your cheere chance to be small, your welcome shall be great. I know that this summer, and especially against these holydaies, you will worke till ten; and I promise you by eleven I will have as good a posset for you as ever you did taste on in your life. My master is an old man and he commonly goes to bed at nine, and as for my mistris, I know where she will be safe till midnight masse be ended, so that for an houre we may be as merry as Pope John. What say you, Richard?" quoth she. "Will you come?"

"In troth, Margaret", quoth he, "I heartily thank you for your good will. I would willingly come, but I love not to be from home so late."

> "I thinke so" quoth Robin, "least you should misse Kate,
> But take my counsell: when you are with Meg,
> Suppose you have got fine Kate by the leg."

"Robin", said he, "thou art so full of thy rime that often thou art without reason. Thou seest that Margaret hath been at cost with us to-day and it is more then good manners to charge her further before we have made amends for this. And beside that, late walking in the evening brings young men into much suspition."

"Tush", quoth Margaret, "once and use it not is not such a matter. Therefore, sweet Richard, you shall come, and you shall not say me nay; therefore I charge you on paine of displeasure not to faile, and forget not to bring Round Robin with you. And so farewell."

"No, faith", quoth Robin, "it shall not need,
I am bidden already and so, God speed."

"Who bad thee?" quoth Margaret.

"What, are thy wits so unsteady?
You did bid me", quoth Robin, "have you forgot already?"

"Why, then I pray thee, good Robin", said Meg, "do not forget in any case, and put thy master in mind thereof if he should chance to change his opinion or overslip the time through greedines of work. For, i'faith, Robin, if thou bring him along with thee, I will thinke the better of thee while I live."

"Why, then", quoth he,

"And as I am no knight,
We will come to eate the posset soone at night."

Now, Margaret was no sooner gone, and Richard at his cutting-boord, and Robin set on his stoole, but in comes Gillian of the George, bringing in her aporne the corner of a venison pastie and a good deale of a lamb pye. Who with a smyling countenance entring the shop, bidding Richard good morrow, askt if he had broke his fast.

"Yes, verily", quoth Richard, "I thank Long Meg, we have beene at it this morning; and had you come a little sooner you had found her heere, for she went away but even now, and I verily thinke she is scant at home yet."

"'Tis a lusty wench", quoth Robin, "gentle and kind,
And in truth she beares a most bountifull mind."

Gillian, hearing Robin to enter into Meg's commendations, began to grow jealous of the matter. "Out upon her foule stammell!" quoth she. "He that takes her to his wife shall be sure of flesh enough, let him get bread where he can. 'Tis such a bold betrice[1]), she will acquaint

[1]) Probably buttrice (butteris, buttris, buttress), a big tool for paring a horse's hoof. It was used by being pushed, its long handle resting against the shoulder. Murray, Dict.; Wright, Engl. Dial. Dict.

herselfe with everybodie. Notwithstanding, this I will tell you, Richard: the lesse she comes in your company, the more it will be for your credit. And howsoever she deserves it — God knowes I cannot accuse her — but, I promise you, she hath but a hard report among many. But letting her rest as she is, see here what I have brought you —" and with that she gave him the venison and the rest, and drawing her purse, she would needs send for a quart of wine. Richard sought to perswade her to the contrary, but she would not be intreated. "What, man", quoth she, "I am able to give you a quart of wine."

"That's spoke like an angell", quoth Robin.

"And this I doe thinke,
If you be able to give it, we be able to drinke."

Hereupon the wine was fetcht, and so they sate them downe to their meate; at what time they fed not so heartily on the venison pasty but Gillian's eye fed as greedily on Richard's favour. And as soone as the wine was come, she pluckt out of her pocket a good peece of sugar and, filling a glasse of wine tempered wel therwith, she drank to him, saying: "Here, Richard, to all that love you and me, but especially to him whom I love best."

"Let it come", quoth Richard, "I will pledge him, whosoever it be."

"So will I", quoth Robin, "without any faile,
Were it the best Hipocras, I would turn it over my naile."

Then Gillian, looking round about, spoke to this effect: "Verily, Richard, heere is a pretty house, and everything hansome, by Saint Anne. I see nothing wanting but a good wife to keep all things in his due kind."

Whereunto Robin made this answer:

"Now speake thy conscience and tell me, good Gill,
Wouldst not thou be that good wife with a good will?"

"Who, I? Alas", quoth she, "your master scornes me. He looks for a golden girle, or a girle with gold, that might bring him the red ruddocks chinking in a bag, and

yet possible he were better to have one with lesse money and more huswifery. For my owne part, I thanke God, and in a good time may I speake it, I would not come to learne of never a woman in Westminster how to deale in such affaires."

"I thinke no lesse", quoth Richard, "and therefore I pray God send you a good husband, and one well deserving so good a wife."

With that Gillian fetcht a great sigh, saying: "Amen, I pray God, for it is a sinfull thing to leade a sinfull life, except —"

"Nay, say your mind, speake your mind", quoth Richard.

"Why", quoth she, "it is written that we shall give an account for every idle word, and that ill thoughts are as bad as wanton deeds."

"It is true", quoth Richard.

"Then God helpe us all!" quoth Gillian. "But if I were married I should remove a great many of them."

"Why, then marry me", quoth Robin, "and thereby prevent the perill of bad thoughts."

"Harke, in thy eare, Robin", quoth she, "I would thy master would say as much and then he should soone know my mind."

"Ha, ha", quoth Robin, "i'faith, you drab,
And would you have him to stampe the crab?"

"Why, what is the matter?" quoth Richard.

"Nay, nothing", quoth Gillian, "but that I was bold to jest with your man, and I hope you will not be offended if he and I talke a word or two."

"There is no reason I should", quoth Richard, "and therefore conferre at your pleasure, and the whilest I will be busie with the lambe pye."

Then Gillian, rounding Robin in the eare, spoke in this sort unto him: "I perceive you can spie day at a little hole. You may see, Robin, love is like an unruly streame that will overflow the banks if the course be once

stopt, as by my speeches, no doubt, you have noted. Neverthelesse, how forcible soever fancy is, it is thought small modesty in a maiden to lay open her heart in those cases. But I am of opinion that affection growing as strong in a woman as a man, they ought to have equall priviledge, as well as men, to speake their minds. Robin, I take thee to be an honest fellow, and it is the part of a man in cases of honest love to assist poore maidens. 'Counsell, the key of certainty' — which makes me to require both thy counsaile and help. In truth, Robin, to be plaine, I love thy master with all my heart, and if thou wouldst be so much my friend to break the matter unto him and therewithall to procure his good liking to me, I would bestow on thee as good a sute of apparell as ever thou wast master of in thy life."

Whereunto Robin answered, saying:

"Heer's my hand, Gillian, at thy request.
I'le make a vow I'le doe my best,
But, for my apparell, grant me this,
In earnest first to give me a kisse."

"There it is", quoth Gillian — "and I doe protest that upon that blessed day when he gives his happy consent to be my husband, at the delivery of thy apparell I will make that one kisse twenty." And hereupon shaking hands, they came to the table and set them downe againe.

Richard, marking all, said nothing, but at her approach to the boord tooke the glasse and drunk to her, giving her thankes for her cost and kindness. She, gladly accepting the same, bending her body instead of cursie, tooke it at his hands and with a winke drunk unto Robin; and so taking her leave of them both, as light as a doe she ran speedily home.

So soone as she was gone, Robin told his master it was the pleasantest life in the world to live a batcheler, during which time he could neither want good cheere nor good company.

"I, mary", quoth Richard, "but what I get one way I spend another way while I passe the time in trifling about nothing. You see", quoth he, "here is a forenoone spent to no purpose, and all by the means of a couple of giglets that have greater desire to be playing with a man then to be mindfull to follow their busines. But if I live I will sodainly avoid both their delights and their loves. I tell thee, Robin, I account their favours full of frawd and their inticements daungerous; and, therefore, a man must not be won with faire words, as a fish with a baite."

"Well, master", quoth Robin, "all is one to me, whether you love them or loath, but yet soone at night let not the posset be forgot."

"Beleeve me", quoth Richard; "if I rest in the mind I am in now, I meane not to be there at all."

"O then you will loose her love", quoth Robin, "for ever and ever, Amen."

"That", said his master, "is the onely thing that I request, for the love of a shroe is like the shadow of a cloude that consumeth as soone as it is seene; and such love had I rather loose then find."

"But yet", quoth Robin, "this once follow my mind.
Though by her love you set but light,
Let us eate the posset soone at night,
And afterward I will so deale —
If you will not my trickes reveale —
That they shall trouble you no more,
Though by your love they set great store.
For, one another they shall beguile,
Yet thinke themselves well pleas'd the while."

"Verily", quoth his master, "if thou wilt doe so, I wil be Meg's guest for this once; and happy shall I thinke myself to be so well rid of them."

Hereupon being resolved, they plyde their worke hard till the evening, and when the sunne was crept under the earth and the stars up in the skies, Richard having his shop window shut in and his doores made fast, he with his man Robin tooke their direct way to the Spread Eagle.

Where they no sooner knockt at the doore, but Margaret came downe and let them in with such a cheerefull countenance as gave perfect testimony of their welcome. "Now, Richard", quoth she, "I will witnesse you are a man of your word and a man that hath a respect of his promise. I pray you hartily, come neere, for to have you come in my office is my desire."

"But tell us first", quoth Robin, "was your office never a-fire?"

"Y'faith, no", quoth she; "you see the kitchin is large and the chimney wide."

"But how many rookes", quoth Robin, "hath the goodnes of your kitchin tride?"

"I know not", said Meg, "how many or how few."

"Trust me", quoth Robin, "I thinke even so."

"Goe to", quoth Meg, "I smell out your knavery and guesse at your meaning; but taking it to be spoken more for mirth then for malice, I let them passe." Then taking Richard by the hand, she bad him sit downe, saying: "Good Richard, think yourselfe welcome, for in troth I have never a friend in the world that can be better welcome."

"I thank you, good Margaret", said he.

"I thank her still", quoth Robin, "with thanks of every degree,
For you that have all the welcome, shall give all thanks for mee."

"Why, Robin", quoth Meg, "be not offended for thou art welcome too."[1])

"I'faith", quoth he, "you bid me welcome when you have nothing else to do."

Herewithall Margaret, very neately laying the cloth, with all things necessary, set a dainty minst pie on the boord, piping hote, with a great deale of other good cheere. And having sent another maid of the house for a pottle of wine, they fell to their meat merrily. Whereof when they had eaten and drunk, Margaret, stepping from the

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[1]) to mee.

boord, went to reach the posset; but while she had it in her hands she sodainly heard one comming down the stairs. "God's precious", quoth she, "my master comes! What shift shall we make to hide the posset? If he chance to see it, we shall have more anger than ten possets are worth." With that she quickly whipt into the yard and set the posset downe upon the seat in the privy-house, thinking it there safest out of sight; for her master, being an old, crabbed fellow, would often steale downe to see what his maids were a-doing.

But, God wot, that was not the cause, for the old man, being raised by the loosenes of his body, came hastily downe to pay tribute to Ajax. Where when he was come, he clapt his buttocks into the posset, wherewith being grievously scalded, he cried out, saying: "Alacke, alacke! help maids, help, or I am spoild forever! For some spirit or divell in the foule bottome of the privie hath throwne up boyling leade upon my buttocks." And in this case, like one dauncing the trenchmore, he stampt up and downe the yard, holding his hips in his hands.

Meg, that better knew what the matter was then her master, ran into the house of office with a spit in her hand, as if she had beene purposed to broch the divell, and there casting the well-spiced posset into the midst of the puddle, taking the bason away, said: "How now, master, what is the matter? Who hath hurt you? Or are you not hurt at all?"

"Hurt?" quoth her master. "I tell thee, Meg, never was man thus hurt, and yet I am ashamed to shew my hurt."

"Bring me a candle", quoth Meg. "I tell you, master, it is better all should be shewen, then all should be spoyled." And therewith casting by his shirt, spied both his great cheekes full of small blisters. Whereupon she was faine with all possible speed to make him a medicine with sallet oyle and houseleeks to asswage the fury of an unseene fire. And by meanes of this unhappy chance, Richard with

his man was faine secretly to slip away and to goe home without tasting the posset at all. Which was to Robin no small griefe, and yet they could both of them scant stand for laughing, to thinke how odly this jeast fell out.

"I am", quoth Robin, "forty yeares old and more,
Yet did I never know posset so tasted before.
I thinke his eyes in his elbowes he had,
To thrust his arse in the posset, or else he was mad."

His master answering said: "Beleeve me, Robin, I never knew the like in my life, but, by the grace of God, I will never goe there no more to eate a posset." And so going to bed, they slept away sorrow till morning.

At what time Margaret comming thither told them she was very sorie they were so suddenly broke from their banket. "But, y'faith, Richard", quoth she, "another time shall make amends for all."

Chap. III.

How the Cocke of Westminster was married to a Dutch maiden; for which cause Long Meg and Gillian of the George wore willow garlands.

Richard Casteler living a long time a batchelor in Westminster, after many good proffers made unto him, refusing all, hee at last linked his love to a young Dutch maiden dwelling in London, who, besides that, was of proper personage and comely countenance, and could doe divers pretty feates to get her owne living. To this pretty soule went Richard secretly a-wooing; who for halfe a yeare set as light by him as hee did by the maidens of Westminster. And the more hee was denyed, the more desirous hee was to seeke her good will, much like to an unruly patient that most longes after the meate hee is most forbidden. And — such is the fury of fond lovers, to esteeme them most precious that are to them most pernitious — he

scornfully shunnes such as gently seekes him and wooes her earnestly that shakes him off frowardly. But while he was thus busied to make himselfe blessed by matching with a mayden in London, Round Robin cast in his mind how to set the maydens' wittes a-worke in Westminster — which he effected as occasion was offred in this sort: —

Margaret and Gillian, comming often by the shop, cast many a sheepe's eye to spye out their beloved friend, and after they had many times mist him from his busines, they thought either that he was growne love-sick or lazie; but knowing him a man to be mightily addicted to the getting of money, judged that it was not idlenes that withdrew him from his busines, but rather that he was gone a-wooing to one pretty wench or other. For loving hearts have ever suspicious heades, and jealousie is copartner with affection. Whereupon Margaret entred into these speeches with Round Robin: "I muse much", quoth Meg, "where your master layes his knife aboord nowadayes, for seldome or never can I see him in his shop. Trust me, I doubt he is become thriftles and will prove but a bad husband in the end. Tell me, Robin", said she, "I pray thee say, where doth the Cocke crow now?"

"Not so", said Robin, "my master will not that allow.
I must not shew his secrets to one or other,
Therefore you shall not know it, though you were my mother.
Yet thus much by thy speech I plainly do see,
Thou thinkst not so well of him as he thinks on thee."

Margaret, hearing Round Robin rime to so good purpose, asked if hee knew his master's minde so much. "Truly", quoth shee, "if I wist he bore any spark of love toward me, it should neither goe unregarded nor unrewarded; therefore, sweet Robin, let me know whereupon thou speakest. Feare not my secrecie, for I will rather loose my life then bewray his love."

Heereupon Robin said that his master was very well affected towards her, and that if it were not that Gillian of the George did cast searching eyes into his actions, he

would long ere this have uttred his mind. "But", quoth Robin, "he is so haunted by that female spirit that he can take no rest in no place for her; and therefore, the more to quiet his mind, he hath left his shop to my charge and betaken himselfe to wander the woods so wild."

These words uttered by Robin made Margaret's heart leape in her belly. Wherefore, taking gently her leave of him, she thus began to meditate on the matter: "Now doe I well see that the tongue of a wise man is in his heart, but the heart of a foole is in his tongue. And, Richard", quoth she, "hast thou borne me such secret good will and would never let me know it? Iwis, iwis, soone would thy sorrow be asswaged if thou soughtest remedie at my hand. Well, though the fire be long supprest, at length it will burst into a flame; and Richard's secret good will at last will shew itselfe. Till when I will rest myselfe contented, thinking it sufficient that I know he loves me. And seeing it is so, I will make him sue and serve and daunce attendance after me. When he is most curteous I will be most coy, and, as it were, scorning his proffers and shunning his presence, I will make him the more earnest to intreat my favour. When he sayes he loves me I will laugh at him and say he can faine and flatter well. If he affirme he be grieved through my disdaine and that the lacke of my good will hath been his greatest sorrow, I will say: 'Alas, good soule, how long have you been love-sick? Pluck out thy heart, man, and be of good cheere, there is more maids then Malkin. Though I doe lightly esteeme thee, there are some that perhaps will better regard both thy griefe and thy good will. And therefore, good Dicke, trouble me no more'. — Thus must maides dissemble least they be counted too curteous, and, shewing themselves overfond, become the lesse favoured. For a woman's love being hardly obtained is esteemed most sweet; therefore we must give our lovers an hundred denials for fashion sake, though at the first we could find in our hearts to accept their proffered pleasures."

Thus in a jolly humor Margaret jetted home, flattering herselfe in her happy fortune. In which delight we will leave her, and make some rehearsall of Gillian's joy, who, comming in the like manner to Robin, asking for his master, was certified by him that for her sake onely he lived in such sorrow that he could not stay in his shop and therfore was faine to drive away melancholy by marching abroad. "O Gillian", quoth he, "had it not bin for two causes, he would long ere this have uttered his mind unto thee, for he loves thee above measure."

"Y'faith", quoth Gillian, "is it true, Robin, that thou dost tell me?"

"Doubt not of that", quoth he. "Do you think that I will tell you a lye? I should gaine nothing by that, I am sure. If, then, you will beleeve me you may; if not — chuse. I meane not to intreat you thereto."

"Nay, good Robin", quoth she, "be not angry. Though I credit thy speeches, yet blame me not to aske a question."

"Aske what you will", quoth Robin, "I respect it not, and I may chuse whether I will answere you or no. 'Swounds, now I have opened my master's secret you were best blab it through all the towne."

"Nay, good Robin, that is not my mind", quoth Gillian; "but I beseech thee, let me know those two causes that keepes thy master from uttering his mind."

"Nay, soft, there lay a straw for feare of stumbling", quoth Robin. "Hold your peace, Gillian. It is not good to eate too much hony nor to gorge you with too much gladnes. Let it suffice that you know what you know."

"Nay, good, sweet Robin", quoth she, "I pray thee make it not dainty now to tell me all, seeing you have begun. The day may come that I may requite thy curtesie to the full."

"Say you so, Gillian?" quoth hee. "Now, by good Crispianus' soule I sweare, were it not that I am in hope you will prove kind to my master and be a good

mistresse to us when you are married, I would not utter one word more, no, not halfe a word, nor one sillable."

"Well, Robin", quoth she, "if ever I come to command in thy master's house and to carry the keys of his cubberts gingling at my sides, thou shalt see I will not keepe a niggard's table to have bare platters brought from the boord, but you shall have meate and drinke plenty, and be used as men ought to be used, in all reasonable manner. And whereas you seeme to make doubt of my kindnesse toward thy master — ha, Robin, I would thou knewest my heart!"

Robin, hearing this, told her this tale: that his master loved her intyrely and would long since have uttered his mind but for two reasons. The first was, that he could never find fit oportunity to doe it because of Long Meg, whose love to him was more then he could wish and such as he would gladly remove if he might. "For", saith Robin, "though my master do not care a straw for her, yet she casts such a vigilant eye upon him that if he do but speake, or looke upon any, she by and by poutes and lowres and many times inveyes against the parties with disgracefull termes; which is to my master such a griefe that he is faine to keepe silent what otherwise should be shown. And the second reason is this, that because he is not so wealthy as he could wish himselfe, you would disdaine his sute and make no account of his good will."

"Who, I?" quoth Gillian. "Now by these ten bones, it was never my mind to say him nay. I tell thee, Robin, I doe more respect his kindnes then his goods. He is a proper youth and well conditioned, and it is far better to have a man without money then money without a man."

"Why, then, good Gillian", quoth Robin, "harken hither three dayes hence and you shall heare more, but in the meane space looke you play mum-budget and speake not a word of this matter to any creature."

"I warrant thee, Robin", quoth she; and so away she

went, being as glad of this tydings as her master was of a good term.

Now, when his master came home, his man Robin asked him how he sped in his suit.

"Verily", quoth he, "even as cookes doe in baking of their pies — sometimes well, sometimes ill. London maids are wily wenches. On Sunday my sweetheart was halfe won, but now I doubt she is wholy lost. Now she is in one mind, by and by in another, and to be briefe, never stedfast in anything."

"Tush, master", quoth Robin, "stoop not too much to a thistle, but take this comfort — that what one will not, another will. I tel you, master, crabs yeeldes nothing but verjuice, a sower sauce, good for digestion but bad to the taste; and these nice minions are so full of curiosity that they are cleane without curtesie. Yet well fare the gallant girles of Westminster, that will doe more for a man than he will doe for himselfe."

"What is that?" said his master.

"Mary", quoth he, "get him a wife ere he is aware and give two kisses before he calles for one."

"That indeed is extraordinary kindnes", quoth Richard, "but their loves are like braided wares, which are often showne but hardly sold."

"Well, master", quoth Robin, "you know your two old friends, Meg and Gillian —"

"I, what of them?" quoth Richard.

"In troth", quoth he, "I have made them both so proud that they prance through the streets like the king's great horses. For I have made them both beleeve that you love them out of all cry."

"And I beshroe thy heart for that", quoth Richard, "for therein thou dost both deceive them and discredit mee. I assure thee I like not such jesting."

"Now, gip", quoth Robin, "are you griev'd at my talke?
And if you be angry I pray you goe walke.
Thus you doe never esteeme of a man,
Let him doe for you the best that he can."

Richard, hearing his man so hot, pacified him with many cold and gentle speeches, wishing, if he had begun any jest, that he should finish it with such discretion that no reproach might grow thereby unto him, and then he would be content. Whereupon Robin proceeded in this sort: —

Upon a time, Margaret according to her wonted manner came thither; whom Robin perswaded that his master was newly gone into Tuttle Field and that he left word, if she came she should doe so much as to meet him there. "But", quoth he, "take heed in any case least Gillian of the George spie you, and so follow to the place where my master attends your comming; who, I dare sweare, would not for all the shooes in his shop it should be so. And therefore, good Margaret, if you chance to see her, goe not forward in any case, but rather lead her a contrary way or make some queint excuse, that she may leave your company and not suspect your pretence."

"Tush", quoth Margaret, "let me alone for that. If she follow me she were better no, for, i'faith, I will lead her a dance shall make her weary before she have done, and yet shall she goe home as very a foole as she came forth, for any goodnesse she gets at my hand. And therefore farewell, Robin", quoth she, "for I will trudge into Tuttle Fields as fast as I may."

"But looke", quoth Robin, "you loose not your maidenhead by the way."

Robin presently thereupon runnes unto Gillian, saying: "What cheere, Gillian? How goes the world with all the pretty wenches here? It is a long while since I have seene you."

"I'faith, Robin", quoth they, "we rub out with the rest, but what is the news with thee?"

"Small news", quoth Robin, "yet somewhat I have to say,
All maides that cannot get husbands must presently marry —
they that cannot stay, —
But heare you, Gillian, a word by the way."

And with that, rounding her in the eare, he told her that incontinent it was his master's mind that she should meet him in Tuttle Fields, charging her if she met Margaret of the Crane, that she should in no case goe forward but turne her steps some other way. "For", quoth he, "my master cannot abide that great rounsefull[1]) should come in his company."

"For that let me alone", quoth Gillian. "But trust me, Robin, it could not have come in a worse time this twelvemoneth, for this day have we a mighty deale of worke to doe, beside a great bucke that is to be washt."

"Why, then let it rest till another time", quoth Robin.

"Nay", quoth she, "hap what hap will, I will goe to him, sith so kindly he sent for me." And thereupon making herselfe quickly ready, into Tuttle Fields she got, where at last she espied Margaret with a hand-basket in her hand, who as sodainly had got a sight of her and therefore made a shew as if she gathered hearbs in the field. "Iwis, that craft shall not serve your turne", quoth Gillian. "I will gather hearbs as fast as you, though I have as little need of them as yourselfe."

But in the mean time Robin got him home and hartily laught to see what paines these wenches tooke for a husband. "O", quoth he, "what a merry world is this, when maids runnes a-madding for husbands, with hand-baskets in their hands. Now may I well sweare what I have seene:

> Two maides runne as fast as they can
> A mile in the fields to meet with a man.

Then how can men for shame say that maidens are proud, disdainfull, or coy, when we find them so gentle that they will run to a man like a falcon to the lure? But, alas, poore soules, as good were they to seek for a needle in a bottle of hay as to search for Richard of the Rose in Tuttle Fields. But hereby doe I know their

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[1]) i. e. rounceval.

minds against another time, if my master should chance to request their company."

Thus did Round Robin deride them, when he found their fondness to be such. But to leave him to his humor, we will returne to the maids that were so busie in picking up hearbs in the fields. When Meg saw that Gillian would not away, at last she came unto her, asking what she made there.

"Nay, what doe you here?" quoth she. "For my owne part, I was sent for to seeke hartsease, but I can find nothing but sorrel."

"Alack, good soule", quoth Meg, "and I come to gather thrift, but can light on nothing but thistles, and therefore I will get my waies home as fast as I can."

"In doing so you shall doe well", quoth Gillian, "but I mean to get some hartsease ere I goe away."

"Nay, Gillian", quoth she, "I am sure I shall find thrift as soone as you shall find hartsease, but I promise you I am out of hope to find any to-day."

"I pray you, get you gone then", quoth she.

"What, would you so faine be rid of my company?" quoth Meg. "For that word I meane not to be gone yet. I'faith, Gill, I smell a rat."

"Then", quoth she, "you have as good a nose as our gray cat. But what rat do you smell? Tell me. I doubt, I doubt, if there be any rat in the field you would faine catch him in your trap, if you knew how. But i'faith Meg, you shall be deceived, as cunning as you are."

"Then, belike", quoth Meg, "you would not have the rat taste no cheese but your owne?"

"All is one for that", said Gillian, "but wheresoever he run, I would have him creep into no corner of yours."

"Your wordes are mysticall", quoth Meg; "but if thou art a good wench, let us goe home together."

"Not so", said Gillian; "as I came not with you, so I meane not to goe with you."

"No?" quoth Meg. "Before God, I sweare I will stay as long as thou, for thy life."

"In troth", quoth she, "I will make you stay till midnight then."

"Yea?" quoth Meg. "Now, as sure as I live, I will try that."

And in this humor sometimes they sat them downe and sometimes they stalkt round about the field, till it was darke night and so late that at last the watch met with them, who contrary to Gillian's mind, tooke paines to bring them both home together. At what time they gave one another such privie flouts, that the watchmen tooke no little delight to heare it. But their mistresses, that had so long mist them from home, though they were very angry with their long absence, yet were glad they were come againe; and asking where they had been so long, the watchmen answered that the one had beene to seeke hartsease and the other to gather thrift, and therefore that they should not blame them for staying so long to get such good commodities. "Verily", quoth their mistresses, "we will not, for no marvell if they stayed out till midnight about such matters, seeing we have sought it this seven yeares and could never find it." And in this sort this jest ended.

Within a while after this, Richard through his long wooing had gotten the good will of his sweetheart, and therefore making all things ready for his marriage, the matter being known through Westminster, Margaret and Gillian had tydings thereof with the soonest. Who, comming unto Richard, said he was the most false and unconstant man in the world.

"Have I", quoth Meg, "set my whole mind upon thee, to bee thus served?"

"Nay", quoth Gillian, "have I loved thee so deerly and indured such sorrow for thy sake, to be thus unkindly cast off?"

"And I", quoth Meg, "that never thought anything too much for thee, that loved thee better then my life, that was at all times ready at thy call and ready to run or goe at thy commandement — to be so undeservedly forsaken grieves not my heart a little."

"Nay", quoth Gillian, "could you make me leave my worke to waite upon thee in Tuttle Fields?"

"Nay, did I waite there halfe a day together", quoth Meg, "at thy request, to be thus mockt at thy hand? Now, I wish it from my heart, if thou marriest any but me, that thy wife may make thee as errant a cuckold as Jack Coomes."

"So you are very charitable", quoth Richard, "to wish me no worse then you meane to make your husband. But when did I request thee to come into Tuttle Fields?"

"What, have you so weake a memory?" quoth she. "I pray you aske your man, Round Robin, whether it were so or no."

"Well", quoth Robin, "how then? Wherefore did you not speake with him at that present?

You know it comes in an houre, comes not in seven yeare;
Had you met him at that instant you had married him cleare."

"A vengeance take her", quoth Meg, "I could not meete him for Gillian."

"And I could not meet him for Margaret, a morin take her!" quoth Gillian.

Richard, perceiving by their speech there was a pad lying in the straw, made this reply: "It is a strange thing to see how you will blame me of discourtesie, when the whole fault lyes in yourselves. Had you come at the appointed time, it is likely I had marryed one of you, seeing my minde was as well addicted to the one as to the other."

"Why may it not be yet", quoth they, "if it please you?"

"Not so", said Richard, "you speake too late. Men gather no grapes in January. My wine is already provided

and my wife prepared. Therefore I thanke you both of your good wills, though I be constrained of force to forsake you."

The maidens, being herewith struck into their dumps, with water in their eyes and griefe in their hearts went home. To whom Robin carryed two willow garlands, saying:

"You pretty soules that forsaken be,
Take here the branches of the willow tree,
And sing love's farewell joyntly with me."

Meg, being merily inclined, shooke off sorrow in this sort, and gently taking the willow garland, said: "Wherefore is griefe good? Can it recall folly past? No. Can it helpe a matter remedilesse? No. Can it restore losses or draw us out of danger? No. What then? Can griefe make unkind men curteous? No. Can it bring long life? No, for it doth rather hasten our death. What then can it do? Can it call our friends out of their graves? No. Can it restore virginity, if we chance to lose our maidenhead? No. Then wherefore should I grieve, except I went to kill myselfe? Nay, seeing it is so, hang sorrow! I will never care for them that care not for me, and, therefore, a figge for the Cocke of Westminster![1]) By this good day, I am glad I have scapt him, for I doe now consider I should have never tooke rest after foure a clocke in the morning, and alas, a young married wife would be loath to rise before eight or nine; beside that, I should never have gone to bed before ten or eleven or twelve a clocke at night by that meanes. — What a deale of time should I have lost about[2]) other women! 'Have him', quoth you? Now, God blesse me, I sweare by Venus, the faire goddesse of sweet love, in the minde I am in I would not have him if he had so much as would lie in Westminster Hall. And therefore, Robin, this willow garland is to me right heartily

[1]) Cf. Falstaff's disquisition on honor, Henry IV., First Part, V, 1.

[2]) Compare: — "by that meanes knew the length of every maiden's foot so well, that he about all other best pleased them." p. 1.

welcome, and I will goe with thee to Gillian presently, and thou shalt see us weare them rather in triumph then in timerous feare."

"Well said, in good sadnes," quoth Robin, "thou art the gallantest girle that ever I knew."

But when she came to Gillian, Robin staid for her at the staire foot. They found her sicke in her bed, fetching many sore sighes, to whom Margaret spake in this manner: "Why, how now, Gillian? What, sicke abed? Now, fie, for shame, plucke up a good heart, woman! Let no man triumph so much over thee to say thou gavest the crow a pudding because love would let thee live no longer. Be content," quoth she, "and take courage to thee — death is a sowre, crabbed fellow."

"Ah no," quoth Gillian, "death is sweet to them that live in sorrow, and to none should he be better welcome then to me, who desires nothing more then death to end my miseries."

"What now?" quoth Margaret. "Whose mare is dead? Art thou a young wench, faire and comely, and dost thou despaire of life? And all for love, and all for love! O fond foole, worthy to weare a coate with foure elbowes, this were enough if there were no more men in the world but one; but if there were two, why shouldst thou languish? — much lesse, knowing there is so many to be had."

"O," quoth Gillian, "what is all the men in the world to me now I have lost Richard, whose love was my life?"

"I pray thee rise", quoth Meg, "and let us go drinke a quart of sacke to wash sorrow from our hearts."

"O", quoth shee, "I cannot rise if you would give me a hundred pound, nor will I rise for any man's pleasure."

"What," quoth Meg, "if your father sent for you, would you not goe to him?"

"No," quoth she.

"Would you not goe to your mother?"

"No."

"But what if your brethren requested you to rise?"

"Y'faith, I would not," quoth she.

"Say that some of the king's gentlemen intreated your company?"

"Never prate, I would not goe to the best lord in the land," quoth Gillian, "nor to no man els in the world."

"No?" quoth Meg. "I am sure you would."

Quoth she: "If I doe, say I am an errant queane, and count me the veriest drab that ever trod on two shooes."

"Nay," quoth Meg, "seeing you say so, I have done. I was about to tell you of a matter, but I see it is to small purpose, and therefore I'le keep my breath to coole my pottage."

"A matter?" said Gillian. "What matter is it? Sweet Meg, tell me."

"No, no," quoth she, "it is in vaine. I would wish you to cover yourselfe close and keepe yourselfe warme least you catch an ague, — and so good night, Gillian."

"Nay, but Meg," quoth she, "good Meg, if ever thou didst love me, let me know what this matter is that you speake of, for I shall not be in quiet till I know it."

"Tush, 'tis but a trifle — a trifle," quoth Meg, "not worth the talke. Your sweetheart Richard hath sent his man Robin for you, and, as he tels me, he hath a token to deliver you."

"What," quoth Gill, "is that true? Where is Robin? Why comes he not up?"

"Truly," quoth Meg, "he counts it more then manners to presse into a maide's chamber. Beside, he would be loath to give any cause of suspition to any of your fellowes to thinke ill of him or you. For nowadayes the world is growne to such a passe that if a maide doe but looke merrily upon a young man, they will say straight that either she shall be his wife or that she is his harlot; but if they see a man come into a woman's chamber they will not sticke to sweare that they have been naught together. For which cause Robin intreated me to come unto you

and to certifie you that hee stayed at the Three Tunnes for your comming. But seeing you are abed, I am sorry I have troubled you so much, and therefore farewell, good Gillian."

"O stay a little, good Meg", quoth she, "and I will goe along with you." And with that, on she slipt her petticoate and made such hast in dressing herselfe that she would not stay the plucking on of her stockings nor the drawing on of her shooes.

"Why, how now, Gillian", quoth Meg, "have you forgot yourselfe? Remember you are ill and sicke abed."

"Tush", quoth shee, "I am well enough now."

"But if you goe foorth to-night you are an 'arrant drab' and a 'very queane'", quoth Meg.

"Tush, 'tis no matter for that," said Gillian. "Griefe hath two tongues, to say and to unsay, and therefore I respect not what you prate." And therewithall shee ran downe the stayres after Margaret, who got Robin to goe before to the Three Tunnes; where when Gillian came, she asked him how his master did, and what his errand was to her.

"Soft, first let us drinke", quoth Robin, "and then let us talke.
That we cannot pay for, shall be set up in chalke."

"You speak merrily", quoth Margaret, "whatsoever you meane. But I would I could see the wine come once, that I may drink a hearty draught; for sorrow, they say, is dry and I find it to be true."

"Then drinke hard", quoth Robin, "and bid sorrow adue."

Thus when they had whipt off two or three quarts of wine, Gillian began to grow as pleasant as the best and would needs know of Robin what it was he had to say to her.

"Nothing", quoth he, "but to doe my master's commendation and to deliver you his token."

"This token?" quoth Gillian. "What, a willow garland? Is the matter so plaine? Is this the best reward hee can give me for all my good will? Had he nobody to flout but mee?"

"Yes, by my faith", quoth Meg, "it was his minde that I should beare you company. Therefore looke what he sent to you he did the like to mee; and that thou maiest the better believe me, see where it is."

"O intollerable injury!" quoth Gillian. "Did I take paines to rise and come out of my warme bed for this? O how unfortunate have I beene above all other in the world! — Well, seeing I cannot recall what is past, I will take this as a just penance for my too much folly; and if Margaret will agree, we will weare these disdainfull branches on his marriage day to his great disgrace, though to our continuall sorrow."

"Content", quoth Meg. "All is one to mee. Looke what thou wilt allow I will not dislike." And so paying the shot, away they went.

At length, when the marriage day was come and that the bride in the middest of her friends was set downe to dinner, Margaret and Gillian, attyred in red stammell petticoats, .with white linnen sleeves and fine holland aprons, having their willow garlands on their heads, entred into the hall singing this song:

When fancie first fram'd our likings in love,
Sing all of greene willow,
And faithfull affection such motion did move,
For willow, willow, willow,
Where pleasure was plenty we chanced to be,
Sing all of greene willow,
There were we enthral'd of our liberty,
And forced to carrie the willow garland.

This young man we liked and loved full deere,
Sing all of greene willow,
And in our hearts' closset we kept him full neere;
Sing willow, willow, willow,
He was our hearts' pleasure and all our delight,
Sing all of greene willow,
We judg'd him the sweetest of all men in sight,
Who gives us unkindly the willow garland.

No cost we accounted too much for his sake,
Sing all of greene willow,
Fine bands and handkerchers for him we did make;
Sing willow, willow, willow,
And yet for our good will, our travell, and paine,
Sing all of greene willow,
We have gotten nothing but scorne and disdaine,
As plainly is prov'd by this willow garland.

Then pardon our boldnesse, thou gentle, faire bride,
Sing all of greene willow,
We speake by experience of that we have tride;
Sing willow, willow, willow,
Our overmuch courtesie bred all our woe,
Sing all of greene willow,
But never hereafter we meane so to doe,
For this onely brought us the willow garland.[1])

Their song being thus ended, the bride said she was heartily sorry for their hard fortune in love, greatly blaming the bridegroom for his unkindnes.

"Nay, do not so", quoth Meg, "for you shal find him kind enough soon at night. But seeing he hath disappointed me in this sort, it shall go hard but I will make shift to lose my maidenhead as soone as you shall lose yours, and you shall make good haste but I wil be before you. — O God," quoth she, "have I been so chary to keep my honesty and so dainty of my maidenhead that I could spare it no man for the love I bore to hard-hearted Richard, and hath he serv'd me thus? — Well, Gillian", quoth she, "let us go. Never wil I be so tide in affection to one man again while I live. What a deale of time have I lost and spent to no purpose since I came to London, and how many kinde offers have I forsaken, and disdainfully refused of many brave gentlemen, that would have bin glad of my good will! I thinke I was accurst

[1]) For an older and perhaps the original "willow" song see Percy's Reliques. Deloney, it will be noted, humorously varies the *motif* by assigning the part of disappointed lover to women.

to come into his company. Well, I say little, but henceforward hang me if I refuse reason, when I am reasonably intreated. Trust me, I would not for a good thing that my friends in the country should know that one of my ripe age, bone, and bignesse hath all this while liv'd in London idly, like an unprofitable member of the commonwealth; but if I live they shall heare that I will be better imploy'd, — and so adue, good Gillian."

Thus Margaret in a melancholy humor went her waies, and in short time after, she forsooke Westminster and attended on the king's army to Bullio[1]), and while the siege lasted became a landresse[2]) to the camp. And never after did she set store by herselfe, but became common to the call of every man till such time as all youthfull delights was banished by old age. And in the end she left her life in Islington[2]), being very penitent for all her former offences.

Gillian in the end was well married and became a very good housekeeper, living in honest name and fame til her dying day.

Chap. IV.

How Round Robin and his fellowes sung before the king.

The King's Majesty having royally won the strong town of Bullen, victoriously he returned and came into England, and according to his accustomed manner lying at his palace of Whitehall, divers of the nobility, passing up and down Westminster, did many times heare the shoomaker's journymen singing; whose sweet voyces and pleasant songs was so pleasing in the eares of the hearers that it caused them to stay about the doore to hearken thereunto. Robin above the rest declared such cunning in his song that he ever obtained the chiefest praise. And

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[1]) i. e. Bullion or Bullen = Boulogne.

[2]) See Appendix.

no marvell, for his skill in pricksong was more then ordinary; for which cause the singing-men of the Abbey did often call him into the quire.

Now you shall understand that by their often singing in the shop, the journeymen of that house were noted above all the men in Westminster, and the report of their singing went far and neer insomuch that at the last the King's Majesty had knowledge thereof, who, hearing them so greatly commended, caused them to be sent for to the court. Whereupon Round Robin and his foure fellows made themselves ready. And their master being of a good mind, against the day that they should goe before our king, he suted[1]) them all at his owne proper cost, in doublets and hose of crimson taffety, with black velvet caps on their heads, and white feathers. On their legs they had fine yellow stockings; pumps and pantofles on their feet; by their sides each of them wore a faire sword. And in this sort being brought before his Majesty, upon their knees they craved pardon for presuming to come into his royall presence.

The king, seeing them to be such proper men and attyred in such gentlemanlike manner, bad them stand up. "Why, my lords," quoth he, "be these the merry-minded shoomakers you spake of?"

"They are, most dread soveraigne," said they.

"Certainly," said our king, "you are welcome every one; but who among you is Round Robin?"

"My liege", quoth Robin, "that man am I,
Which in your Grace's service will live and die.
And these be my fellowes, every one,
Ready to waite your Royall Grace upon."

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[1]) Compare Mrs. Eyre's description of the attire her husband is to don, and the other numerous references to dress and dress-stuffs. Deloney describes costume with the knowledge and gusto of a merchant tailor that understands his art and realizes its decorative possibilities — which would seem to corroborate Nash's testimony that Deloney was a silk-weaver.

"How now, Robin," said our king, "what, canst thou rime?"

"A little, my liege", quoth he, "as I see place and time."

His Grace, laughing heartily at this pleasant companion, told him that he heard say he could sing well.

"Trust me", quoth Robin, "at your Grace's request
You shall well perceive we will doe our best."

Hereupon the king sate him downe, where many great lords and ladies of high estate attended on his Highnesse. And being in the Christmas time, after the master of merry disports had performed all his appointed pastimes, Robin with his fellowes had liberty to declare their cunning before our king. But the majesty of his princely presence did so amate them that they were quite dash'd out of countenance; which his Grace perceiving, gave them many gracious words of encouragement. Whereupon they began in this sort, singing a song of the winning of Bullen: —

The Song of the Winning of Bullen — sung before the King[1]) by Round Robin and his fellowes.

In the moneth of October
Our king he would to Dover,
  By leave of Father and the Sonne.
A great armie of men
Well appointed there was then,
  Before our noble king to come.

The valiant Lord Admirall,
He was captaine generall
  Of all the royall navie sent by sea.
The sight was worthie to behold,
To see the ships with shining gold
  And flags and streamers, sailing all the way.

[1]) In Jack of Newbury the clothier's spinners and carders sing the ballad, The Ungrateful Knight and Fair Flower of Northumberland, before King Henry and Queen Katherine. See Ritson's Ancient Songs and Ballads.

At Bullen then arriving,
With wisdome well contriving,
The armed men were set in battle 'ray;
And Bullen was besieged round.
Our men with drum and trumpets' sound
Before it march'd couragious that day.

Then marke how all things chanced: —
Before them was advanced
The royall standard in the bloodie field.
The Frenchmen standing on the walls,
To them our English heralds calls,
Wishing in time their citie for to yeeld:

"Our king hath sent to prove you;
Because that he doth love you
He proffer'd mercy, if you will imbrace.
If you deny his kinde request,
And in your obstinacie rest,
Behold you bring yourselves in wofull case."

Quoth they: "Wee doe deny you,
And flatly we defie you.
Faire Bullen is a famous maiden towne;
For all the deeds that hath beene done,
By conquest never was she won.
She is a lady of most high renowne."

When they so unadvised
His proffer had despised,
Our ordinance began to shoote amaine,
Continuing eight houres and more;
For why our king most deeply swore
Her maidenhead that he would obtaine.

When thus his Grace had spoken,
Hee sent her many a token,
Firie balls and burning, brazen rings,
Faire, broad arrowes, sharpe and swift,
Which came among them with a drift,
Well garnish'd with the gray goose wings.

This maiden towne that lately
Did shew herselfe so stately,
In seeking favour many teares she shed.
Upon her knees then fell she downe,
Saying: "O king of high renowne,
Save now my life and take my maidenhead!"

Lo, thus herselfe she ventred,
And streight her streets wee entred,
And to the market place we marched free.
Never a Frenchman durst withstand
To hold a wepon in his hand,
For all the gold that ever hee did see.[1])

Their song being ended, our king cast them a purse with fifty faire angells for a reward, commending both their skill and good voyces; and after much pleasant communication they had liberty to depart. And when they came home they told to their master all their merriment before the king and what reward his Grace had bestowed on them; and powring the gold downe upon the table, the same being truly told by their master, every man's share came just to five pound apiece. Which when Round Robin saw, he swore he would bestow a supper upon his master and mistresse that night, though it cost him two angels. Which his fellowes hearing, and seeing Robin's liberall heart to be such, said they would joyne with him, and laying their money together, would have all the shoomakers in Westminster to beare them company.

"Content", quoth Robin, "with all my heart,
And twenty shillings I will spend for my part;
And as I am true man, and sung before our king,
As much shall each of you spend before our parting.
So shall we have musicke and gallant cheere,
Secke and sugar, claret wine, strong ale and beare."

This being concluded, they met all together at the signe of the Bell, where they were so merry as might be. At what time Robin began to blame his master, that had not in three yeeres' space gotten his mistresse with childe.

"Hold thy peace", quoth he. "All this while I have but jested, but when I fall once in earnest thou shalt see

[1]) Towards the end of Jack of Newbury Deloney introduces the ballad celebrating "the famous atchieved victory" of Flodden Field. Compare the more strictly original ballads (1588) on the Armada Fight (Reprinted in Arber's Garner, vol. VII).

her belly will rise like a tun of new ale, — thou know'st I am the 'Cocke of Westminster'."

"I", quoth Robin, "you had that name
More for your rising, than your goodnesse in Venus' game."

The company at this laugh'd heartily; but seven yeeres after,[1]) this jest was remembred, for in all that space had not his wife any child. Wherefore Robin would often say that either his master was no perfect man, or else his mistresse was in her infancy nourished with the milk of a mule, which bred such barrennesse in her. For till her dying day she never had child.

And after they had lived together many yeeres, at last Richard Casteler dyed, and at his death he did divers good and godly deeds. Among many other things, he gave to the City of Westminster a worthy gift to the cherishing of the poore inhabitants forever. He also gave toward the reliefe of the poore, fatherlesse children of Christ's Hospitall in London to the value of forty pound[2]) land by the yeere. And in the whole course of his life he was a very bountifull man to all the decayed housekeepers of that place, leaving behind him a worthy example for other men to follow.[3])

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[1]) i. e. in 1554, the date of Casteller's death. The novelist apparently came near forgetting for a moment that in order to connect Meg's going to Boulogne (1544) with Richard's marriage he had made Richard younger than he actually was, and that therefore the historic date stood in the way of the 'many yeeres after' with which the story was to end. It is possible, of course, though not very likely, that the conclusion is an instance of the corrections and augmentations advertised on the title-page.

[2]) Forty-three, according to Grafton. See Introduction.

[3]) Grafton: "whose example God graunt many to follow."

Master Peachey and His Men.

Chap. I.

The pleasant storey of Peachey, the famous shoomaker of Fleet Street in London.

Much about this time there lived in London a rich shoomaker, and a gallant housekeeper, who, being a brave man of person, bore a mind agreeable thereunto, and was therefore of most men called Lusty Peachey. Hee kept all the yeere forty tall men on worke, beside prentises, and every one hee clothed in tawny coats, which he gave as his livery to them, all with black caps and yellow feathers; and every Sunday and holiday, when this gentlemanlike citizen went to church in his black gown garded with velvet, it was his order to have all his men in their liveries to wait upon him, with every man his sword and buckler, ready at any time if need required.

It came to passe upon S. George's Day that this jolly shoomaker, being servant to the Duke of Suffolk, went to the court with all his men after him, to give attendance upon his noble master; which some yong gentlemen, more wanton than wise, beholding, and envying his gallant mind, devised how they might picke some quarrell, thereby to have occasion to try his manhood. Quoth they: "Did you ever know a shoomaker, a sowter, a cobling companion, brave it so with the best as this fellow doth?" — "See with what a train of hardie squires he goes, what squaring lads they be!" — "They look as if they would fight with

Gargantua, and make a fray with the great Turk, and yet I durst lay my life they dare scantly kill a hedgehog." — "Mark him, I pray; I warrant you there is never a knight in this countrey that goes with so great a train."

"'Swounes", quoth one, "it were a good sport to draw and try what they can do."

"My masters, be advised", quoth another, "and attempt nothing rashly. I tell you this fellow is a hardy coine; he is currant mettle y'faith, and whensoever you try him I'le warrant you shall finde he will not flie a foot."

With that comes by lusty Tom Stuteley[1]) and Strangwidge, two gallant sea-captaines, who were attired all in crimson velvet, marriners' wide slops that reacht to the foot, in watched silk thrumb-hats and white feathers, having pages attending with their weapons; who, seeing a cluster of gentlemen in hard communication at the court gate, askt what was the matter.

"Marry, captaine", quoth they, "we are all beholding to yonder lusty gallant that hath so many waiting on him, with tawny coats."

"'Sblood, what is he?" quoth Stutely.

"He seemes to be a gallant man", said Strangwidge[2]), "whatsoever he be. And were it not I see him in the

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[1]) A famous gallant was he in his days, —
— — — — — — — — — — —
And lusty Stukely was he cal'd in Court.

The Life and Death of famous Thomas Stukely, Roxburgh Collection; reprinted in R. Simpson's School of Shakespeare, vol. I.

The form Stuteley (Stewtley) occurs long before the date of the Gentle Craft; e. g. in a ballad relating to Stucley's Florida project: —

Now Stuteley, hoice thy sail
Thy wished land to find,
And never do regard vain talk.

Simpson, p. 151.

[2]) A name familiar to Deloney's readers as that of Mrs. Page's lover, executed in 1591 for the murder of Mr. Page of Plymouth. Deloney himself had written two ballads on the subject.

Duke of Suffolk's liverie[1]) I should have taken him by his train to be some lord at the least."

"Nay", quoth Stutely, "he is some knight of good living."

"Gentlemen", quoth they, "how your judgements deceive you. It is certaine he is as good a shooemaker as any is in Fleet Street."

"What? Is he but a shooemaker?" quoth Stutely. "O how that word makes me scratch my elbo! Can a shooemaker come to the court with more serving-men at his heeles then Captaine Stutely? See how it makes my blood rise. O the passion of my heart, how the villaine squares it out! See, see, what a company of handsome fellowes follow him; it is twenty pound to a penny but they were better borne then their master."

"Not so", quoth the gentleman; "but I think their birth and bringing up was much alike, for they be all shooemakers and his stoole companions."

"Now, by this iron and steell", quoth Stutely, "were it not that he is attendant on the good duke I would have him by the eares presently. I will lay an hundred pound, and stake it downe straight, that Captaine Strangwidge and I will beat him and all his forty men."

The gentlemen, being ready to set this match forward, greatly commended the captaine's high courage. Notwithstanding, they would not hazard their money on such a desperate match.

"Well, gentlemen", quoth they, "you say he dwels in Fleet Street, and that he is a shoomaker. Never trust us more if we become not his customers; but the crossest customers shall he finde us that ever came to his shop for shooes." — "Nay", quoth Stuteley, "we will bespeak boots of him, and thus we will raise our quarrell: When they are made, if they come not on easie and sit on our legs

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[1]) Thomas Stucley was a retainer to the Duke of Suffolk; whence perhaps Deloney's version.

neatly, we will make them pluck them off againe, and presently we will beat them in peeces about his pate; which if he seeme to take in dudgin, and with his men follow us into the street for revenge, if we make them not leap before us like monkies and force them run away like sheep-biters, let us lose our credits and captainships forever."

"But what if you should chance to kill any of them?" said the gentlemen.

"'Swounes", quoth they, "what care we! We are bound to sea on a gallant voyage, wherein the king hath no small venture, and without us it cannot go forward; so that it is not the death of twenty men can stay us at home, and, therefore, when they should be seeking of us in Fleet Street, we would be seeking out the coast of Florida."[1])

"You say well, captaines", quoth they, "and, no doubt, if you do any such thing we shall heare of it, for the report thereof will be famous through London."

Within a while after, Stutely and Strangwidge, having thus determined, came into Fleet Street, and making inquiry for Peachie's shop they were by every man directed to the house, where when they were come, they called for the goodman of the house. The foreman of the shop demanded what their will was.

"Why, knave", quoth they, "what carest thou? Let us speak with thy master."

"Gentlemen", quoth he, "if you lack any such commodity as we make, you shall finde me sufficient to serve you, for to that end hath my master set me in the shop."

"Why, Jack Sauce", quoth Stutely, "you whorson peasant, know you to whom you speak?"

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[1]) For a detailed account of Stucley's Florida project (1563) see Simpson, pp. 32—39. Of course it was not Henry VIII but Elizabeth who had "no small venture" in this buccaneering expedition.

The fellow, being very cholerick[1]), and somewhat displeased at these disdainfull speeches, made him this round answer: "Ask you to whom I speak?" quoth he.

"I, Goodman Flat-cap", said Strangwidge, "we ask to whom you speak."

"Sir", quoth he, "I speak to a velvet foole, a silken slave that knowes not how to governe his tongue."

With that Stutely swore like a madman, and presently drew out a dudgin-haft dagger that he had by his side, and began to lay at the fellow; which one of his fellowes seeing, flung a last at his head and feld him to the ground. Strangwidge thereupon drew his sword, but by that time the fellow had took downe his sword and buckler, which hung in the shop hard at hand, and therewith so well defended himselfe that Strangwidge could do him no hurt. And by that time Stutely, recovering, crald up againe.

But Peachie, hearing a great hurly-burly in the shop, came forth and demanded the cause of the quarrell. His servants told him that those gentlemen had given the journeymen very ill words. "How can they chuse but speak ill", quoth Peachie, "for it may be they never learn'd to speak well". Whereupon he went unto them saying: "How now, captaines, how grew this quarrell twixt you and my men?"

"Thy men?" quoth Stutely. "Thy roags; and thyselfe is no better, that brings them up."

"Sir", quoth Peachie, "you wrong[2]) me too much, and get you quickly from my doore, or, by this sunne that shines, I'le set you packing! And therefore never think to outface me with great looks, for I tell thee, Stutely and Strangwidge both, did you look as big as the Devill I feare you not. And you forgot your maners too much to give me such base tearms, for I would you well knew I keepe forty good fellowes in my house, that in respect of their manhood may seeme to be your equals."

[1]) chtleeick.

[2]) your wong.

"O intollerable comparison!" quoth Stutely. "Flesh and blood cannot beare such abuse. I'le tell thee what", quoth he, "if we two beat not thee and thy forty men I durst be hang'd up at thy doore."

"Fie, fie, 'tis too much oddes", quoth Peachy. "Dare you two take ten? Nay, dare you fight with five?"

"Take that and try", quoth Strangwidge — and therewithall gave him a sound blow on the eare.

"Nay, this is too much", quoth Peachy. "Put up this and put up all. Stutely and Strangwidge", quoth he, "if you be men meet me in Lincolne's Inne Fields presently."

"Content", quoth they — and thereupon went their wayes.

Peachie, fetching straight his sword and buckler, call'd his man John Abridges to go with him, charging all the rest not to stir out of doores; and so into the Fields they went, where immediately they met with these lusty caveliers. The captaines, seeing him come only with one man, askt if there were[1]) all the helpe he had.

"I will request no more", quoth Peachie, "to swinge you both out of the Fields."

"Brag is a good dog", quoth Stutely; "but tell us, hast thou made thy will and set thy house in order?"

"What if I have not?" quoth Peachie.

"Why, then", quoth Strangwidge, "for thy wife and children's sake go home againe and do it, or else get more aide about thee to preserve thy life".

"Why, how now, master", quoth John Abridges, "come you into the field to fight with women? Why, these be two disguised butter-whores, I'le lay my life, that have more skill in scoulding then in fighting. But heare you", quoth he, "if you be men leave your foule words and draw your faire weapons, and, because I will spare your middle peece, if I strike a stroke below the girdle call me cut."

"'Sblood, shall we be thus out-braved?" quoth Stutely.

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[1]) well.

And therewith drawing their weapons, they fell to it lustily, where Peachie and his man laid so bravely about them that they beat both the captaines out of breath. In which fray Stutely was wounded in the head, and Strangwidge in the sword-arme. But at last they were parted by many gentlemen that came in good time to prevent further mischiefe.

The captaines got them straight to the surgion, and Peachie with his man went directly home. And while they were a-dressing, Peachie, hearing how they were hurt, sent to Stutely a kerchiefe by one of his men, and by another a scarffe to Strangwidge. By the third he sent a bottle of *aqua vitae*, wishing them to be of good cheare, for hee intended to be better acquainted with them ere long. The captaines, finding these favours to be but flouts, were more grieved thereat then at their hurt, and therefore, with many disdainfull speeches, they refused his proffer'd curtesie.

And you shall understand that afterward Peachie's men, by two and two at a time, did often meet and fight with them, and so narrowly would they watch for them that they could be in no place in peace, insomuch that the captaines found fighting-work enough and a great deale more then willingly they would; whereby they received many scarres and wounds in the body, so that lightly they were never out of surgions' hands. Upon a time it chanced that, being upon the point of their voyage and shortly to go to sea, Stuteley and Strangwidge having beene at the court and newly come from my Lord Admiral's lodging, before they came to Charing Crosse they were encountred by a couple of Peachie's men, who presently drew upon them and laid so freely about, that the two captaines were glad at length to house themselves for their refuge. "Now, a plague on them", quoth Stuteley, "shall we never be in quiet for these quoystrels?[1]) Never were we so

[1]) i. e. coystrels.

ferrited before. 'Swownes, we can no sooner look into the streets but these shoomakers have us by the eares. A pox on it that ever we medled with the rascals! 'Sblood, they be as unluckie to be met as a hare on a jorney or a sergeant on a Sunday morning, for ever one mischiefe or other followes it. Captaine Strangwidge", quoth he, "there is no other shift but to seek their friendship; otherwise we are in danger every houre to be maimed. Therefore, to keep our lims sound against we go to sea, 'tis best to finde meanes to quiet this grudge."

"Then", said Strangwidge, "it were good to do so, if a man knew how. But you may be sure they will not easily be intreated, seeing we have so mightily abused them in speech." Thus they cast in their mindes divers times by what meanes they might be reconciled. And albeit they sent divers their friends unto Master Peachie, and by his men, yet they would not yeeld nor give consent to be appeased nor to put up such wrong as they had received, without further revenge; so that the captaines were at length constrained to make sute to the Duke of Suffolk to take up the matter; who most honorably performed their request. And so the grudge ended betwixt them [1]), to the great credit of Master Peachie and all his men.

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[1]) In the Play of Stucley, his father when asked to support his suit for the hand of the heiress of Alderman Curtis calls him "a common quarreller" and refers to his 'notorius riots'; and the ballad says of his life after his marriage:

Taverns and Ordinaries
Were his chiefest braveries,
Golden Angels there flew up and down:
Ryots were his best delight,
With stately feasting day and night;
In Court and City thus he won Renown.

Chap. II.

How Harrie Nevell and Tom Drum came to serve Peachey of Fleet Street.

The fame of Peachey running through England by meanes of the frayes which he and his men had with Stuteley and Strangwidge, it made many of that occupation desirous to come and dwell with him; for beside that he was a tall man of his hands, he was also an excellent good workman, and therewithall a bountifull housekeeper. Among many other that was desirous of his service there was one called Tom Drum that had a great minde to be his man, a very odde fellow, and one that was sore infected with the sin of cogging. This boasting companion, sitting on a time sadly at work in his master's shop at Petworth, and seeing the sun shine very faire, made no more to doe but suddenly shrowded up S. Hughe's bones and, taking downe his pike-staffe, clapt his pack at his back, and called for his master. Who, comming into the shop and seeing his man prepared to be prauncing abroad, demanded what the matter was that he followed not his businesse.

"O master", quoth he, "see you not how sweetly the sun shines and how trimly the trees are deckt with green leaves?"

"Well, and how then?" quoth his master.

"Marry, sir", quoth he, "having a great mind to heare the small birds sing, and seeing the weather fitter to walk then to work, I called you forth to take my leave and to bid you farewell. I hope, sir, I have no wager in your hand."

"Why, no", quoth his master. "Thou wilt be sure to take an order for that, and therefore, seeing thou wilt be gone, adue."

"God be with you, good master", quoth he, "and farewell all good fellowes of the Gentle Craft." And therewith he departed.

The journeymen of the towne hearing that Tom Drum went away, according to their ancient custome they gathered themselves together to drink with him and to bring him out of town. And to this intent up they go with him to the Signe of the Crowne, where they parted not till they had drunk a stand of ale drie.

Which being done, they bring him a mile on his way, carrying a gallon of beere with them. And lastly there once againe they drink to his good health, and to Crispianus' soule, and to all the good fellowes of Kerbfoord. Which being done, they all shook him by the hand, and with hallowing and whooping so long as they can see him they bid him a hundred times farewell.

So soone as he was gone out of their whooping, the sweat reeking in his hand and the ale in his head, he trips so light in the highway that he feeles not the ground he goes on. And, therefore, being in a merry vaine, and desirous to drive out the weary way, as he walks he begins thus pleasantly to sing:

The primrose in the greene forrest,
the violets they be gay;
The double dazies, and the rest
that trimly decks the way,
Doth move the spirits with brave delight,
whose beauties darlings be.[1])
With hey tricksie, trim goe tricksie,
under the greenewood tree.

The singing of this song awaked a young gentleman whom sorrow had laid asleepe on a greene bank by the highwaye's side. Who, having unadvisedly displeased his parents, in a cholerick humour departed from them, betaking himselfe to travell, thereby to try how Fortune would favour him abroad. But having now spent all his money, he was in a wofull taking, not knowing what to do, for never had he beene brought up to any trade

[1]) So in P. Perhaps the line should read: who Beautie's darlings be.

whereby he might be able to get a penny at his need. Wherefore, being in this distresse, he was fully purposed to go to London, and there to learne some occupation whereby he might keep himself a true man and not to be driven to seek succour of his friends.

Now, therefore, when he heard Tom Drum so trimly tune it on the way, raising himselfe from the sad ground, he awaited his comming. At whose sudden sight Tom Drum started like one that had spied an adder; and seeing him provided with a good sword and buckler, supposed he had beene one that waited for a fat purse. For which cause he began thus to enter parly with him:

"Good fellow", quoth he, "God give you good morrow, but ill speed."

"Why saist thou so?" quoth Harrie.

"Because", said Tom, "by the good light of the day thou maist see to passe beside me, and that by thy speeding ill I may speed the better."

"What, hast thou such store of money", quoth Harrie, "that thou art loath to lose it?"

"No, by my faith", quoth he, "I have so little that I cannot spare it; for I assure thee all my store is but one poore pennie, and that thou maist see under my little finger."

"Why, then", quoth Harrie, "if I were minded to assault thee, it should be more to rob thee of thy manhood then thy money; — but tell me what pack is that thou bearest at thy back?"

"Marry, they be Saint Hughe's bones."

"Saint Hughe's bones", quoth Harrie, "what is that?"

"A kind of commodity", said Tom, "which I cannot misse, for they be my working-tooles."

"I pray thee", said Harrie, "what occupation art thou?"

"Sir", quoth he, "I am a goldsmith that makes rings for women's heeles."

"What meanest thou by that?" said Harrie.

"I am", quoth Tom, "of the Gentle Craft, vulgarly called a shoomaker."

"The happier thou art", quoth Harrie, "that thou hast a trade to live by, for by that means thou carriest credit with thee in every place. But tell me, good friend, what is thy name, and how far dost thou travell this way?"

"Sir", quoth he, "I travell to the next towne, but my jorney is to London. And as for my name, I am not ashamed to shew it, for my name is a nowne substantive, that may be felt, heard, or understood, and to speak the truth, I am called — whoe there! I trust, sir, you ask for no hurt; you are no bayliffe nor bayliff's man, are ye?"

"No, not I", said Harrie.

"God's blessing on you", quoth he, "I love you the better; for I was never so fraid lest my hostesse of the George in Petworth had sent you for to arrest me, for I think I owe her some ten groats of the score, set up in very faire chalk, as one of the principals of her house is able to testifie. But I pray God send her meat, for I verely think I shall never send her monie."

"But yet", quoth Harrie, "I know not how to call your name."

"Verily", said he, "I am called Thomas Drum or Tom Drum, chuse you whether."

"Well, Thomas", quoth Harrie, "I perceive thou art a man and a good fellow. Therefore I will not be strange to open my need unto thee. I have beene unto my parents untoward; and more then that, not knowing when I was well, wilfully I came from them. And now that I have spent all my money and worne myselfe out of credit, I have utterly undone myselfe, for I am not worth a groat nor no man will trust me for two pence."

"Why, then", quoth Tom, "thou art not worth so much as goodman Luter's lame nagge, for my Lord of Northumberland's huntsman would have given halfe a crowne for him to have fedde his dogges. Notwithstanding, be of good cheere; if thou wilt goe to London with

me, I will beare thy charges, and, i'faith, at the next towne we will be merry and have good cheere."

"Alas", quoth Harry, "how can that be, seeing you have but one penny?"

"I tell thee what", quoth Tom, "wert thou a shoomaker as I am, thou mightst goe with a single penny under thy finger and travell all England over, and at every good towne have both meate and drinke and lodging of the best, and yet have thy penny in store, as when we come to Gilford you shall soone see."

"Beleeve me", quoth Harry, "that is more then any tradesmen in England els can doe."

"Tush", quoth Tom, "shoomakers will not see one another lacke, for it is our use, if wee know of a good fellow that comes to towne, wanting either meate or money, and that he make himselfe knowne, he shall neede to take no further care; for he shall be sure that the jorneymen of that place will not onely give him kinde welcome, but also provide him all things necessary of free cost. And if he be disposed to worke among them, he shall have a master provided by their meanes, without any sute made by himselfe at all."

"Verily", quoth Harry, "thou dost ravish me with the good report of thy passing kind and curteous trade, and I would spend part of my gentle bloud to be of the Gentle Craft. And for thy curtesie, if thou wouldst teach it mee, I would annoint thee a gentleman forever."

"Wilt thou say and hold?" quoth Tom.

"Or els hang me", said Harry.

"Then", said he," annoint me a gentleman[1]) and I will shape thee for a shoomaker straight."

Thereupon Harry tooke his knife and, cutting his finger, all tosmeared Tom Drum's face with his bloud, that hee made him looke like the image of Bred Streete Corner, or rather like the Sarazine's Head without Newgate.

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[1]) gentlemen.

Tom Drum, seeing him doe so, said he might by that means as well annoint him a joyner as a gentleman. "Nay", said Harry, "I do not deceive thee, I warrant thee, seeing this blood did spring from a gentleman. If thou wilt not beleeve me, aske all the men in the towne Malin[1]) and they will say the like."

"Well, I'le take thy word", quoth Tom. "And therefore looke that presently thou strip thyselfe, for I will cast thee in a shoomaker's mould by and by."

Harry perceiving his meaning did what he willed; and so he was suted in Tom's attire and Tom in his, so that Harry bore the pike-staffe and Saint Hughe's bones, and Tom swaggered with his sword and buckler. And comming in this sort to Gilford, they were both taken for shoomakers and very hartely welcomed by the jorneymen of that place, especially Harry, because they never saw him before. And at their meeting they askt him and it he could sing, or sound the trumpet, or play on the flute, or recon up his tooles in rime, or manfully handle his pike-staffe, or fight with a sword and buckler. "Beleeve me", quoth Harry, "I can neither sound the trumpet nor play on the flute; and beshroe his nose that made me a shoomaker, for he never taught me to recon up my tooles in rime nor in prose."

Tom hearing him say so told them that he made him of an old serving-man a new shoomaker.

"When was that?" quoth they.

"Marry", saith he, "when I was annointed a gentleman. I thinke this face can shew that I have gentle blood about me."

"Why, then", quoth they, "thou art but a painted gentleman. But we must account this young man wise, that to avoid misery betakes himselfe to follow mistery, for cunning continueth when fortune fleeteth; but it will be hard for such as never were brought up to the bodily

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[1]) towne-Malin, i. e. Town Malling, near Maidstone, Kent.

labour to frame their fine fingers to any coarse[1]) faculty."

"Not a whit", quoth Harry, "for labour by custome becommeth easie."

"Thou saist true", said Tom. "I durst lay a good wager I have made more shoes in one day then all the jorneymen here have done in a month."

With that one of the jorneymen began to chafe, saying: "How many a paire of shooes hast thou made in a day?"

"I made", quoth Tom, "when the daies were at longest, eightscore paire of shooes in one day."

"O monstrous, detestable lye!" quoth they. "And thereupon one ran into the chimney and cried: "Come againe, Clement, come againe."

"Whom calst thou?" quoth Tom.

"I call Clement Carry-lye, that runnes poste betwixt the Turke and the Devill, that he may take his full loading ere he goe; for the best jorneyman that ever I knew never made above ten paire in a day in his life. And I will lay my whole yeere's wages with thee that thou canst not make twenty paire in a day as they ought to be. I should be ashamed but to doe as much as another, and I never saw him yet that could outworke me; yet dare not I take upon me to make a doozen paire of shooes in a day. But it is an old saying, 'they brag most that can doe least'."

"Why, thou puppie", quoth Tom, "thou house-dove, thou cricket, that never crept further then the chimney corner, tell me what countries hast thou travelled?"

"Far enough", quoth he, "to prove as good a workman as thou art."

"I deny that", quoth Tom, "for I have been where I have seene men headed like dogs; and women of the same shape, where, if thou hadst offered them a kisse, they

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[1]) course.

would have beene ready to have snapt off thy nose. Othersome I have seen that one of their legs hath been as good as a penthouse to cover their whole bodies, and yet I have made them shooes to serve their feet — which I am sure thou couldest never do. Nay, if thou wilt go with me, if thou seest me not make an hundred paire of shooes from sun-rising to sun-setting, count me worse then a stinking mackrell."

"Now, verily, thy talke stinkes too much", quoth they; "and if thou canst do so, never make further jorney, but try the matter heere."

"I tell you", quoth Tom, "I cannot try it in England; nor yet in France, Spaine, or Italy; nor in any part of the Low Countries; nor in High Germany, Sweathland[1]), or Polonia."

"We think no lesse", quoth they. "Nor in any part of the world beside."

"Yes", quoth Tom, "I can do it as we travell to Russia, for there every day is five and fiftie of our dayes in length. Nay, I'le tell you further" quoth Tom. "In some parts of the world where I have been it is day for halfe a yeare together, and the other halfe yeare is continually night. And goe no further", quoth he, "but into the further part of Scotland, and you shall find one day there, in the month of June, to be foure and twenty houres long. And therefore, my masters, while you live take heed how you contrary a traveller, for therein you shall but bewray your owne ignorance and make yourselves mocking-stockes to men of knowledge."

"And travellers", quoth they, "uncontrouled, have liberty to utter what lies they list."

"Masters, tell me", quoth Tom, "were you not borne in Arcadia?"

"No", quoth they; "but why aske you?"

"Because", said Tom, "that countrey doth more abound

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[1]) Cf. Gustavus King of Swethland, the title of an old play.

in plenty of asses, where they swarme as thicke as bees in Cicily."

"We have cause to give you thanks", quoth they, "for calling us asses so kindly."

"Not so", said Tom; "I did but aske a question. But seeing you are so cunning, tell mee what country breeds the best hides and leather, and from whence have we the best corke?"

"Our best corke comes from Portugall", quoth they, "but the best leather grows in our owne land."

"I deny it", quoth Tom. "There is, I confesse, good corke in Portugall, but the best grows in Sparta. But for hides and lether there is none comparable to that in Siciona, where I have made a man a paire of shooes that hath lasted him a twelvemonth to toyle in every day. O 'tis a gallant countrey, for I tell you what, there is never a shoomaker in England that kept so many men as I did at that time."

Then said the rest: "Thou speakest thou knowest not what. Master Peachy of Fleet Streete keeps continually forty men a work, and the Green King of Saint Martin's hath at this time little lesse then threescore journeymen."

"This [1]) is pretty well", quoth Tom, "but what say you to him that for halfe a yeere together kept waiting on him above a hundred men that never did him stitch of work? This was a shoomaker of some account."

"But who was that?" quoth they.

"Marry", quoth Tom, "simple though I stand heere, it was myselfe, and yet I never made brags of it."

"O what a shamelesse lyer art thou!" quoth they. "We never knew thee able to keep one man."

"Now, by this bread", said Tom, "you do me mighty wrong, and were it not that ye be all of this gentle craft, which science I doe so greatly love and reverence, this iron and steele should make it good upon your flesh; for

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[1]) Then.

I tell you once againe, I have beene master of an hundred men, and put sixteene score to the hundred."

"I pray you tell us", quoth they, "what men were they?"

"What men were they?" quoth Tom. "They were vermin."

"In troth", quoth they, "we thought as much. And we commend you for telling truth, and we suppose if you were well searcht we should find twenty vermin waiting on you still. But tell us, Tom, art thou minded to be Master Peachie's man?"

"I am", quoth he, "except he will make me his fellow."

"By the masse", quoth they, "then wert thou best to have thy wards ready and thy hilts sure, for he receives no servant before he tries his manhood."

"So much the better", quoth Tom, "and for that purpose I poste up to London."

Thus having had at Gilford very good cheere, the journeymen of the towne paid for all, and beside gave them money in their purses to spend by the way. And so toward London they went with all speed.

Chap. III.

How the wilde knight, Sir John Rainsford, for burying a massing-priest alive, was faine to leave his lady and forsake his house till he had obtained his pardon of the king; who, meeting with Henry Nevell and Tom Drum, went with him to serve Peachy of Fleet Street, where for a while he became a shoomaker.

You shall understand that at this time there lived a gallant knight called Sir John Rainsford[1]), who was for his courage and valiant heart inferiour[2]) to few men living.

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[1]) Ransford.

[2]) inferour.

He kept a bountifull house, and a brave company of tall men to waite upon him. To all the poore round about where he dwelt he was very charitable, releeving them daily both with money and meate. He was a famous courtier and in great favour with the king, and the onely thing that disgraced his vertues was this, that he was something wild in behaviour and wilfull in his attempts, often repenting sadly what he committed rashly.

It came to passe upon a time that as this couragious knight was riding home to his own house, there was at a certaine village a corps carried to be buried, the deceased father of five small children and the late husband of a wofull widdow[1]), whose poverty was such that she had no money to pay for his buriall. Which thing Sir John, the parish priest, doubting, would not by any meanes doe his duty to the dead man except he might first have his money. The widdow and her children with many teares intreated him to do his office, but he would not he perswaded, saying: "What, you beggers, would you have me open my sacred lips to invocate and call upon the king of heaven to receive thy husband's soule and to perswade our great grandmother, the earth, to wrap his cold body in her warme bosome, for nothing? I tel thee, no! First shall his soule frie in the flames of purgatory till it be as thin as a pancake, and his body remaine above ground till the crowes have pickt his carrion carkasse to the bare bones. And therefore leave your puling and prate no more, least you make me as chollericke as a quaile."

And therewithall, as he was going away, the poore widdow, falling on her knees, pluckt him by the gowne, saying: "Good Sir John, for sweet Saint Charity, say one *Ave Maria,* or one *Pater Noster,* and let my poore husband's corps be covered, though it be but with one handfull of holy ground."

"Nay, dame", quoth he, "do you remember at the last

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[1]) widdw.

shrift how you served me? You would not; no, forsooth, you would not — and now, good mistris, I will not. No penny, no *Pater Noster;* that is flat. I pray you now see if your honesty be sufficient to keepe your husband from the crowes. I thought a time would come at length to cry quittance for your coynes." And with that word away he went.

The poore widdow, seeing his obstinacy, with a heavy heart turned into the highwaye's side, which was hard adjoyning to the churchyard, and there she and her children wofully begged of the passers-by some money to bury their father's dead body.

At last Sir John came riding with all his men; of whom the poor widdow in this manner began to aske his almes: "Good sir", quoth she, "if ever woman's misery mooved your heart to pitty, give me one penny, for God's sake, toward the burying of my poore husband." In like manner the children cried, saying: "One penny, for Christ his sake, good master, one penny!"

Sir John, hearing their lamentable cry, and seeing the dead corps lying there, askt why the priest did not bury it.

"O Sir Knight", quoth she, "I have no money to pay for the buriall, and therefore the priest will not doe it."

"No?" quoth Sir John. "By God's blessed mother I sweare I'le make him bury the dead or I'le bury him alive." Whereupon he willed one of his men presently to goe to the parsonage for the priest and to bring him thither immediately. His men did so, and foorth came Sir John, in his gowne and corner cap, roughly demanding who would speake with him.

"That would I", quoth Sir John Rainesford. "Therefore tell me, how comes it to passe that according to order you put not this dead corps into the pit?"

"Sir", quoth he, "because according to order they will not pay me for my paines."

"Above all men", quoth Sir John, "priestes should

respect the poore and charitably regard the state of the needy, because they themselves doe teach charity to the people and perswade men unto works of mercy. And therefore, Sir John, seeing good deeds are meritorious, doe you win heaven by this good work; let the dead possesse their due."

"I, so they shall", said the priest, "so I may not loose my due. For I tell you further: I count it little better then folly to fill my soule with pleasure by emptying my purse with coine."

"Wilt thou not bury him?" said the knight.

"No, not without money", said the priest.

"I pray thee", said the knight, "let me intreat thee for this time to doe it, because the woman is poor."

"Then let me intreat you to pay me", quoth the priest, "because you are rich."

Sir John Rainsford, seeing him stand so peremptory on his points, swore a deep oath that it were best for him to bury him. "Or", quoth he, "I'le bury thee."

"Bury me!" said the priest. "A fig for you, and bury blind Bayard when he is dead, or the dogs that your hauks will not eate!"

The knight, at these words, being marvelous angry, commanded his men to take him up and cast him into the grave. His men made no more to do but presently upon their master's word tooke up the priest and, wrapping him round in his gowne, put him quicke into the grave, and the rest cast earth upon him as fast as they could.

At what time the priest cried out: "Hold, hold, for God's sake! Let me rise and I will bury him."

"Nay, soft", quoth the knight. "Thou are not like to rise. No rising heere before the generall resurrection, that thou shalt rise to judgement."

And therefore, quicke as he was they buried him. Which being done, he commanded the sexton to make another grave for the dead man. And sending for another priest he askt him if he wold bury the dead without

money. Who, making twenty legs, shivering and shaking with feare, answered: "I, forsooth, with all my heart, for they are knaves and no Christians that will not doe it."

Now, when the dead man was buried, the knight gave the poore widdow an angell in gold to comfort her and her children — and so rode his way.

When he came home he told his lady what he had done; who, greatly grieving thereat, wisht he had paid for twenty burials rather then he had made that one buriall. "'Tis done now", said the knight, "and undone it cannot be againe, though with griefe I should kill myselfe."

Now you shall understand that the deane of the dioces, having word hereof, rode up presently to London and made a great complaint thereof unto the king. Which when his Grace had considered, he was very wroth thereat, and therefore sent down pursevants to apprehend the knight. But he before had forsaken his house, and wandred in disguise up and downe the countrey. His lady in the meane space made great suite for his pardon, being therein assisted by divers great counsellors and noble lords, who much lamented the knight's case. Notwithstanding, they could hardly forbeare laughing many times when they thought upon this mad pranke.

But as Sir John disguisedly wandred, he chanced twixt Gilford and London to light in the company with Harry Nevell and Tom Drum. But Harry, viewing[1]) him well in the face, discried by his countenance what he was, and marvelling much to see him in such distresse, made himselfe not known, but sounded him in this sort:

"Sir", quoth he, "whither do you wander this way, or to what place travell you?"

"Gentle youth", quoth he, "fitly dost thou aske me whither I wander, seeing, indeed, we doe all but wander in this vale of misery. Dost thou demand whither I travell?

[1]) ve wing.

Nay, rather aske wherefore I travell, or wherewith I travell, and then could I soone answer thee."

"'Sbones", quoth Tom, "I durst lay a hap'orth of ale that the peasant is in labour with love."

"Nay", quoth Sir John, "hadst thou said I travelled with griefe and that I was in labour with sorrow, then hadst thou said right; for I may say to thee I have had a sore labour continually this month in paine, and yet is not the time of my deliverance come wherein I should be freed from this untoward child of care. Thou didst thinke I was in love — O would to God it were so, for while I was in love my dayes ran foorth in plesant houres. But I am cast off like a lumpe of earth from the gardiner's spade. I love, but I am not beloved, but rather hated and despised."

"Tush", quoth Tom, "bridle these foolish passions, for I'le tell thee what: hunger asswageth love, and so doth time; but if thou be not able to doe any of these, then to take an halter. Which if thou doest use as it ought, if ever thou complaine more of sorrow or care, never trust my word for a cupple of blacke puddings."

"Belike", said Sir John, "thou hast been some hangman that thou art so cunning in the nature of an halter. But howsoever thou accountest it good yet it is an ill word foure times a yeer at Newgate, and as small comfort is it to me to heare it rehearst at this time."

"Indeed", said Harry, "these are unsavory tearmes to be spoken to a sorrowfull man. Neither have any of us great cause to be merry at this meeting, considering the hard cases wee are in, that are both masterlesse and moneylesse, which if God doe not soone send us will cause our sodaine misery."

With that the knight, turning his head, pluckt his hat to his eyes to hide the teares that trickled down his face, saying: "O my masters, want of money cannot make a man miserable, if he have health and liberty to worke for his living; but, indeed, the frownes of a good master, the

displeasure of a good master, the hate of a good master, may easily make a servant miserable — as by mine own experience I have seen and to my grief but lately felt."

"What, man, be blith", said Tom, "and never grieve so much for the ill will of a master. God keepe me from being of thy mind, for if I should have grieved at the ill will of every master that I have served, I verely thinke I should have kild a proper man long ere this, for I am sure I have had as many masters as there are market townes in England."

"And yet, perhaps", quoth Harry, "none so good a master as his was."

"Never did man speake truer word", said the knight, "for he was to me good, kind, and liberall. But howsoever he hath banisht me his house, yet shall my heart serve him while I live. Now doth it come in my mind how happy they are that live in his favour, how blessed they be that enjoy his presence. O, were my head once againe shadowed under his faire roofe, it would expell all unquiet thoughts, which like milstones presseth downe my heart's comfort."

"What, would you goe dwell with him againe?" quoth Tom. "Fie, what a base mind doe you beare! Were it to me, by this flesh and bloud, I would rather run as far as Jerusalem to seeke a master."

"Tom, Tom", said the knight, "I know this: wealth makes men lofty, but want makes men lowly, and commonly gentle. Masters have proud servants, but had I beene as wise as I was wilfull I might have led a happy life; but if teares might satisfie for mine offence I would quickly recover his favour."

Hereupon the wofull knight would have parted their company; but Harry, secretly conferring with him, had knowledge how his griefe grew, and making themselves known the one to the other, agreed to goe to London together and there to try what fortune would befall them.

The knight tooke great comfort by this conference, and having store of gold about him, made them great cheere at Kingstone, and in the end was content to take their counsaile. And comming into Fleet Streete, Tom Drum brought them to Peachie's house, where such meanes was made that at last upon the tryall of their manhood they were all entertained. And so well Peachy liked of Sir John that he vowed he should not be his man but his fellow.

Within short time after, the Frenchmen had landed in the Ile of Wight about two thousand men of warre, who burned and spoyled the country very sore; for which cause the king had made ready an army of men to goe thither. Peachy at his owne proper cost set forth thirty of his owne servants, well armed at all essayes, and himselfe as captaine over them mustred before the king. Who liked so well of them that he chose out seaven of that company for his owne guard. At what time Sir John in disguised manner shewed there such good service that thereby he won his Majestie's high favour, and was by him most graciously pardoned. Peachy was hereupon made the king's shoomaker. Who lived long after in great favour and estimation, both with his Majesty and all the honourable lords of the court.

Chap. IV.

Of Tom Drum's vants, and his rare intertainment at Mistris Farmer's house, the faire widdow of Fleet Street.

There lived in Fleet Streete at this time a faire widdow, who was famous for her beauty, as she was esteemed for her wealth. [1]) She was beloved of many gentlemen and sued unto by divers cittizens, but so deepe was the memory

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[1]) P punctuates: beauty, as ... wealth, she ... gentlemen, and -

of her late husband ingraven in her heart that she utterly refused marriage, leading a sober and solemne life.

Harry Nevell, having his heart fired with the bright beams of this blazing comet, sought all meanes possible to quench the heate thereof with the floudes of her favourable curtesie. And lacking meanes to bring himselfe acquainted with so curious a peece, bewrayed by his outward sighs his inward sorrows. Which upon a time Tom Drum perceiving, demanded the cause of his late-conceived griefe, saying: "How now, Hall, what wind blowes so bleake on your cheekes now? Tell me, mad wag, hath Cupid and you had a combate lately? Why lookest thou so sad? Hath the blind slave given thee a bloody nose, or a broken head?"

"O no, Tom", quoth he; "that little tyrant aimes at no other part but the heart. Therefore 'tis my heart and not my head that bleeds."

"With whom, Hall, with whom art thou in love? Tell me, man. It may be I may pleasure thee more in that matter then my Lord Maior. Therefore, i'faith, Harry, say, who is it? Never be afraid, man, to unbuckle your budget of close counsell to me, for if I bewray your secrets call me dog's nose and spit in my face like a young kitling. — I tell thee, Harry, I am holden in greater account among women then you are aware, and they will more willingly shew their secrets to me then to their ghostly father."

"But art thou so in favour with fine wenches?" quoth Harry.

"I'faith, sir, I", quoth Tom; "and I tro I have not lived thus long but I know how to make a woman love me, by a cunning tricke that I have. I durst lay my life I will make a dozen maids runne after me twenty miles for one night's lodging, striving who should first bestow her maidenhead on me."

"That tricke surpasses of all that ever I heard", quoth Harry.

"Nay", quoth Tom, "I'le tell thee once what a merry pranke I plaid, God forgive me for it. Upon a time, on a Saterday in the morning, I went into Eastcheape of purpose to spie what pretty wenches came to market; where I saw a great many as fresh as flowers in May, tripping up and down the streets with handbaskets in their hands, in red stammell petticoates, cleane neckerchers and fine holland aprons as white as a lilly. I did no more but carry the right leg of a turtle under my left arme and immediately the wenches were so inamoured with my sight that they forsooke the butchers' shops and inticed me into a taverne, where they spent all the money they should have laid out at market, onely to make me merry. And never had I so much to doe as to be rid of their company, where they were ready to fall together by the eares for the kisses they would have bestowed upon me."

"But it may be", quoth Harry, "your art would faile me now to help your friend at a dead lift."

"Not so", said Tom, "and therefore, if there be any in this street that thou hast a mind unto, thou shalt carry but the head of a dead crow about thee and it shall be of force to bring her to thy bed, were it fine Mistres Farmer herself."

"But art thou acquainted with her", quoth Harry, "or dost thou thinke thou couldst prefer a friend to her speech?"

"I", quoth Tom. "Why, I tell thee I am more familiar with her then with Doll, our kitchen-drudge. Why, man, she will doe anything at my request. Nay, I can command her in some sort, for I tell thee she will not scant be seene in the street, though some would give her twenty pound for every step, and I did but slightly request her to walke into the fields with me, and straight she went. And I never come into the house but I have such entertainment as no man hath the like; for as soone as ever she sees me set footing on her checkquer'd pavement,

presently, with a smiling looke, she meetes me halfe way, saying: 'What, my friend Tom Drum? Honest Thomas, by my Christian soule, hartily welcome!' Then straight a chair and a cushion is fetcht for me, and the best cheere in the house is set on the table, and then sitting downe by my side in her silken gowne, she shakes me by the hand and bids me welcome; and so laying meate on my trencher with a silver forke, she wishes me frolicke. At what time all the secrets of her heart she imparts unto me, craving my opinion in the premises."

"I assure thee", said Harry, "those are high favours, well bewraying the great friendship that she beares thee. And I much marvell that thou, being a young man, wilt not seeke a wife that is so wealthy, and so make thyselfe famous by marrying Mistris Farmer; for it is likely she could well a way to make him her husband to whom she opens her heart's secrets."

"'Tis true", quoth Tom; "and I know that if I spoke but halfe a word she would never deny me. Nay, she would spend ten of her twelve silver apostles on condition I would vouchsafe to be her husband. But, wot you what, Harry, it is well known, though lillies be faire in shew they be foule in smell; and women, as they are beautifull so are they deceitfull. Beside, Mistris Farmer is too old for me."

"Too old?" quoth Harry. "Why, man, she is not so old as Charing Crosse, for her gate is not crooked nor her face withered. But were she an hundred yeare old, having so strong a body and so faire a face, she were not in my opinion much to be mislikt; yet, in my conscience, I thinke, since first her faire eyes beheld the bright sunne she never tasted the fruites of twenty flourishing somers, nor scant felt the nipping frostes of nineteene cold winters. And therefore her age need be no hurt to her marriage."

"I'le tell thee my mind", quoth Tom. "After a woman is past sixteene yeeres old I will not give fifteene blew buttons for her. But tell me, Harry, dost thou like her? If thou dost, say so, and I will warrant her thy owne."

"Gentle Tom Drum", quoth Harry, "the true figure of unfained friendship and the assured map of manhood, doe but prefer me to her acquaintance and I will request no greater curtesie."

"Here is my hand", quoth Tom, "it shall be done. And on Thursday at night next we will goe thither, and then thou shalt see whether Tom Drum can command anything in Mistresse Farmer's house or no."

The day being thus set downe, Harry had prepared himselfe a faire sute of apparell against the time, and beside had bought certaine giftes to bestow on the faire widdow. Tom Drum in like sort had drest himselfe in the best manner he might, still bearing Harry in hand that none in the world should be better welcome then he to the widdow. Which, Got wot, was nothing so, for she never respected him but onely for the shooes he brought her, — but you shall see how it fell out.

The day being come, Tom, taking Harry by the hand and comming to the widdow's doore, took hold on the bell and rung thereat so lustily as if he had beene bound seaven yeares prentise to a sexton. Whereupon one of the prentises came straight to the doore, saying: "Who is there?"

"Sirra", quoth Tom Drum, "'tis I; open the doore."

The fellow, seeing it to be Tom Drum, with a frown askt him what he would have; who answered he would speake with his mistris.

"My mistris is busie", quoth the fellow. "Cannot I doe your errand?"

"No, marry, can you not", quoth Tom. "I must speak with her myselfe."

"Then stay a little", quoth the boy, "and I will tell." And with that in he went, leaving Tom still at the doore; where they sate till their feet waxt cold before the boy returned.

"By the masse", quoth Harry, "whatsoever your credit with the mistris is I know not, but the curtesie is small that is shewen you by her man."

"Tush", quoth Tom, "what will you have of a rude unmannerly boy? If any of the maids had come to the doore we had beene long ere this brought to their mistris presence. Therefore once againe I will use the help of the bell rope."

At his second ringing out comes one of the maids, saying with a shrill voyce: "Who the divell is at the doore, that keepes such a ringing?"

"Why, you queane", quoth he, "'tis I."

"What, Tom Drum?" quoth shee. "What would you have?"

"I would speak with your mistresse", quoth he.

"Trust me", said the maid, "you cannot speake with her now. She is at supper with two or three that are sutors. Master Doctor Burket is one, and Master Alderman Jarvice the other."

"Tut", quoth Tom, "tell me not of sutors, but tell her that I am here, — then good enough."

"Well, I will", quoth shee; and with that claps to the dore againe and keepes them still without.

"This geare workes but ill-favouredly yet", said Harry. "And you are little beholding either to the men or to the maids, for ought that I see, that will not shew you so much favour to stay within dores."

"'Tis no matter, Harry", quoth he. "But if their mistresse should know this she would swinge their coats lustely for it."

And with that one of the boyes, opening the doore, told Tom that his mistresse wold have him send up his errand.

"'Sblood", quoth he, "is she so stately that she will not come downe? I have seene the day when she would have bin glad to have spoken with me."

"I", quoth the fellow, "it may be so, — when you have brought her a new paire of shoes that hath pincht her at the toes."

"Come, Harry", said Tom, "I will take the paines for this once to goe up to her."

"By my faith, but you shall not", said the fellow. "And therefore keepe you backe, for you come not in here."

Tom Drum, seeing himselfe thus disgrac'd before his fellow Harry, being very angry[1]) askt if this were the best entertainment that they could affoord their mistresse's friends. And therewithall began to struggle with them. Which their mistresse hearing, started from the table and suddenly came to see what the matter was. Who being certified of Tom Drum's sawcinesse began thus sharpely to check him:

"Why, fellow", quoth she, "art thou mad that thus uncivilly thou behavest thyself? What hast thou to say to me that thou art thus importunate?"

"No hurt", quoth he, "but that this gentleman and I would have bestowed a galland of wine to have had three or foure houres talke with you."

"I tell thee", said she, "I am not now at leasure, and therefore, good honesty, trouble me no more. Neither is it my wont to be won with wine at any time."

"God's Lord", quoth he, "are you grown so coy? If you and I were alone I know I should finde you more milde. What, must no man but Doctor Burket cast your water? Is his phisicke in most request? Well, I meane to be better entertained ere I goe, for there is never a Flemming[2]) of them all shall outface me, by the morrow masse I sweare."

Mistris Farmar, seeing him so furious, answered he should have present entertainment according to his desert. Whereupon she made no more to doe, but quietly went to her servants and willed them to thrust him out by the head and shoulders. Which presently they performed. But Harry was by her very modestly answered that if he

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[1]) P Harry (being very angry) askt -

[2]) Felmming.

had occasion of any speech with her, the next day he should come and be patiently heard and gently answered.

With which words, after she had drunke to him in a gobblet of claret wine, he departed, and, going home, he told Tom Drum he was highly beholding to him for his curtesie in preferring his sute to Mistris Farmer. "Surely", quoth hee, "you are in very high favour with the faire woman, and so it seemed by your great entertainment. I pray thee, Tom, tell me, how tasted the meat which she set on thy trencher with her silver forke? And what secret was that shee told in thy eare? Trust me, thou art precious in her eies, for she was as glad to see thee as one had given her a rush; for when after many hot wordes she heard thee draw thy breath so short, she for very pitty tumbled thee out into the street to take more ayre."

"Well", quoth Tom, "floute on — but I am well enough served. I'le lay my life, had I not brought thee with me never a man should have had more welcome then I. And now I consider with myselfe that it did anger her to the heart when she saw I was purposed to make another copartner of her presence. But it shall teach me wit while I live, for I remember an old saying: love and lordship brookes no fellowship."

But when this matter was made known to the rest of the jorneymen, Tom Drum's entertainment was spoke of in every place; insomuch that it is to this day a proverb amongst us that, where it is supposed a man shall not be welcomed, they will say he is like to have Tom Drum's entertainment.[1]) And to avoid the flouts that were daily given him, poore Tom Drum forsooke Fleet Street, and at last went into Scotland — being prest for a drummer at Muskelbrough Field, where the noble Duke of Sommerset

[1]) Compare with this definition the passages cited in Murray's Dictionary; and the practical joke played upon Jack Drum in the by-plot of Jack Drum's Entertainment. Simpson, vol. II.

and the Earle of Warwick were sent with a noble army.[1]) Where Englishmen and Scots meeting, there was fought a cruell battle, the victory whereof fell to the Englishmen. At what time there was slaine of the Scots to the number of fourteene thousand, and fifteene hundred taken prisoners.[2]) Where we will leave Tom Drum till his returne, making mention how Harry Nevell behaved himselfe in the meane space in London.

Chap. V.

How Harry Nevell wooed Mistris Farmer and deceived Doctor Burket; and how they were both beguiled by a prentice that dwelt in the house — who in the end married her.

Mistris Farmer, fiering the hearts of many with her beauty, was wondrously wooed by Doctor Burket; who would give unto her divers rich gifts, the which, though they were faire and costly, yet Mistris Farmer would hardly accept them, but even what he in a manner by perforce constrained her to take, least by his cunning he should insert therein some matter more then ordinary, that might moove any motion of love contrary to her naturall inclination. Upon a time Harry Nevell comming thether and finding the doctor very diligent to breed the widdow's content, whereby he greatly hindred his proceedings, cast in his mind how he might disburden the house of the doctor and get opportunity to prefer his owne sute. At last lighting on a device fit for the purpose, in this sort he delt with the doctor: —

[1]) P punctuates: - field, where . . . army where, Englishmen . . . meeting, there -

[2]) This battle took place in 1546. "And at this battail called Musklebrough field . . . there were slaine, as some of the Scots themselves confessed, 14thousand Scottes ... and there were taken prisoners of the Scottes 15 hundred -" Grafton's Chronicle.

There was an Egyptian woman that at Blackwall was in travell with child and had such hard labour that she was much lamented among all the wives that dwelt thereabout. Harry Nevell, comming that way and hearing thereof, thought it a fit matter to imploy Doctor Burket about, while in the meane space he might the better bewray his affection to the widdow. Whereupon he sent one to him attyred like a serving-man, booted and spurd, who, comming to the widdow's house all in a sweate, laid load on the doore demanding for Master Doctor.

"What would you with him?" quoth one of the maids.

"Marry", quoth he, "my Lady Sunborne hath sent for him in all post-hast, and therefore I pray you let me speake with him."

"I will presently doe your errand", said the maid. Whereupon running up she told him that my Lady Sunborne hath sent a messenger in very great hast to speake with him. Doctor Burket, hearing that and being well acquainted with the Lady Swinborne[1]), took leave of the widdow and went to the messenger, saying: "How now, good fellow, what would my good lady have with me?"

"Sir", said the messenger, "she would desire you if ever you did tender the life of a lady to make no delay but presently to put yourselfe a-horseback and come to her, for she is wondrous sick."

"I am sory for that", said the doctor; "and surely I will make all speed possible to come to her." Whereupon the doctor tooke horse and immediatly went with the serving-man.

Harry, hearing of his departure, came to the widdow with a smiling countenance and thus merily began to wooe her: "Now, Mistris Farmer, happy it is that a yong man once in a moneth may find a moment of time to talk with you. Truth it is that your good graces have

[1]) Doctor Burket misunderstands the name, — as Nevell intended he should.

greatly bound me in affection to you, so that onely above all the women in the world I have setled my delight in your love. And if it shall please you to requite my good will with the like kindnesse, I shall account my birthday blessed and remaine your faithfull friend forever."

"Gentle man", quoth she, "for your good will I thank you, but I would have you understand that the lesse you love me the better I shall like you, for your delights and mine are not alike. I have setled my fancy on a single life, being a widdow unmeete to marry and unapt to love. Once, indeed, I had learned that lesson; but my scholemaster being untimely dead that taught me, I grew forgetfull of all those principles, and then I swore never to follow that study more. Wherefore, if you will become a faithfull friend to me, let me be assured thereof by this, that from henceforth you will not any more trouble me with this matter; and thereby you shall bind me to think the better of you while I know you. — And doe not think I speak this of any affection proceeding from myself to any other, or for the desire of any benefit proferred by any other to me."

"Faire mistris", quoth Harry, "I know it is the custome of women to make their denials unto their lovers, and strictly to stand on nice points, because they will not be accounted easily won or soone entreated. Alack, deere dame, consider Nature did not adorne your face with such incomparable beauty and framed every other part so full of excellency, to wound men with woe, but to worke their content. Wherefore now in the Aprill of your yeares and the sweet summer of your dayes, banish not the pleasures incident to bright beauty; but honour London streets with the faire fruite of your womb, and make me blessed by being father to the issue of your delicate body. And though your beauty as the spring doth yet yearely grow, yet in the black winter of old age it will not be so; and we see by daily experience that flowers not gathered in time rot and consume them-

selves. Wherfore, in my opinion, you should doe the world intollerable wrong to live like a fruitlesse fig-tree."

"Nay, then, sir", quoth she, "I perceive you will grow troublesome and shew yourselfe no such man as you professe yourselfe. And seeing among many I request but one thing at your hands and you refuse to doe it for my sake, I may say your frindship is more in words then in works. Wherefore I perceive I must be constrained to call my maid for a cup of voyding-beere ere you will depart."

"Nay, mistris", quoth he, "I will save you that labour, seeing your love commands me; and I pray God grant you a more favourable mind at our next meeting." And with these words he departed.

Now, you shall understand that this gallant widdow had in her house a very proper youth which was one of her aprentices, who had a long time borne his mistris great good will. Whereupon he became so diligent and carefull about all things committed to his charge that thereby he won much commendations among all the neighbors and was for the same highly esteemed of his mistris. Who, after he had long concealed his grief, at last unburdened himselfe of some sorrow by making a friend privy to his passions; who comforted him in this sort: "Tush, man", quoth he, "what though she be thy mistris and thou her prentise, be not ashamed to shew thy affection to her. She is a woman wise and modest, and one that, however she answers thy demand, will not think worse of thee for thy good will. Therefore try her; thou knowest not how fortune may favour thy sute. And the worst is she can but say thee nay."

"O", quoth he, "if I were out of my years I could have some heart to wooe her; but having yet three quarters of a yeere to serve, it may be some hindrance to my freedome if she should prove froward."

"Tush, stand not on those tearms", said his friend Francis. "She will never requite a kindnes with such

discurtesie, and therefore, William, prove not a foole by being too fearefull."

"O my deare friend Francis", quoth he, "how can I suppose I should speed well, seeing she disdains Doctor Burket, and refuses Master Alderman, and will shew no countenance to gallant Master Nevell."

"What a bad reason is this!" quoth Francis. "Some cannot abide to eate of a pig; some to taste of an eele; other some are sicke if they see but a crab; and divers cannot away with cheese. Yet none of them all but doe live by their victuals. Every man hath his fancy, and every woman will follow her own mind; and therefore, though she find not an alderman or a doctor for her diet, yet she may think William, her man, a fit morsell for her own tooth."

"Iwis", quoth William, "thy reasons are good, and I have advantage above all other suters to follow my sute, being in the house daily with her, and every evening when they are away. Beside, she hath appointed me this afternoone to come to her closet, that I may shew her my reckoning and accounts, and in what sort her state standeth. Wherefore, seeing I have such occasion, I will no longer trifle out the time; but so soon as that businesse is ended, put myselfe to the hazard of my happy fortune. Wherefore, good Francis, farewell till I see thee againe. And how I speed, at our next meeting thou shalt know."

The time at last being come that Mistris Farmer had appointed to have her books cast over, getting into her closet shee whistled for her maid and bad her call up William. Quoth she: "Let him bring his books of account with him."

The maid did as her mistris commanded; and up comes William with his books under his armes. And after he had very reverently done[1]) his duty to his mistris, she bad him sit downe, saying: "Now, William, let me see

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[1]) don.

these reckonings justly cast up, for it is long since I have cast an eye into mine estate."

"Mistris", quoth he, "doubt not but your estate is good and your accounts justly kept, for I have had as great regard thereto as the goods had been my owne."

"Therein", quoth she, "I am the more beholding to thee. Neither shal thy true service goe unrewarded if I live; or if I dye thou shalt not be altogether forgotten."

These kind speeches greatly comforted William's heart. Whereupon he fell to his reckonings roundly, till, his mind running too much on his mistris' beauty, sometimes he would misse and count threescore and fourescore — ninescore.

"Nay, there you faile", quoth his mistris, "and overtell forty; for three and foure is but seaven."

" 'Tis true indeed, Mistris", said he, "and three times seaven is just five and twenty."

"I tell thee", quoth she, " 'tis but one and twenty. What, fellow, begin you to dote in your yong yeares?"

"O my deere mistris", said he, "blame me not if I doe so, seeing your sweet presence hath made farre wiser then myself to dote. O my good mistris, pardon my presumption for being thus bold to unburden my heart's griefe unto you. My hearty love to your sweet selfe is so great that, except you vouchsafe favourably to censure and kindly to judge thereof, that the sorrowes of my mind will wound my very soule and make my life loathsome unto me. — Wherefore, my good mistris, despise not your poore servant, but yeeld unto him such succour as may prolong his dayes with many blessed houres."

His mistris, obscuring her beauty with lowring browes — like foggy vapours that blot the sky — made him this answer: "How now, sirra? Hath my too much mildnesse made you thus sawcy? Can you set your love at no lower a pitch but you must mount to be master of your mistris?"

"No, mistris", quoth he, "no master, but your servant forever."

"Goe to, leave your prating", quoth she, "or I will breake thy head, I sweare. Have I refused, as thou seest, a grave and wealthy alderman, that might make me a mistris of worship and dignity; and denied Master Doctor of his request, who, as thou knowest, is at this day esteemed the cunningest physition in London; and diverse other honest and well-landed gentlemen, and among the rest young Master Nevell who, as some say, is descended of a noble house, and whose love I dare sweare is to me most firmely devoted, so that in my heart I am perswaded he loves the ground the better that I tread on, — and should I, I say, forsake all these to make my foot my head and my servant my superiour, to marry thee which art a prentice boy? Nay, sir", quoth she, "seeing you are grown so lusty, 'tis time to tame you and looke to your steps. Therefore, I charge you leave the shop and get you into the kitchin to help the maid to washe the dishes and scowre the kettles. And whereas since my husband's decease I have given foure nobles a yeare to a water-bearer, I will make thee save me that charges; for it is well seene that too long the water tankard hath beene kept from thy lazy shoulders. And if thou scornest to doe this, get where thou wilt; but if thou wilt remaine with me, so long as thou hast a day to serve thou shalt be thus imployed."

Hereupon she called up her man Richard to supplie his place and to be foreman of the shop, gracing him with the keyes of the counting house. Which William seeing, sadly went out of her sight, wofully to himselfe bewayling his hard fortune. But yet such was his love to his mistris that he rather chose to be drudge in her kitchin then to change her service for any other. All the servants in the house much mused at this alteration; but to no creature did his mistris tell the cause thereof, but kept it secret to herselfe. Toward the evening, foorth he must needs goe for water; at what time he wanted no flouts of all his fellows, nor of many of the neighbors'

servants; where meeting with his friend Francis, discoursed to him the whole cause of his disgrace. He greatly chafing thereat perswaded him never to endure such base drudgery but rather to seeke preferment in some other place.

Notwithstanding, William would not follow his counsell, but rather chose patiently to abide all brunts. Night being come and supper ended, William was set to performe his penance for his presumption in love, that is to say, to scrape the trenchers, scowre the kettles and spits, and to wash up the dishes. Which he went about with such good will that it seemed to him rather a pleasure then a paine.

His mistris' closset, joyning to the kitchin, had a secret place therein to look into the kitchin; where[1]) closely sitting, she earnestly beheld her man how he bestirred himselfe in his busines. Whereupon she entered into this consideration with herselfe: — "Now fie, for shame, how ill doth it beseeme me to set so handsome a youth to such drudgery! If he bore a man's mind he would never indure it; but being of a base and servile condition, he doth easily indure the yoake of servitude. And yet I am too blame so to thinke, for if he had stubbornly disobeyed my commandement, how could I otherwise judge but that in pride and disdaine he thought himselfe too good to be at any direction. Some servants would in such a case have given me many foule words, and rather malepartly set me at nought and forsake my service, then to have indured the tearms of disgrace that he hath done by this means. But heereby it is evident that love thinks nothing too much. — Well, Will", quoth she, "the vertue of thy mind shall breed better thoughts in thy mistris; which shall make her reward thy good will in a large measure. See, see, how neately he goes through his work! How handsomely he handles everything! And surely, well may I suppose that he which is so faith-

[1]) were.

full a servant would certainly prove a kind husband; for this hath beene no slender triall of his constant heart."

With that, hearing the maid and some other of the servants talke with him, she, lending a heedfull eare to their speech, heard them speake to this purpose: "Good Lord, William", quoth one, "I marvell much that you, being of so good parents and having so little a while to serve, will be thus used at her hands. It were too much if you were but this day bound prentice, to be set to such slavery." — "I sweare", quoth another, "I have three times longer to serve then you; and if she should bid me doe as thou dost, I would bid her doe it herselfe, with a morin." — "I'le tell you what", quoth the third, "I'le be plaine and use but few words, but I would see my faire mistris with the black Devill before I would doe it."

"Well, well, my masters", quoth William, "you are mad, merry wags; but I take it as great favour done me by my mistris thus to imploy me, that thereby I might have knowledge how to decke up a kitchen, that, meeting with a bad huswife to my wife, I know how to instruct her in houshold affaires."

"I care for no such favour", said he.

Their mistris, hearing all, said nothing but determined to try them all what they would doe ere it were long. Wherefore, being now greatly affectioned to her man, covered her love with such discretion that none could perceive it. For Master Doctor, being newly returned, came thither puffing and blowing, saying he was never so served since he was borne. Quoth he: "Since I was here I have at least ridden an hundred miles with an arrant knave that carried me I knew not whether. He rode with me out of Bishopsgate foorth right as far as Ware, and then compassing all Suffolke and Norfolke, he brought me backe againe through Essex and so conducted me to Blackwall in Middlesex to seeke out my Lady Swinborne, my good lady and mistris. At last I saw it was no such matter, but the villaine being disposed to

mocke me, brought me to a woman Egiptian, as blacke as the great Divell, who lay in child-bed and was but delivered of a child of her owne colour. To the which in despite of my beard they made me be godfather, where it cost me three crownes, and I was glad I so escaped. And who was the author of all this deceipt but Master Nevell? But if ever I come to give him phisicke, if I make him not have the squirt for five dayes, count me the veriest dunce that ever wore velvet cap."

"Master Doctor", quoth she, "I am very sorie you were so used. Notwithstanding, to make Master Nevell and you friends I will bestow a breakefast upon you tomorrow, if it please you to accept my offer."

"Faire widdow", quoth he, "never a one in the world would have urged me to be friends with him but yourselfe, and I am contented for your sake to doe it." And thus till next morning he took his leave.

Next day as soone as she was up, she called up one of her men, saying: "Sirra, run quickly, take a basket and fetch me a bushel of oysters from Billingsgate."

The fellow, frowning, said: "I pray you send another, for I am busie in the shop."

"Why, knave", quoth she, "I'le have thee goe."

Quoth he: "Make a drudge of some other and not of me, for, to be plaine, I will not goe."

"No?" quoth she. "Call me Richard[1]) hither."

When he came, she desired him very gently to fetch her a bushel of oysters.

"Why, mistresse", quoth he, "my friends set me not here to be a porter to fetch oisters from Billingsgate. I tell you true, I scorne you should require any such matter of me."

"Is it true?" quoth she. "Very well, I will remember this when you forget it."

Thus, when she had tried them all, she called her man William, saying: "Sirra goodman scullian, take the

[1]) Really John; Richard is the "fellow" who refuses first. Cf. p. 94.

great close-basket and fetch me a bushell of oysters from Billingsgate, and look you tarry not."

"I will, forsooth, mistris", quoth he. And presently away he went with such good will as none could go with better, being marvellous glad that she would request anything at his hands.

When he was come againe, with a smiling countenance she said: "What, Wilkin, art thou come already? It is well done. I pray thee bring some of them up into my closset that I may taste how good they be."

"Yes, forsooth", quoth William, and after her he went. The maide likewise carried up a couple of white manchets and with a diaper napkin covered the table.

"Now, maid", quoth she, "fetch me a pint of the best red wine."

"I will, forsooth", said the maid.

"Mistris", said William, "if it please you, I will open your oysters for you."

"I pray you, do", quoth she.

Then taking a towell on his arme and a knife in his hand, being glad he had gotten so good an office, shewed himselfe so feat and expert in his occupation that he opened as fast as his mistresse could eat.

"Beleeve me, William", quoth she, "you are nimble at an oyster and quick in carving up shell-fish, though dull in casting up accounts. I pray thee tell me how many shels are in three and thirtie oysters?"

"Threescore and six", said William.

"You are a witty youth", quoth she. "If thy speech be true it must then needs follow that I having[1]) eaten three and thirty oysters, have also devoured threescore and six shels. Which is too much for one woman's breakfast in a cold morning, in conscience; and therefore I had need quickly to give over, least I break my belly with oyster shels." Whereupon she cald her maid,

[1]) have.

saying: "Come hither, Joane, and bring me a goblet of wine that I may wash William's shels from my stomack."

"Indeed, mistris", quoth he, "if you take my words so — I spoke without book."

"It is true", quoth she, "for they are alwaies without that are never within, and either thy knowledge is small, or thy blindnesse great, or oyster shels very soft that I should eat so many and never feele one. For surely, if there be threescore and six oyster shels in three and thirty oysters, there must needs be as many more in three and thirty oysters. And to affirme my words true, behold here the shels that were out of the oysters; — now shew me those that were within the oysters."

William, seeing his mistris thus pleasant, began to gather some courage to himselfe and therefore thus uttered his mind: "Deare mistris, needs must I prove both blinde in sight and dull in conceipt, while your faire eyes that gives light to the sunne obscure themselves, and dark the glory of their shine when I seek to receive comfort thereby; and the want of your good will makes my wits so weak that like a barren tree it yields no fruit at all."

"True", quoth she. "'Three times seven is just five and twenty'. But tell me what is the cause that moves thee to desire my favour and to request my good will?"

"Good mistris, pardon me", quoth he, "and I will tell you."

Whereupon she replied, saying: "Trust me, William, my pardon is easier to be gotten then the Pope's, and therefore be not afraid to proceed."

"Why then, my deare mistris, seeing you have so graciously granted liberty to my heart's advocate to pleade at the bar of your beauty and to open the bill of my complaint, know this, that hope against hope perswaded me to labour for your love, that gaining the same I might be called a blessed man by winning such a wife."

"What, Will", quoth she, "art thou not ashamed that

such a youth as thyselfe, a lad, a stripling, a prentice-boy, should in the ignorance of his age cumber himselfe with the cares of the world and wantonly take a wife, — that knowes not how to guide himselfe? I tell thee, fellow, first learne to thrive, and then wive."

"O my deare mistris", said William, "let not pleasant youth which is the glory of many be a disgrace to me. Neither without triall, deere mistris, disable not my manhood, which now I take to be in his chiefe prime."

"Nay", quoth she, "if thou wilt have thy manhood tried, prepare thyselfe for the warres and purchase honour by beating down our countrie's foes, and so shalt thou weare the golden wreath of honour forever."

"In troth, mistris", quoth he, "I had rather have my manhood tried in another place."

"Y'faith, where?" quoth shee.

"By my troth", said he, "in your soft bed, which is far better then the hard field."

"Why, thou bold knave", quoth she, "it were a good deed to make you a bird of Bridewell for your saucinesse."

"Beleeve me, mistris", quoth he, "I am sorie you should be offended. Rather will I get me into a corner and die through disdaine, then stay in your sight and grieve you." And with that away he went.

She, seeing him so hastily depart, called him againe, saying: "William, come hither. Turne againe, you faint-hearted coward. What, art thou afraid of Bridewell? Use thyselfe well, and I will be thy friend."

The young man that with these words was revived like a sick man out of a dead sound, turning merrily to his mistris, gave her a kisse, saying: "On that condition I give you this."

"How now, sir?" quoth she. "I called you not back to be so bold. In good sadnesse, do so againe and I will give you on the eare!"

"Nay, mistris", quoth he, "if that be all the danger

take then another, and lay me on the eare — so I may lay you on the lips — and spare not."

"Nay, then", said his mistris, "I see my too much softnesse makes thee saucy. Therefore, for feare thou shouldest catch a surfet, I charge thee on paine of love's displeasure to get you downe about your businesse and see that all things be in readinesse against my friends come. Why goe you not? What, stand you in a maze? Pack, I say, and begone!"

"And thus, my deare mistris", quoth he, "parts my soule out of paradise and my heart from heaven's joy. Notwithstanding, you command and I consent. And alwayes let me finde favour as I am forward to follow your precepts." And therewithall away he went.

He was no sooner gone but she, having determined what to do, sent for her friends. At what time the alderman comming thither and Master Doctor, she had also invited Master Peachie and his wife, and with them came gallant young Nevill.

When they were all set at the table, after they had well tasted of the delicates there prepared, Mistris Farmer told them for two causes she had requested their companie that day to breakfast. The one was, that Master Doctor and young Nevill might be made friends; and the other, that in their sight she might make herselfe sure to her husband, that they might be witnes of their vowes.

The companie said they should be very glad to see so good a work performed.

Whereupon shee, calling up all her men-servants, spake to this purpose: "My good friends and kinde neighbours, because I will have none ignorant of that which is to be effected, I have presumed to bring my servants into your presence that they also may beare record of the reconciliation betwixt Master Doctor and Master Nevill. And therefore, my masters, if your hearts consent to an unitie declare it by shaking hands, that it may not bee said that my house was the breeder of brawles, — and

on that condition I drink to you both." The gentlemen both pledged her, and according to her request ended the quarrell.

When this was done, she merrily told them that among her men she had chosen her master. "Albeit", quoth she, "this matter may seeme strange in your sight, and my fancie too much ruled by follie, yet this my determination I purpose by God's grace to follow, hoping it shall breed no offence to any in the companie, in such a chance to make mine own choice."

Her man Richard, and the rest that supposed themselves most graced by her favours, began at this speech to look something peart, and all the companie held opinion that she bore the best minde to the foreman of her shop. For, first of all turning her speech to him, she said: "Richard, come hither. Thou hast greatly to praise God for making thee so proper a man. Thou art a neat fellow and hast excellent qualities, for thou art not proud nor high-minded, but hast a care to thy businesse and to keepe the shop. And because I have committed great matters into thy hands, I pray thee go downe and look to thy charge, for I have nothing more to say to thee at this time."

The fellow at these words lookt as blew under the eyes as a stale cod's head under the gill, and going downe the staires shook his head like one that had a flea in his eare.

"Now come hither, John", quoth she. "I must needs say thou art come of good parents, and thou knowst they bound thee not prentice to fetch oysters from Billinsgate, like a porter, nor to have thy daintie fingers set to drudgerie. Therefore, good John, get you downe after your fellow, for here is nothing for you to doe at this time."

Her man William that all this while was playing the scullion in the kitchin was then sent for. Who comming before the company with his face all begrim'd and his

cloathes all greasie, his mistris spake in this manner: "What a slovenlie knave comes here! Were not this a fit man, think ye, to be master of this house and lord of my love?"

"Now, by my troth", said Mistris Peachie, "I never saw a more unhandsome fellow in my life. Fie, how hee stinkes of kitchin-stuffe! What a face and neck hath he! A bodie might set leekes in the very durt of his lips. I thinke, in my conscience, three pound of sope and a barrell of water is little enough to scowre him cleane." The like flowts used all the rest at poore William.

To which his mistris made this answer: "Good Lord, my masters, how much do your sights deceive you! In my sight he looks the loveliest of them all, having a pleasant countenance and a good grace; and so pleasing is he in every part to my sight that surely if he will accept of mee for his wife, I will not refuse him for my husband." Her friends, looking one upon another and marvelling at her speech, thought verily she had but jested, till such time she took him by the hand and gave him a kisse.

Whereupon William spake thus unto her: "Faire mistris, seeing it hath pleased you, beyond my desert and contrarie to my expectation, to make me so gracious an offer, worthie I were to live a beggar if I should refuse such a treasure. And thereupon I give you my heart and my hand."

"And I receive it", quoth she; "for it is thy vertue and true humilitie that hath conquered my former conceipts. For few men would have wonne a wife as thou didst."

"No? How did he win you?" said Harrie Nevill.

"By fetching oysters from Billingsgate", quoth she; "which I know you would not have done, seeing all the rest of my servants scorn'd to do it at my request."

"S'blood", quoth Harrie, "by feching of oysters? I would have fetcht oysters and mustles and cockles too, to have got so good a bargaine".

The alderman and the doctor lookt strangely at this matter. Neverthelesse, seeing it was not to be helpt, they commended her choice, saying it was better for a man in such a case to be favourable in a woman's eyes then to have much gold in his coffers.

Then did she set her black man by her white side, and, calling the rest of her servants, in the sight of her friends she made them do reverence unto him whom they for his drudgerie scorned so much before. So, the breakfast ended, she wild them all next morning to beare him companie to church. Against which time, William was so daintily trickt up that all those which beheld him confest he was a most comely, trim, and proper man. And after they were married they lived long together in joy and prosperous estate.

Harrie Nevill became so grieved hereat that soone after he went from Master Peachie and dwelt with a goldsmith. And when he had beene a while there, committing a fault with his master's daughter, he departed thence and became a barber-surgion. But there his mistris and he were so familiar that it nothing pleased his master. So that in halfe a yeare he sought a new service and became a cook; and then a comfet-maker, dwelling with Master Baltazar. Where, after he grew something cunning, having done some shrewd turne in that place, he forsooke that service and became a smith. Where their maide Judeth fell so highly in love with him that he for pure good will which he bore her shewed his master a faire paire of heeles; and then practised to be a joyner. Where he continued till hee heard his father was sick. Who for his abominable swearing had cast him from his favour. But after he had long mist him, and that he could heare no tidings of his untoward and wilde, wanton sonne, hee sent into divers places to enquire for him. And at last one of his[1]) servants lighted[2]) where he was; by which meanes he came to his father againe.

[1]) this. [2]) lighed.

Who in a few yeares after, leaving his life, this sonne Harrie became lord of all his lands, and comming upon a day to London with his men waiting upon him, he caused a great dinner to be prepared and sent for all those that had been his masters and mistresses. Who being come, he thus began to commune with them: "My good friends, I understand that a certaine kinsman of mine was sometimes your servant, and as I take it, his name was Harrie Nevell. Who, as I heare, used himselfe but homely toward you, being a very wilde and ungracious fellow, — the report whereof hath beene some griefe to me, being one that alwayes wisht him well. Wherefore look what damage he hath done you I pray you tell me, and I am content with reason to see you satisfied, so that he may have your favours to be made a freeman."

"Surely, sir", said Peachie, "for mine own part, I can say little, save only that he was so full of love that he would seldome follow his businesse at his occupation. But that matter I freely forgive, and will not be his hindrance in anything."

"Marry, sir", said the goldsmith, "I cannot say so. For truly, sir, he plaid the theefe in my house, robbing my daughter of her maidenhead. Which he nor you is never able to recompence, though you gave me a thousand pound. Yet, I thank God, she is married and doth well."

"I am the glader of that", said the gentleman, "and for that fault I will give toward her maintenance forty pound."

The barber, hearing him say so, told him that hee had injured him as much and had beene more bold a great deale then became him. "Whereby", quoth he, "I was made a scorne among my neighbours."

"Tush, you speake of ill will", said the gentleman. "If your wife will say so, I will beleeve it."

To which words the woman made this answer: "Good sir, will you beleeve me, there was never so much matter.

The youth was an honest, faire-conditioned young man, but my husband, bearing a naughty, jealous minde, grew suspicious without cause, onely because he saw that his servant was kinde and gentle unto me and would have done anything that I requested. Notwithstanding, I have had many a fowle word for his sake and carried some bitter blowes too. But all is one — I am not the first woman that hath suffered injury without cause."

"Alas, good soule", said the gentleman, "I am right sorry for thy griefe, and to make thee amends I will bestow on thee twentie angels, so your husband will not take it in dudgin."

The woman with a low cursie gave him thanks, saying: "Truly, sir, I am highly beholding to you, and truly I shall love you the better because you are so like him."

The smith likewise for his maide said all that he might. To whose marriage the gentleman gave twentie pound.

Thus after hee had fully ended with them all, hee made himselfe knowne unto them; at what time they all rejoyced greatly; and then, after he had bestowed on them a sumptuous dinner, they all departed. And ever after, this gentleman kept men of all these occupations in his own house, himself being as good a workman as any of them all.

The Green King of St. Martin's.

Chap. I.

Of the greene king of S. Martin's and his merry feats.

There dwelt in S. Martin's a jolly shooemaker. Hee was commonly called the Greene King, for that upon a time he shewed himselfe before King Henry with all his men cloathed in greene, he himselfe being suted all in greene satten. He was a man very humorous, of small stature but most couragious, and continually he used the fencing-schoole. When he went abroad, he carried alwayes a two-handed sword on his shoulder or under his arme. He kept continually thirtie or fortie servants, and kept in his house most bountifull fare. You shall understand that in his young yeares, his father, dying, left him a good portion, so that he was in great credit and estimation among his neighbours. And that which made him more happie was this, that God blest him with the gift of a good wife, who was a very comely young woman and therewithall very carefull for his commoditie. But he, whose minde was altogether of merriment, little respected his profit in regard of his pleasure; insomuch that through his wastefull expence he brought povertie upon himselfe ere he was aware, so that he could not do as he was accustomed. Which when his daily companions perceived, they by little and little shun'd his company, and if at any time he passed by them, perhaps they would lend him a nod, or give him a 'good morrow', and make no more adoe.

"And is it true?" quoth the Greene King. "Doth want of money part good company, or is my countenance chaunged, that they do not know me? I have seene the day when never a knave of them all but would have made much of my dog for my sake, and have given me twenty salutations on a Sunday morning for one poore pint of muskadine. And what, hath a thredbare cloake scarde all good fellowship? Why, though I have not my wonted habites, I have still the same heart; and though my money be gone, my mind is not altred. Why, then, what jacks are they, to reject mee! I, I, now I finde my wiye's tale true. For then she was wont to say: 'Husband, husband, refraine these trencher-flies, these smooth-faced flatterers, that like drones live upon the hony of your labour and sucke away the sweetnes of your substance. Iwis, iwis, if once you should come in want, there is not the best of them all that would trust you for ten groates'. By which saying I'le lay my life she is a witch, for it is come as just to pas as Marlin's prophesie. I would the other day but have borrowed twelve pence and I tride thirteene frinds and went without it. It being so, let them go hang themselvs, for I wil into Flanders, that is flat, and leave these slaves to their servill conditions. Where I will try if a firkin barrell of butter bee worth a pot of strong beere, and a loade of Holland cheese better then a gallon of Charnico. And if it be, by the crosse of this sword, I will never staine my credit with such a base commodity againe!"

With that he went to his wife, saying: "Woman, dost thou heare? I pray thee looke well to thy busines till I come againe, for why to drive away melancholy I am minded to walke a mile or twaine."

"But husband", quoth she, "were you there where you layd your plate to pawne? I pray you, is it not misused, and is it safe?"

"Woman", quoth he, "I was there and it is safe, I warrant thee, — for ever comming into thy hands againe.

Thou knowest I borrowed but twentie marke on it, and they have sold it for twentie pound. 'Tis gone, wife, 'tis gone."

"O husband", quoth she, "what hard fortune have we, to be so ill delt withall!" And therewithall she wept.

"Fie", quoth he, "leave thy weeping; hang it up, let it goe. The best is, it never cost us groate. Were our friends living that gave us that, they would give us more. But in vaine it is to mourn for a matter that cannot be helpt. Farewell, wife, looke to thy house and let the boyes plie their worke."

The Greene King, having thus taken his leave, went toward Billingsgate, of purpose to take barge, where by the way he met with Anthony Now-now, the firkin fidler of Finch Lane.

"What, master", quoth he, "well met! I pray, whither are you walking? And how doe all our friends in Saint Martin's? Will you not have a crash ere you goe?"

"Y'faith, Anthony", quoth he, "thou knowest I am a good fellow and one that hath not been a niggard to thee at any time, therefore if thou wilt bestow any musick on me, doe; and if it please God that I return safely from Flanders againe, I will pay thee well for thy paines; but now I have no money for musick."

"God's nigs" [1]), quoth Anthony, "whether you have money or no, you shall have musick. I doe not allways request coyne of my friends for my cunning. What, you are not everybody, and seeing you are going beyond sea, I will bestow a pinte of wine on you at the Salutation."

"Saist thou so, Anthony?" quoth he. "In good sooth I will not refuse thy curtesie." And with that they stept into the tavern, where Anthony cald for wine, and drawing forth his fiddle began to play, and after he had scrapte halfe a score lessons he began to sing:

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[1]) Gods-nigs. Nig = a chip, a small piece (of money?). Cf. God's-penny.

When should a man shew himselfe gentle and kinde?
When should a man comfort the sorrowfull minde?
O Anthony, now, now, now,
O Anthony, now, now, now.
When is the best time to drinke with a friend?
When is it meetest my money to spend?
O Anthony, now, now, now,
O Anthony, now, now, now.
When goes the king of good fellowes away,
That so much delighted in dauncing and play?
O Anthony, now, now, now,
O Anthony, now, now, now.
And when should I bid my master farewell,
Whose bountie and curtesie so did excell?
O Anthony, now, now, now,
O Anthony, now, now, now.[1])

"Loe, ye now, master", quoth he, "this song have I made for your sake and, by the grace of God, when you are gone I will sing it every Sunday morning under your wive's window, that she may know we dranke together ere you parted."

"I pray thee do so", said the Greene King, "and do my commendations unto her and tell her, at my returne I hope to make merry."

Thus after they had made an end of their wine and paid for the shot, Anthony putting up his fiddle departed, seeking to change musicke for money; while the Greene King of Saint Martin's sailed in Gravesend Barge. But Anthony in his absence sung this song so often in Saint Martin's that thereby he purchast a name which he never lost till his dying day, for ever after men called him nothing but Anthony Now-now.[2])

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[1]) The tale of the fiddler and his song again illustrates Deloney's practice of providing a story to explain a current expression — in this case 'O Anthony, now, now, now'. The same burden occurs in a ballad on the theme of the song sung by Robin and his fellows (pp. 44–46), the winning of Bullen. Reprinted by Ritson from Le Prince d'Amour, pp. 179–181, London 1660.

[2]) Anthony Munday's nickname — because he wrote ballads and his name happened to be Anthony?

But it is to be remembred that the Green King's wife became so carefull in her businesse and governed herselfe with such wisdome in all her affaires that during her husband's absence she did not onely pay many of his debts, but also got into her house everything that was necessary to be had. The which her diligence won such commendations that her credit in all places was verie good and her gaines, through God's blessing, came so flowing in, that before her husband came home she was had in good reputation with her neighbours. And having no need of any of their favours, every one was ready to proffer her curtesie, saying: "Good neighbour, if you want anything, tell us, and looke what friendship we may doe you, be sure you shall find it."

"I, neighbour", quoth she, "I know your kindnesse and may speake thereof by experience. Well may I compare you to him that would never bid any man to dinner but at two of the clocke in the afternoone, when he was assured they had fild their bellies before and that they would not touch his meate, except for manners' sake. Wherefore, for my part, I will give you thankes, when I take benefit of your proffer."

"Why, neighbour, we speake for good will", quoth they.

"'Tis true", quoth shee, "and so say they that call for a fresh quart to bestow on a drunken man, when they know it would doe him as much good in his bootes as in his belly."

"Well, neighbour", quoth they, "God be thanked that you have no cause to use friends."

"Mary, Amen!" quoth shee, "for if I had, I think I should finde few here."

These and the like greetings were often betwixt her and her neighbors; til at last her husband came home, and to his great comfort found his estate so good that he had great cause to praise God for the same, for a warme purse is the best medicine for a cold heart, that may be. The Greene King therefore bearing himselfe as

brave as ever he did, having sworne himselfe a faithfull companion to his two-hand sworde, would never goe without it.

Now, when his auncient acquaintance saw him again so gallant, every one was ready to curry favour with him. and many would proffer him the wine. And where before they were wont scornefully to thrust him next the kennell and nothing to respect his poverty, they gave him now the upper hand in every place, saluting him with cap and knee. But he, remembring how sleightly they set by him in his neede, did now as sleightly esteeme their flattery, saying: "I cry you mercy, me thinkes I have seene your face, but I never knew you for my friend."

"No?" quoth one, "I dwell at Aldersgate and am your neere neighbor."

"And so much the worse", said the Greene King.

"Wherefore?" quoth the other.

"Because", said he, "I thinke the place meete for an honester man."

"I trust, sir", said his neighbour, "you know no hurt by me."

"Nor any goodnes", quoth the Greene King; "but I remember you are he or one of them of whom once I would have borrowed fortie pence, yet could not get it if thereby I might have saved fifty lives. Therefore, Goodman Hog, Goodman Cog, or Goodman Dog — chuse you which — scrape no acquaintance of me nor come any more in my company, I would advise you, least with my long-sword I crop your coward's legs and make you stand, like Saint Martin's begger, upon two stilts."

The fellow, hearing him say so, went his wayes and never durst speake to him afterward.

Chap. II.

How the Greene King went a-walking with his wife and got Anthony Now-now to play before them, in which sort hee went with her to Bristow.

The Green King being a man that was much given to goe abroad, his wife upon a time thus made her mone to him: "Good Lord, husband", quoth she, "I thinke you are the unkindest man alive, for as often as you walke abroad, you were never the man that would take me in your company. It is no small griefe to me while I sit doating at home every Sunday and holyday, to see how kindely other men walke with their wives and lovingly beare them company into the fields, that thereby they may have some recreation after their weeke's weary toyle. This pleasure have they for their paines, but I, poore soule, could never get such curtesie at your hands. Either it must needs be that you love me but little, or else you are ashamed of my company, and I tell you true you have no reason either for the one or the other."

"Certainly, wife", said hee, "I should be sorrie to drive any such conceit into thy head. But seeing you find yourselfe grieved in this kinde, let me intreat thee to be content, and then [1]) thou shalt perceive that my love is not small toward thee nor my liking so bad to be ashamed to have thee goe by my side. Thursday next is Saint James' Day, against which time prepare thyselfe to goe with me to the faire, where, by the grace of God, I'le bestow a fat pig upon thee, and there I meane to be merry. And doubt not but I will walke with thee till thou art weary of walking."

"Nay", quoth shee, "I should never be weary of your company, though I went with you to the world's end."

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[1]) when.

"God-a-mercy for that, wife", quoth hee, "but so doing I doubt I should trie you a very good foote woman, or a bad flatterer."

Thus it past till Thursday came. In the meane season, meeting with two or three other shoomakers, he asked them if they would walke with him and his wife to Saint James' Faire.

"That wee will with all our hearts."

"But will you not, like flinchers, flie from your words?" quoth he.

To that they said, if they did they would forfeit a gallon of wine.

"Tush", said the Greene King, "talke not to me of a gallon of wine, but will you be bound in twenty pound a yeere to performe it?"

"Why, what needs bands for such a matter?" quoth they. "We trust you will take our wordes for more then that."

"My masters", said the Greene King, "the world is growne to that passe that words are counted but wind, and I will trust you as little on your word as Long Meg on her honesty. Therefore, if you will not be bound, chuse; I will make no account of your company."

The men hearing him say so, knowing him to be a man of a merry mind, after their wits were all washt with wine, to the scrivener's they went and bound themselves in twenty pound according to his request. They had no sooner made an end of this merry match, but as they stumbled into another taverne, who should they meet but Anthony Now-now? Who, as soon as he spide the Green King, smiling with a wrie mouth he joyfully imbrac't him with both his hands, saying: "What, my good master, well met! When came you from the other side the water? By my troth, you are welcome with all my heart!"

"God-a-mercy, good Anthony", quoth he, "but how chance you come no more into Saint Martin's?"

"O master", quoth he, "you know what a dainty commoditie I made at your parting to Gravesend Barge?"

"Yes, mary", said the Greene King, "what of that?"

"Why", quoth he, "by singing it under your window, all the merry shoomakers in Saint Martin's tooke it by the toe, and now they have made it as common as a printed ballad, and I have gotten such a name by it that now I am called nothing but Anthony Now-now. Why, master, I'le tell you, it hath made me as well acquainted in Cheapeside as the cat in the creame-pan. For as soone as the goldesmiths' wives spie mee, and as I passe along by the marchants' daughters, the apes will laugh at me as passes. Beside that, all the little boyes in the streets will run after mee like a sort of exits. 'Anthony Now-now', sayes one — 'Anthony Now-now', another. — Good Lord, good Lord, you never knew the like! Heare ye, master, I am sure that song hath gotten mee since you went more pence then your wife hath pins. And seeing you are come againe, I will make the second part very shortly."

"But hearest thou, Anthony?" said he. "If thou will come to me on Saint James his day in the morning, thou shalt walke with us to the faire, for I meane to make merry with my wife that day."

"Master", quoth he, "by cock and pie, I will not misse you." And thus, after they had made Anthony drinke, he departed.

Saint James his day at last being come, he cal'd up his wife betimes and bad her make ready if she would to the faire. Who very willingly did so. And in the meane space her husband went to his cubbert and tooke thereout forty faire soveraignes, and going secretly to one of his servants, he willed him to take good heed of his house and to see that his fellowes plide their businesse. "For", quoth he, "I goe with my wife to Saint James' Faire, and perhaps you shall not see us againe this seavnight."

"Well, master", said the fellow, "I will have regard to your busines, I warrant you."

Wherewith he cal'd his wife, saying: "Come wife, will you walke?"

"With a good will, husband", quoth she. "I am ready."

With that, Anthony Now-now began to scrape on his treable viall and, playing a hunt's-up, said: "Good morrow, master, good morrow, foure a clocke and a faire morning!"

"Well said, Anthony", quoth he. "We be ready for thy company. Therefore along before, and let us heare what musicke you can make."

"Fie, husband", quoth she, "take not the fidler with you, for shame!"

"Tush, be content", quoth he. "Musicke makes a sad mind merrie."

So away they went, and at Saint Giles in the Fields he met the rest of his company. "Well found, my masters", quoth he, "I perceive you have a care of your bonds."

So away they went with the fidler before them and the Greene King with his two-hand sworde marching like a master of fence[1]) going to play his prize. When they came to the highway turning downe to Westminster, his wife said: "Y'faith, husband, we shall come to the faire too soone. For God's sake, let us walke a little further."

"Content, wife", quoth he. Whereupon they went to Kensington, where they brake their fast and had good sport by tumbling on the greene grasse; where Anthony brake his fiddle, for which cause the Greene King gave him ten shillings and willed him to goe back and buy a new one.

"And now my friends", quoth he, "if you will walke with mee to Brainford I will bestow your dinner upon you, because I have a minde to walke with my wife."

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[1]) fence.

They were content, but by that time they came there the woman began to wax somewhat wearie, and because the day was farre spent before they had dined, they lay there all night. Where he told his friends that the next morning he would bring his wife to see the George in Colebrook and then would turne home. But to be briefe, when he came there he told them flatly he meant to goe to Saint James his faire at Bristow. "For", quoth he, "my wife hath longed to walke with me, and I meane to give her walking-worke enough."

"But, sir", quoth they, "we meane not to goe thither."

"Before God, but you shall", quoth hee, "or forfeit your band."

The men, seeing no remedy, went along to Bristow on foote, whereby the poore woman became so weary that an hundred times she wisht she had not come foorth of doores. But from that time till she died, she never intreated her husband to walke with her againe.

An hundred merry feates more did he, which in this place is too much to be set downe. For afterward Tom Drum comming from the winning of Mustleborow, came to dwell with him. Where he discoursed all his adventures in the wars, and according to his old cogging humor attributed other men's deeds to himselfe, for, quoth he: "It was I that killed the first Scot in the battell, yet I was content to give the honour thereof to Sir Michaell Musgrave[1]); notwithstanding", quoth he, "all men knowes that this hand of mine kild Tom Trotter, that terrible traytor which in despite of us kept the castell so long,

[1]) The chronicles mention a John Musgrave but not a Sir Michael. Very probably this name came from the ballad of Sir Michael Musgrave and Sir Armstrong, which was doubtless current long before the end of the seventeenth century, the time of the oldest extant copy. The other names referred to here likewise seem to be reminiscences from popular literature.

and at last as he cowardly forsooke it and secretly sought to flye, with this blade of mine I broacht him like a roasting-pigge. Moreover, Parson Ribble had never made himselfe so famous but by my meanes." — These were his daily vaunts, till his lies were so manifest that hee could no longer stand in them.

But after the Greene King had long lived a gallant housekeeper, at last, being aged and blinde, he dyed after he had done many good deedes to divers poore men.

FINIS.

Appendix.

Editions of the first part of the Gentle Craft. How steady the call for the Gentle Craft, Part I, remained for at least five generations is best shown by the subjoined bibliographical statistics gathered from Collier, Hazlitt, Halliwell (Percy Soc. XXIII, XXIX), Ashton, and the catalogue of the Brit. Mus. and of the Bodl. —

1597 or 1598, for Ralph Blower? 1598 (?) for E. White. 1627, for E. Brewster. 1635. **1648,** for John Stafford, two editions. 1652, for J. Stafford. 1670? for F. Coles. 1674, 8°, by A. Clark. 1676. 1678, T. M. for W. Thackeray. 1680? T. M. (for Thackeray, probably). 1685, 8°, for W. Thackeray. 1685?—1696? printed for H. Rhodes, three editions. Five copies are known, but the two in Bodl., (D. P. subt 72, and D. C. subt 191), are most probably identical with the two copies in the Brit. Mus., i. e. "1675?" = D C. 191, and "1690?" — D. P. 72. The date 1675 is certainly wrong. 1696, by W. Wilde. 1700? by C. Brown. 1723, 12 mo, printed on London Bridge. 1725, 12 mo, by J. Rhodes. 1737, 12 mo, for A. Bettesworth, etc. This is the first modernized adaptation, slightly abridged (Bodl.). Another condensed paraphrase (Bodl) was printed for W. O. It is later than the preceding, but earlier than the first chap-books. For references to chap-book versions see Halliwell, Percy Soc. XXIII, 58 ff., and Ashton, Chap-Books of the Eighteenth Century, Lond. 1882. They were published in London, Newcastle, and Dublin. The title-page of the last one reads: The Accurate History of Crispin and Crispianus, the Royal Shoe-Makers. Together with other interesting particulars relative to the Gentle Craft. Dublin. Printed and published by A. O'Neil, 1816. Price 6½ d. This must be a cheap reprint of what may be called an *edition de luxe* (undated; Brit. Mus. date 1807): Interesting History of Crispin and Crispianus the Royal Shoe-Makers. Including the Loves and Singular adventures of Sir Hugh and the fair Winifred, who suffered the most cruel death for their adherence to Christianity. Together with a Curious Account of the Origin, Rise, and Death

of Sir Simon Eyre, Kt, Shoe-Maker, who successfully filled the dignified Offices of Sheriff and Lord Mayor of London, and built Leadenhall. Carefully revised from the original Edition. Lond. Printed and published by A. Neil, 448 Strand, and 30 Chalton-street, Sommers Town; and sold by all other booksellers in the United Kingdom. Compare note 6) in the introduction to Warnke and Proescholdt's edition of the Shoemakers' Holiday, p. XI. The statement of the editors that "there can be little doubt that the Curious Account is based on Dekker's comedy", is erroneous, of course. Nor does Deloney's book seem to have been the source of the burlesque poem mentioned in the same note. If it had been, the outline of Eyre's rise as given by the author, Willie Smith, would have been less general and vague. Moreover, Smith elsewhere (vol. I, Smithiana) gives a travesty of the Crispin-Cispian legend but makes no discoverable allusion to Deloney's secularized version.

Combination and separation of words. Part I. 1. Printed separate, — now (i. e. present edition) as one word: — fire side, gilly flowers, maidenhead maiden head maiden-head, — my self, etc., almost invariably, but usually — himselfe, — anything any thing, nobody no body, — forever fore ever, nowhere no where, whereupon where upon, — a greed, alone a lone, a shamed, aside a side, away a way, besides be sides, be sprinckle.

2. Printed separate, — now hyphenated: — aule steele, ferne bush, gore blood, heart blood, hurly burly, palme tree, prittle prattle, quarter day, soale leather, — quarter staffe, — cutting knife, paring knife, pricking aule, rubbing stone, stopping stick, working tools, — heart sighing, heart tormenting, tempest beaten, weather beaten, — earthly pale, hard hearted, true hearted, — base born (but freeborne), long begun, low cut, sweet sounding, — new delivered, well proportioned, well nurtured, — lying in. But also: — ebon-tree, fig-tree, hand-leather, heel-block, post-town, pudding-pie, rose-water, shoo-thread, sow-haires, thumb-leather, water-frog, — coale-black, hunger-starved, pie-peckt, woll-gathering.

3. Hyphenated, — now one word: — bed-fellow, church-yard, cow-hide, crafts-men, Flint-shire, Frenchman French-man, Guild-hall, jack-nape, journey-man journey man, journeyman, Leaden-hall Leaden Hall, — good-man, — blood-thirsty, — male-contented, over-much, — mis-judge, over-charge, over-slept, over-spread. But over slippery and overlong.

4. Hyphenated, — now separate: — Christ-Church, Saint-Winifred (only once), Shrove-tuesday and Shrove tuesday, Lumbard-street, Tower-street, but Tower Hill.

Part II. 1. birth day, hearts ease heartsease, schole master, — every bodie, no bodie, good man goodman, greene wood, high way, mad man, sweet meates, twelve moneth, — thread bare, — after noone, — high minded, — out face, out worke, — hence forward, — now a dayes now adayes, — i wis iwis. For pronouns see Part I.

2. bell rope, butter whores, close basket, creame pan, dudgin haft, house dove, hurly burly, kitchin stuffe, Now Now, pike staffe, post haste, shell fish, sword arme, thrumb hats, trencher flies, willow tree, wine seller (i. e. cellar), — flat cap, cutting board, massing priest, roasting pig, voyding beere, working tooles, — nut browne, — passers by, — faint hearted, faire conditioned, smooth faced, late conceived, merry minded, two handed, — over covetous, — well landed, wel trust, — adayes adayes a-dayes, a fire, a worke, a doing, a dressing, a madding, a walking, a wooing, — God a mercy, hop of my thumb.

3. Bishops-gate, Black-wall, god-father, house-keeper house keeper, hunts-man, jorney-man, man-hood, watch-man, — fore-man. holy-dayes, sweet-heart, three-score, etc., — gentleman-like, — thereupon, there-withall, — over-flow, over-tell, — to smeared, — a-horseback (now a-horseback), in-somuch, trench-more, trenchmore, y-faith — (now y'faith).

4. Charing-crosse, Greene-King, Saint-Martins, Spread-Eagle, Sarazines-head, — Gods-nigs, three-Tunnes, — foote-woman (p. 106), — claret-wine, white-wine, — Lincolnes = Inne = fields, Tuttle = fields.

5. One word, — now two, or hyphenated: — Fleetstreet, welmet (i. e. well met), codshead, comfetmaker, huntsup, servingmen.

Long Meg of Westminster. The Life and Pranks of Long Meg of Westminster. Imprinted at London for Abraham Veale, dwellinge in Pauls church yeard at the signe of the Lambe.

On the last page: Imprinted at London by William How, for Abraham Veale dwelling in Pauls churchyearde at the signe of the Lambe. 1582.

The verses quoted below are taken from the edition of 1635, reprinted (1815) in Miscellanea Antiqua Anglicana, vol. I, the earlier version having only: *Domine, Domine, Vid. Origin.*

Chapters I and II. "In the time of Henry the eighth there was born in Lancashire a maid, for her excesse in height called Long Meg; at eighteen yeers of age she would needs come to London to get her a service in the city." With two companions she arrives at the Eagle in Westminster, where she finds "the mistresse of the house sitting and drinking with Doctor Skelton, Will Summers, and a spanish knight called Sir James of Castile . . . . . As soon

as they saw Long Meg, they began to smile and Dr. Skelton in his mad merry vain, blessing himself, began thus: —

Domine, Domine, unde hoc?
What is she in the gray cassock?
Me thinks she is of a large length,
Of a tall pitch, and a good strength,
With strong armes and stiffe bones —
This is a wench for the nones.
Her lookes are bonny and blithe,
She seemes neither lither nor lithe,
But young of age,
And of a merry visage,
Neither beastly nor bowsie,
Sleepy nor drowsie,
But faire fac'd and of a good size;
Therefore Hostesse, if you be wise,
Once be ruled by me,
Take this wench to thee.
For this is plaine —
Shee'l doe more worke than these twaine;
I tell thee Hostesse, I doe not mocke,
Take her in the gray cassocke."

When Sir James, to try her strength, deals her a blow on the ear, she does not budge, while her blow knocks him over. Will Somers comments: "She strikes a blow like an oxe for she hath struck down an Asse". Hired by the hostess, "Meg did so bestir her self that she pleased her mistresse well, and for her strength and talness was called long Meg of Westminster." Cf. Skelton, British Poets, notes, where the opening chapters are reproduced in full.

Chap. III. A vicar tries to cheat, insisting that he owes only 3 s 1 d for ale instead of 5 s 3 d. Meg boxes his ears; he pulls her hair. Seizing his eares and forcing his head against a post, she asks how much he owes. When he repeats: "3 s 1 d", Meg says: "Then, knave, I must knock out of your bald pate two shillings and two pence more." And so she thumps his pate until he pays.

Chap. IV. Sir James, in love with the hostess, whose affections are set on Skelton, offers to fight the man, who the hostess alleges has insulted her. The 'man' turns out to be Meg in disguise. Sir James is defeated and compelled to wait on her trencher at supper. This exploit makes Meg famous in Westminster.

Chap. V. Always charitable to those in want, she loves especially to relieve worthy poor soldiers. To one of these she

promises a suit and two angels provided he dares to "look on a sword". Lending him sword and buckler, she sends him to 'Tuttle fields', where he is met by herself in disguise. He proves doughty and Meg carries out her promise.

Chap. VI. A bailiff attempting to collect 40 s from a guest at the Eagle is tied up by Meg with a rope and made to wade back and forth through a pool, under threat of being dragged through. Before being sent packing he gets a co-operative cudgeling, "for Meg was so generally beloved, that none durst meddle with her".

Chap. VII. Woolner, a 'famous trencherman' and 'singing man of Windsor' agrees to pay 6 d for a meal and then eats enough for ten. Meg fills the board again with food and wine, whereupon he is given his choice between eating and drinking again as much and having a bout with her. Refusing to do either, he gets a drubbing.

Chap. VIII. One night while on an errand Meg has an encounter with an insolent nobleman, the upshot of which is that the nobleman and his man seek refuge in a chandler's shop.

Chap. IX. Old father Willis, the carrier, and the girls, whom together with Meg he had brought to London, have a day's outing at Knightsbridge. On the way home, before Meg, who had stayed behind a little to pay the reckoning, has caught up with the rest of the party, Willis is robbed of 100 marks by two footpads and the girls are stripped of their gowns and purses. Meg comes to the rescue, and the robbers, to save their lives, accept her conditions: 1) not to hurt women, 2) nor poor or weak men; 3) not to rob children and 'innocents', 4) packmen or carriers, 5) people in distress. But "as for every rich Farmer and Currish chuff that hoords up money, such spare not." After making them kiss her smock and swear by it to keep their promise, Meg lets them go

Chap. X. A constable who attempts to 'press' Harry, the hostler has his ears cuffed by Meg, and the captain who arrives on the scene is told that if she did not love soldiers so much he would be served in the same way. She volunteers to go as Harry's substitute.

Chap. XI. At Boulogne, when the French attack the English at night, Meg, "being a Landresse in the Town, and up late at worke, did raise the rest of the women, and with a Halbert in her hand came to the walls, on which some of the French were entred, where she demeaned her selfe so stoutly, and caused her women souldiers to throw down stones, and scalding water in such abundance, that maugre their teeth, she did beat the French from the walls, before the Soldiers in the Town were up in armes, and at the Sallie she was one of the foremost with her Halbert in her

hand to follow the Chase. The report of which deed being come to the ears of the king, he for her life time did allow her eight pence a day."

Chap. XII. Meg accepts the challenge of a French Goliath and kills him in the presence of both armies.

Chap. XIII. Returned to England, Meg marries a soldier, who proposes to 'try her manhood'. Meg refuses, saying: "never shall it be said though I can cudgell a knave that wrongs me, that Long Meg shall be her husband's master."

Chap. XIV. A miller, whom Meg sees beating a boy, is put into a sack by her and hung up on a peg.

Chap. XV. A sculler, who demands a larger fare than Meg thinks is just, is first roundly beaten, then tied by the middle to the stern of his boat and rowed across the Thames once or twice, the lower half of his body dragging in the water.

The following 'table of rules' which according to the 1635 version Meg enforced in her 'house' at Islington further illustrates the character of this Westminster Robin Hood: —

1. "Imprimis, That what Gentleman or Yeoman came into her house, and had any charge about him, and made it privy to her or any of her house, if he had lost it by any default, shee would repay it him ere he past: but if he did not reveale i,t and after said he was rob'd, he should have ten Bastinadoes with a cudgel, and be turned out of doores.

2. Item, whosoever came in and cald for meat, and had no money to pay, should have a good box on the eare, and a crosse made upon his backe, that he could never be suffered to drink more in the house.

3. Item, That if any good fellow came in and bewailed his case, that he was hungry and wanted money, he should have his belly full of meat on free cost, and money in his purse, according to his calling.

4. Item, That if any Ruffler came in, and made an Alehouse-brawle, and when he had done, would not manfully goe into the fields and fight a bout or two with Long Meg, the Maides of the house should drie beat him, and so thrust him out of doores.

These and many such principles had she set up in her house, that made her house quiet."

A temperance poem for shoemakers. The following verses are reprinted from the edition of the G. C. published by W. Thackeray, 1678, where they are placed after the address to the reader. They were retained in subsequent editions; even the modernized version of 1739 has them, — with numerous changes in the interest of

18th century correctness. The responsibility for their existence rests, I suspect, with some

— — — — — — Schuh-
Macher und Poet dazu.

The Old Shoo-maker's Advice to His Son, Being the Downfall of Alewives.

Young man, that now art in thy prime, beware of drunkenness!
Thy father hath mispent his time in that same fowl excess:
Which made me for to write to thee, the ale-house to refrain,
Because it hath quite ruin'd me, spending my time in vain.

A wall-nut is a pleasant fruit, and hath a bitter skin,
If with the ale-wife thou dispute, she'l make thy purse but thin:
Thy money must maintain her pride, and buy[1]) her cobweb-lawn,
Whilst thou for bear and ale beside, dost lay thy cloak to pawn.

Good counsel she[2]) will seem to give, but if thou stay away
This woman knows not how to live, her trade will soon decay.
Thou workst for her both day and night, and all to pay thy score;
She loves to see thee in her sight, and all to keep thee poor.

Shee'l make a very rogue of thee if thou by her be rul'd,
Hadst thou not better to go free than be by her thus fool'd?
When thou goest home to wig to wag, praising thy own good carriage,
Thy cloaths no better than a rag, O this will spoyl thy marriage.

She evermore will thee perswade never to take a wife,
For why she thinks 'twill spoyl her trade and be the cause of strife.
If thou be ne'r so much in hast, shee'l cause thee for to stay,
The cubbard then must be uncas'd, — "tush, what, will you away?"

She'l bring a piece of powder'd beef, or a Virginy[3]) trout,
O shee's a very loving thief, shee'l find thy money out.
Her lettice shews as thou maist see, she sells both ale and beer,
But O beware, be rul'd by me; buy not her ware too dear.

For she will hold some folks in talk, both Jeffery, James, and John,
Then with a double-forked chalk, shee'l score two pots for one.
I'le tell you of a story good, ye drunkards mend your lives;
If it be rightly understood you'l never love ale-wives.

---

[1]) by; buy in the later editions.
[2]) counclishe; corrected in the edition of "1680?"
[3]) "1690?" Virginia.

Two drunkards lov'd each other well, and both liv'd in one house;
The thing is true which I will tell, the best not worth a louse.
One of them dy'd, and left his cloak and sute unto the other;
They spent their coyn in drink and smoak, and ruined each other.

But mark the ale-wive's cruelty; she claim'd all for her own,
Because the man that then did dye was in her debt, 'twas known.
Then have a care, my honest lad, if thou dye ne'r so poor;
If any thing be to be had, 'tis that must pay thy score.

O then live but a civil life, and scape this dragon fell;
Thou mayst prevent much drunken strife, and then thou shalt do well.
Crispine and Crispianus stout were proper men and tall,
But if thou beat this dragon out thou dost more than them all.

For he that can himself subdue and bridle his own will,
O he doth more than if he flew and did ten dragons kill.
Gentlemen of the Gentle Craft, I wish so well to all;
Although you drink your morning's draught, let none procure your fal .

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Corrigenda.

I, 24, last line. Delete the comma after *sweet*.

53, l. 8 from below. *Aurugagus*. Thus in S, T, R, etc. Misprint for *Arviragus?*

73, l. 13. The context demands *maid* instead of *maids*, as here — and in S.

76, l. 3 from below. *maid* is probably a misprint in S for *made*.

II, 18, note. For '*Probably*' read *possibly* and add: But most probably *beyrice* = *Beatrice*, *Bettris* (George-a-Greene); used generically to denote a forward girl. Does this use of the name occur elsewhere?

36, note 2. Read *p. 5*, instead of '*p. I*'.

45, l. 3. Delete the apostrophe.

47, note 2. Read *Forty-four*, instead of *Forty-three*.

49, note 2. Add: But see Introduction.

80, note 2. Read *1547*.

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